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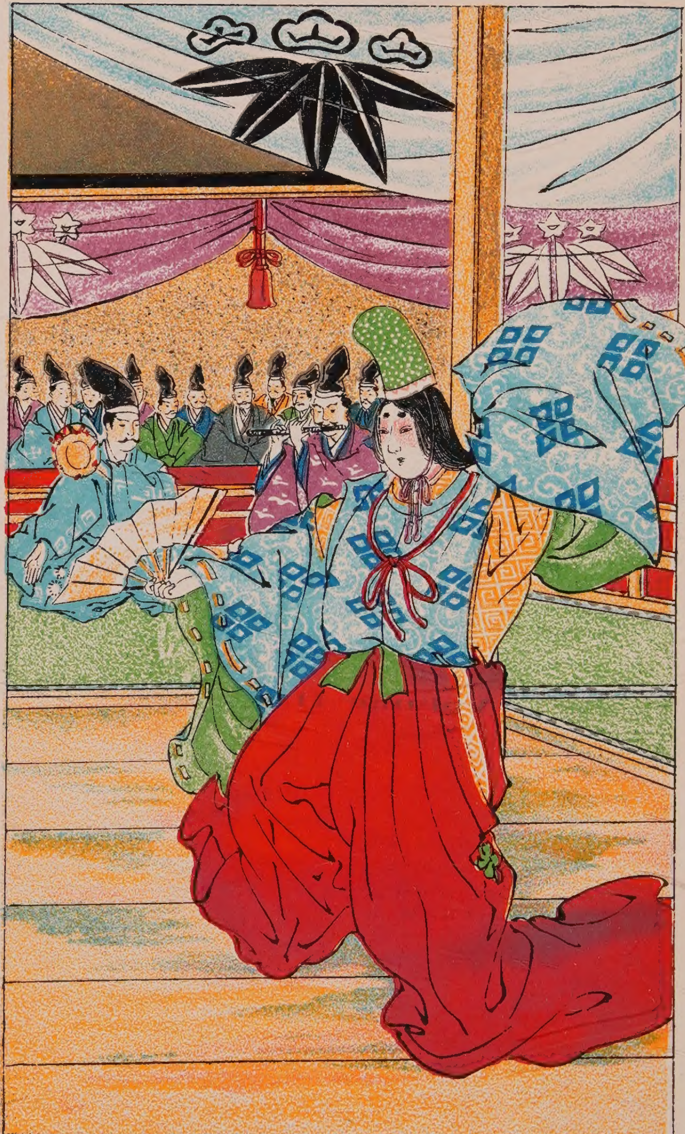

SHIZUKA-GOZEN DANCES THE HŌRAKU AT TSURU-GA-OKA.

SAITŌ MUSASHI-BŌ BENKEI.

西塔武藏坊辨慶

(TALES OF THE WARS OF THE GEMPEI)

Being the Story of the Lives and Adventures of Iyo-no-Kami
Minamoto Kurō Yoshitsune and Saitō Musashi-bō
Benkei the Warrior Monk.

BY

JAMES S. DE BENNEVILLE

Volume II.

> "It was a friar of orders free,
> "A friar of Rubygill:
> "At the greenwood tree a vow made he,
> "But he kept it very ill."
>
> (Maid Marian)

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DEDICATED

TO THE MEMORY OF MY LITTLE CHILDREN

James and Marian

ANKO' CHAN AND BOBO' CHAN

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PART II.

RISING OF THE GENJI.

"My sentence is for open war. Of wiles,
"More unexpert, I boast not; then let those
"Contrive who need, or when they need, not now."

Paradise Lost—Milton.

CHAPTER VII.

YORITOMO MOVES ON THE TAIRA.

"Whistling they came, and free of heart;
"But soon their mood was changed.
"Complaint was heard on every part,
"Of something disarranged.
"Some clamoured loud for armour lost;
"Some brawl'd and wrangled with the host;
"'By Becket's bones', cried one, 'I fear
"'That some false Scot has stolen my spear!'"

Marmion.

§ 1.

Every time and every person has its, or his, or her peculiar difficulties In that particular respect the end of the twelfth century did not differ in the least from the beginning of this twentieth century. Nor has such been the case in the intervening centuries; nor will it be in those to come. Living in the midst of our own troubles we regard them as infinitely more important than any "that ever have been, or will be, world without end, Amen". Thus in these apparently halcyon days of the Heishōkoku, Taira Kiyomori Jōkai Nyūdō, although the latter had stuffed the public service, practical and ornamental, with relatives in the first place and adherents in the overflow, the ones thus on top of the heap of simmering mass below felt aggrieved because the returns were not as great as they ought to be. (In their opinion the cow seemed to run dry on milk—i.e. allowing for the fact that the Japanese did not use milk in those days, it being strictly "food for babes.") Naturally those below, in their different gradations, were proportionately displeased for diametrically opposite reasons and points of view. And between lay the threatening mass of Minamoto adherents, merely waiting the opportunity to raise their heads. To conciliate this ripening mass of discontent the Taira did nothing. Rather they did the reverse, for their object seemed to be to sharpen it, if insolence and luxury flaunted in the face of misery can thus act as spur to rebellion.*

One useless and expensive operation is worth describing. It shows up Kiyomori rather as an expert manipulator of men than things, wherein he displays an ignorance of legend or of its power over men's thoughts, not to be expected in so astute a politician; unless it was true, as rumour had it, that he was no true Taira but really the son of Shirakawa Tennō.† When Kwammu in the eighth century had established his good city of Heian or

---

* Famine, pestilence, thieves roaming in bands, violence, described in the chronicles and romances of the time, give support to Professor Ariga's description of this time as a very bad one for the people at large. That they had a worse one ahead of them is no consolation.

† Shirakawa gave to Taira Tadamori a favorite concubine. It was said that she was pregnant at the time, and thus Kiyomori, genealogically speaking, was not a Taira at all. This is a matter of less importance in Japan, where the name counts for more than the blood, and "adoption" is the alchemist's "powder of transmutation."

Professor Ariga tells this story as follows:—"The Hōō [*Priest*-Tennō] had a beloved concubine who was living near the Gion Shrine. One evening, when on his way privately to visit her, he was overtaken by a rain storm before he could reach her house. Blocking the road, moreover, he saw a phantom, the hairs of which were bristlingly rough like a porcupine's and which gave out a mysterious light. All his train were frightened at the sight. The Hōō ordered Tadamori to drive it away. Believing it to be fox or badger Tadamori determined to catch it alive instead of shooting it. On seizing the object he found it to be an old man with a straw head-covering instead of an umbrella, and who was on his way with a fire-vessel to light the lanterns in the shrine. The Hōō admired the dauntless courage of Tadamori, and afterwards gave him one of the *uneme* of his train. This was the mother of Kiyomori." Dai Nihon Rekishi II. 8.

Miyako, and built his palace, the Heianjō, he had as we have seen erected a mound, the Shōgun-zaka, on which had been set the statue of the warrior god.* To this Kwammu attached a curse on all and every, and their posterity, who should remove the capital from this established spot. Now all the work of this worthy monarch had been directed to the advantage of his beloved children. It was to one of these that he had granted the surname of Heike (the *mori* 盛 so common in the family names meaning "prosperity.") Minamoto interests had largely prevailed ever since in palace circles, until the Heike began to gain ground in the second quarter of the twelfth century, to become supreme after the battles of Hōgen and Heiji. And now it remained for the Taira prince and House-head to come forward with the proposition to remove the capital to Fukuhara (the site of Hyōgo or Kōbe). Kiyomori early brought forward this proposition, which later the uneasy state of the country made all the more pressing. When presented to the Tennō (which is to say, to the Jōkō) and the *kugé* it met with emphatic and angry rejection. To thus disobey the injunction of the founder of Miyako was to invite disaster; and if a Tennō drew back from such an idea, much more was it impossible to a subject. Everything comes to him who waits, but Kiyomori was more surprised to find opposition in his own household which was disposed to support his son Komatsu Shigemori. When years before Kiyomori had built this expensive establishment at Fukuhara, this golden tempered youth, his father's right hand

---

Ariga gives this little list of Taira preferment to fat jobs: Princess Tokuko, daughter (Ken-rei-mon-in), *kōgō*; Tsunemori and Norimori, brothers, councillors; Yorimori, brother, Gon-Dainagon; Shigemori, son, minister of home affairs; Munemori, son, commander of the Tennō's guards; Tomomori, son, councillor; Shigehira, son, Sakonye-no-Gon-no-Chūjō; altogether sixteen of the highest court positions were held by brothers, sons, or nephews of Kiyomori. Thirty held Denjō-bito rank (with right of audience at Court). Of governors and lordships, the Taira held sixty of these profitable positions. They ruled thirty out of the sixty-six provinces, and held five hundred manors, a match for the Tennō's domain; loc. cit. II. 41-2.

* Cf. Introduction p. 109. Yamada, the romancer says "buried it within the mound". "Set up" is the ambiguous term used by the old chronicles. But the statue could be *seen* in the seventeenth century.

man and the great warrior and captain of the clan, almost with tears besought his father to reconsider the project. Taking up the plan to reclaim the land near Cape Wada, which jutted out into the bay of Naniwa from Settsu, Shigemori not only spoke of the expense, enormous enough to sink even the great revenues of the clan, but he went into the unfortunate history of the chosen spot. When Kahakami was in rebellion against Keikō, and had assembled his fleet in Matsuura-wan in Kyūshū, it was from Oye that Take-uchi-no-Sukune had set sail, to be wrecked off Hyōgo. Later the same experience happened to Jingō *kōgō*, otherwise so fortunate. The fleet she had collected anchored for the night off Wada Point. At the hour of the dog (night-fall 7 p.m.) all were aroused by the clamour of the storm which burst upon them. The next day seventy vessels, out of the hundred collected, had disappeared in the sea depths. Warned by the deity of Sumiyoshi the *kōgō* transferred her operations to Harima. On her return in triumph the head of one Chinriki was laid on the god's shrine as a punishment for his bad advice, a warning to others, and a sacrifice to the gods. "Then she erected here a shrine surrounding it with a grove of pines like unto a fence." For Naniha, place of bad reputation (Hard Waves) she did all she could. The name was changed to Wada (Peace-Farm), and she herself, worshipping the deity of Sumiyoshi at Tōsato-tsumori, changed the name to Gozen-no-saki. Later she erected a subsidiary shrine at Takasago. All this she did to obviate the evil influence of the place.*

---

* Concerning Keikō and Jingō, the above is apocryphal. These tales are found in neither the Kojiki nor Nihongi—the only authorities. The Kojiki by implication grants Jingō a previous residence in Yamato. The Nihongi has her early summoned down to Kyūshū, and then the scene never changes. She never saw Yamato again until she is supposed to reconquer it. This Take-uchi-no-Sukune is the banner old man of Japanese or any other literature (except Methusalah). In 95 A.D. Keikō sends him to report on the Yemishi. In 201 A.D. he is Jingō's general, and defeats her step-sons. In 213 A.D. he composes a song. In 278 A.D.! his younger brother, Umashi no Sukune slanders him to Ōjin. Take-uchi wins in the hot water trial (no wonder), and is about to slay Umashi, but Ōjin orders the guilty man to be made a slave. Take-uchi died aged 315 years. Take-uchi (Kojiki); Takechi (Nihongi).

Much to the regret of all concerned, who carried away by their own feelings and misgivings had heard the address of Shigemori with great approval as expressing just their own thoughts on the subject, Kiyomori brushed it aside with a laugh. Besides he wanted to give a lesson to this hulking meddlesome youth, who was entirely too free with his advice and interference. Kiyomori had never been himself, and had no use for, a "good boy" in the family. "You are like the fish of Totomi," he said. (This was a carp, with the head of a tai or sea-bream, and with a long fringe-like beard and feathery plumy fins something like the pond carp or Japanese gold-fish). "It shone like gold, and was good for nothing. As a human being, with blood in my veins, I like change. Nature fixes us in too tight a mould, and these two tendencies struggle within us. We must take things as we find them in life, get all out of them we can, and trust something to luck. Besides, there are reasons of policy behind my plan. We are strong in the West and South, but we are very uncertain as to the North. The present position of a retired Tennō exercising greater influence than the Tennō on the throne is abnormal. If the Court should fail us we will be in a much stronger position if established with a fortress at Fukuhara. Backed by Kyūshū and Chūgoku, and with the command of the sea, we can defy any combination of our enemies. My idea is to make an artificial harbour at Hyōgo, and to reclaim the land and make an island at Kyo-no-shima (Tsukijima). By erecting works to secure deposition by the rivers flowing into the head of the bay of Naniha much land can be reclaimed to great profit." Then he peremptorily dismissed the subject and the assembly.*

His plans were made, and he proceeded at once to their execution. Konomi-no-Jirō and Kino Shirō Kagenori were placed in charge of the work which was under way by the first year of Ōhō (1161 A.D.). From the immediate neighbourhood forced labour was secured. Hida, Etchū, and other provinces furnished the materials in stone, wood, and their transportation. The others, not called on in this way, paid their quota in increased taxation. The whole country groaned under the burden. Of this Kiyomori made little account. Everything had been taken into consideration except Nature, and this lady took a hand early in the project. What was erected she destroyed by storm ; to repeat the operation in the face of Kiyomori's obstinacy. "To save my face this thing must go through at any cost," said Kiyomori. In 1173 A D. Awa Mimbu-no-jō Shigetada took charge of the work with no better success than his predecessors. Then Tanouchi Sayemon appeared before Kiyomori. "He told him the tale of the wars between Gō and Yetsu, when Fusa king of Gō refused to listen to the advice of his faithful retainer Go-Shishō, putting him to death and casting him into the river Setsu. Every year the angry ghost of the innocent victim returned to devastate the land, until the people, on the suggestion of a wise man, assembled and shot thousands of arrows into the waves." It was some such procedure that was wanting in the present case. Kiyomori grasped at the suggestion. He fee'd the priests heavily. Every stone that was cast into the sea had cut into it a character from the Hokkekyō, and wonderful to say they now stuck where they sank. The cost came a little high, but Kiyomori was paying it by proxy.

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* This reads like a land deal with modern improvements. As a matter of fact Kiyomori did start a little land boom, and general attention was directed to the possibility of making more use of *kōden* (gift land, free of taxation) and getting settlers thereon. Naturally the prevailing interests looked more to the South and West in such developments. The idea was not new. Palace financial necessities had resulted in large grants. But men's minds were turned more and more away from the Capital.

Nor did he retrench in other directions. "In magnificence his course of life surpassed that of Ōmō and Tōtaku in China. His career was one of luxury, disloyalty, and extortion.* The *kugé* were held in complete contempt, and outside the shadow of the Taira clan others were treated as beasts." It was such exasperating conduct that inspired the conspiracy of the Dainagon Narichika, with Tamba Shōshō Naritsune, Hei-hangwan Yasunori, Shunkan the priest, and others.* Unfortunately for them there was a traitor in the midst, Tada Kurando Minamoto Yukitsuna. The conspirators met at Shishi-ga-tani; to be fallen upon by Kiyomori and scattered to the winds. Then the old Nyūdo turned his attention to the Court and his quondam associate the Jōkō. He gathered *samurai* with every intention of using force to scatter the court circle and imprison the Jōkō. Shigemori protested with tears against such disloyalty. All greatly admired his conduct, especially as he made evident his intention to back it up with force when it had no visible effect on Kiyomori. Then the son took more effective measures. He summoned guards to protect the *gōshō*. They flocked to his standard, some of them from Kiyomori's recruits. Son against father, Shigemori was the stronger of the twain and the greater captain. Kiyomori yielded for the time, but from this year 1177 A.D. Shigemori was in disfavour, and displaced from his high administrative offices.† Besides he was failing in health. He already possessed a halo, due to the pious gift of three thousand ounces of gold sent to Inōsan in China for prayers in behalf of the Taira dead. In the early summer of 1179 A.D. he visited Kumano to pray the Gongen of San-Zan to favour the Taira and direct his father's heart in the right and loyal path. To him life seemed no longer worth living. On his return to Miyako he found things if anything worse than ever. To add to other ailments, mental and physical, he was taken down with fever. This wasted him from day to day, and he seemed to be without hope or wish for recovery.

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* This is a little ebullition of dislike against the Taira (Yamada). Kiyomori learned luxury and extortion at the Court. He was certainly no worse than some of his successors.

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* Saikō is the priest's name—Ariga, II. 43.

† He did not resign, Kiyomori simply ousted him, not even taking the trouble to kick him upstairs. To bolster up Shigemori's rebellion against his father the romancers take refuge in the same successful means used "by Ikuho the retainer against King Bun of T'sin in China." Professor Ariga notes an important distinction between the methods of Kiyomori and Yoritomo in the government of Court and Country. Kiyomori acted throughout through his Court position and its influence on the *Buke*. Yoritomo radically severed the two, and acted as military commander on rights granted by the Court. Until the Shōgun laid down his commission, it was in force. The commission was laid down—in 1868 A.D. For Kiyomori vs. Shigemori. Cf. Ariga, loc. cit. II. 45-6.

Summer was waning when he shaved his head, and took to himself—a posthumous name. All the best element in the Taira clan were overwhelmed with sorrow and aghast with dismay, when in the early fall (1179 A.D.) he died in his bed at the age of forty-three years. Kiyomori took his translation as well as anybody, although it is only fair to say that in practical ways he showed his paternal solicitude, and urged every remedy to secure recovery. Says the compiler:—"Shigemori was the greatest man in our history; soldier and statesman, a model of loyalty and filial conduct, and much to be regretted." Now this is merely the judgment of Tokugawa Ieyasu, and as such commands respect. It would be one of the mysteries of Japanese judgment on their own history, unless there was more than a suspicion that Shigemori's ability was largely enhanced by his father's evil reputation to those who make history. Besides Ieyasu, who was engaged on the pulp and was leaving the core of the apple to the other fellow, could well hold up observance of all ceremony. However, at the time people now looked forward to the early downfall of the Taira.

Even far-seeing men among the Taira had the same thought. Said Taira Tokitada:—"unless one belongs to the Heike he can hold no position of importance. This is one way of acquiring influence. But administration alone is a poor business. The idea of rebellion is not taken into consideration. The Heike were only real soldiers when they combined the *bushi* with the *kugé*." Men clad in silken robes, and with their minds on powdering their faces and blackening their teeth, hardly filled the *bushi* part of the rôle. But there were other portents. The Shōgunzaka, the mound to the east of the palace, began to give out bellowing and muttering sounds, and the superposed image began to take threatening positions with outstretched bow. It was well understood that such portents meant a radical change in the political administration. The Tennō and the Hōō were greatly alarmed, as the ones who were between anvil and hammer, and were likely to suffer by change. So messengers were sent to Iwashimizu at Ise, to Kamo, to Kasuga, and to other great shrines to learn the meaning and to offer prayers; just why it is hard to see, for certainly any change from Kiyomori should have been welcome. Then a diviner was summoned by the Tennō's order, and he came to give the popular and unpleasant view of these matters, and perhaps to receive in fee some of the now scanty wardrobe of the closely kept and closely cropped *kugé*. This was all very cold comfort for those who only asked for peace and quiet. With much misgiving the antics of the Taishō Shōgun (the iron image) were now watched. Rub and polish him as they would (*kai-kai* in children's parlance as remedy for itching) he seemed afflicted with a very St. Vitus' dance. People, already nervous over the great hurricane of July which destroyed many houses in Miyako, were made more so by a severe earthquake in the first month of 1180 A.D. (February). This shook the palace very badly, and even the Rokuhara officials. Then Abe Yasuchika, greatest of diviners, always hitting the nigger's head and bagging his coin, direct descendant of the famous Abe Seimei (being his son), came to court—merely to tell them what they had already heard.* But indeed there was no division over the matter, except as to—who would bell the cat. Somehow this distrust of his pet project and expensive land operation came to Kiyomori at Fukuhara. The cat (Kiyomori) came to Miyako, and with a shake or two settled affairs to his satisfaction. The Hōō, Go-Shirakawa, went to the Toba palace, and to all intents and purposes to jail, with one old nun as company. Morofusa was exiled to Bizen. Moronaga the *dajō-daijin* (of Benshō legendary fame) went to Owari on the same terms. Forty three other *kugé* were deprived of rank, and therefore pension, and allowed to the try the unusual task of making a living. The court clique thus thoroughly scattered, Chūjo Motomichi, Kiyomori's son-in-law, was made *dajō-daijin* to watch the court circle. Munemori was put in command of Miyako.* Kiyomori returned to Fukuhara beatifically smiling, with an added reputation of being a real, bad, nasty man, and a particularly tough customer to handle. The Japanese romancer of the nineteenth century wags his head over him:—"he was certainly an atrociously wicked fellow, thus to dare to use force toward the imperial person, to imprison the Tennō, and deprive so many *kugé* of their court rank. Heaven surely sought his punishment." The practice became as common as beans, and Kiyomori was a mere bungler compared to more skilled successors. Mr. Pickwick had a Sam Weller in the Fleet. The Tennō had none.

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* Anybody who has tried to get a Japanese to do what he has never done before can understand all this backing and filling before a sharply defined situation. Thus they use awkward bamboo poles, instead of the simple clothes-line.

§ 2.

We have already several times had occasion to speak of Gensammi Minamoto Yorimasa, he who in former days had slain "the Jabberwock with eyes of flame," which "came whiffling through the tulgy wood (thatch) and burbled" as it tried to scratch its way into the apartment of Konoe Tennō, frightened into an insomnia. Having slain this *Nouye* bird,† having married the fair Miss Iris (*Ayamé*), and having slipped through the troubles of Hōgen, Heiji, and matrimony, Yorimasa had settled down to bask all these years in the sun of favour at the Tennō's court, and to make poetry and procreate children, at both of which pursuits he was an earnest and not unskilful hand. Now as we have seen, Yorimasa at the critical moment had deserted Yoshitomo and taken sides with the Taira in the battle of Heiji. Years later, in 1177 A.D., we find him standing guard with Shigemori over the Tennō's palace, and with fair words turning over to the latter's shoulders the unpleasant but necessary drubbing of the monks, descending in wrath and arms with their Shinboku (*dashi* or coffer containing relics) to emphasize their just complaints. It is much to the credit of Kiyomori that he manfully stood by this solitary adherent of the rival house. As late as 1179 A.D. it is his influence that backed Yorimasa against a Fujiwara in an important squabble over an empty post at court (empty in real administrative importance also), and secured to the former the desired petty honour. But there were irritating elements elsewhere. Munemori heard about a much prized horse belonging to Nakatsuna, son of Yorimasa. He asked to see it, and repeated the request which Nakatsuna was not willing to grant, as delivery in this case was next door to giving. Yorimasa interfered, and "Konoshitakage" was sent to Munemori's stable. As the horse did not reappear with the passing of time Nakatsuna sent for it. In a rage Munemori had it branded on both buttocks—"Nakatsuna;" and whenever he had visitors he gave orders to "drive out Nakatsuna" for inspection. This came to the ears of Yorimasa and his son, and made them very angry. But the essential point was this—Yorimasa was the Japanese "Vicar of Bray." He too was carefully noting the rising tide of the Genji. Our Japanese chroniclers draw at this point with correctness their sketch of the psychology of this interesting person. Yorimasa argued much in this way: "the Minamoto will soon make their appearance as victors in Miyako. Now what sort of a face will I present, living all these years in Miyako, and found by them in the ranks of the Taira enemy." To this he added divers reflections on the disloyalty, luxury, extortion of the Taira; a discovery he made very late in the day. In his main conclusions he was entirely right. His error lay in calculating the date of the Taira Hegira. Not an important one for him, for he had lived his pleasant life of seventy five years. But it was a fatal mistake for his promising issue by the fair and now wrinkled Ayame (and others).*

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* Munemori in ways of thinking was a chip of the old block, and hence Kiyomori's favourite.

† Klaproth. 鵺, *nui* is the Japanese term. The story is told in Chap. III. Kaoyo-gozen in the Me-Enshū.

He cast around for the proper seed and personage to sow it with effect. This was found in Prince Mochihito, called Takakura from the name of his palace. This prince was the Tennō's elder brother, but by a secondary wife. He and Yorimasa were very intimate, and during the ordinary course of conversation the prince spoke with regret of the harsh treatment and unpleasant position of the Hōō thus confined to the Toba-den. But for aid or remedy there seemed no place to look. At this opening, thus voluntarily presented, Yorimasa doubled himself with reverence and joy. He followed the lead so effectively that the two were soon engaged in composing songs and a fast ripening conspiracy against Kiyomori. The preliminaries arranged so that the credit due would not go astray and the lightning of favour fall on the wrong heads; that is, the record being made duly clear, or unduly so as it turned out; a messenger was selected to carry the news and command under the own sign manual of the prince to all the Minamoto adherents. The person selected was Mutsu Yoshimori, youngest son of Tameyoshi. Yoshimori so soon took the name of Yukiiye that we need not bother about this preliminary name. Now Prince Takakura, by the necessity of the case, thus had to commit the imprudence of putting himself down in black and white on paper. Yukiiye duly went through Ōmi, Mino, and Owari, to drum up recruits. He thus reached Izu in the course of time. Whatever was his reason the astute Yoritomo received the mission respectfully and dismissed him coldly, and there is good reason to believe that there was something wrong in the movement and its management.* The messenger seems to have been an imprudent and leaky vessel. He stopped at Nachi in Kumano to enlist the aid of his brother-in-law, Kyōshin Bettō. Here they talked and acted so openly that the place was rife with talk of the rising against the Taira. Thus the news soon came to the ears of Ōye Hōgan who guarded Taira interests in that quarter. He marched with three thousand men on Nachi; and Tansō, who was as yet on the fence, sent the news to Kiyomori. This latter was never slow in coming to a decision and acting on it. He went at once to the *gōshō*, and of course emerged in short order with the commission of the Tennō, duly signed and sealed, calling on him to banish the prince to Tosa and the company of its long-tailed fowls, and to punish his wicked adherents. A full judicial commission, with attendant officials, hangmen, and military (as constables) was at once got together. Kanetsuna, another son of Yorimasa, was one of those sent to judge and jail the persons engaged in this unhappy movement against the powers that be. That Kiyomori was one without guile cannot be claimed, but the course of this affair shows him pure in friendship. This name of Kanetsuna shows that he had no suspicion of the old man's deceit. Takakura of course was warned at once, and Yorimasa spirited him away to the Onjōji (Miidera), whence a mission was sent out to Hieisan and the Kōfukuji of Nara to appear at once with their levies. Kanetsuna made a spirited attack on the prince's house in Miyako. Many were killed, and the balance of the retainers, lead by Uhyōye-no-jō Hasebe Nobutsura, were made prisoners. The game was up, however, and Yorimasa and his sons joined Prince Takakura. The Hieisan levies not only failed them, but threatened an attack. Kiyomori had won them over by a large bribe of rice and silk. He recognized now the importance of at once crushing this movement. It was headed, not by a mere princelet, but by one of the few men of the Minamoto with whose name and reputation as a captain they could conjure forth an army in revolt. And Yorimasa upheld it. "We are the weakest. We will make a great display of our inferior levies on the hillside to-night, but the real movement in such case is to fire the city. The Taira will sally out to extinguish the flames. They can be drawn farther and farther by a feigned retreat. With picked men we will vigorously assault, capture, and fire Rokuhara." With this blow, formidable in itself, he expected to bring over the large body of waverers to the side of revolt. After a long discussion, in which a priest influential in the Onjōji, one Shinkai by name and a partisan of the Taira, put every obstacle in the road, the movement was decided on. It was made, however, so late that the divisions were not in position until dawn. One thousand men on Nioiyama, and Nakatsuna with seven hundred more at Yamashina, saw the sunrise and the Taira ready to march in force against Miidera. They wished to turn their rage and attention on Shinkai, but he had fled to Miyako. Yorimasa saw that he could not hold such a position with his small force. He, therefore, with three hundred men and the prince, retreated over the Kigoshitōge. Taking boat at Soya he rowed down the Setagawa* and passing Kurotsu and Tagami thus reached Uji. With a considerable and rapid stream in front of him he sent the prince on toward Nara and himself remained to defend the river against the Taira army now close at hand. Sa-Hyoye no Suke Tomomori, and Kurando no Kami Shigehira are variously estimated to have had from 10,000 to 20,000 men in their command.

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* As to the horse, cf. Ariga II. 50; as to Yorimasa's age, II. 53.

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* That Yoritomo gauged the state of affairs accurately is shown by his raising his standard at Ishibashiyama with only 300 supporters. His hand, however, was forced. It was warning from Miyako friends, that his head was wanted on account of Yorimasa's attempt, that put him in motion.

Yorimasa made things as easy for his little band, and as difficult for the enemy as he could. He did not break down the bridge, but he removed the flooring which made it next to useless. There was a thick fog, and galloping recklessly forward it is said that some two hundred of the Taira *bushi* rode off into the river, to be swept down in their armour by the swift current. Drawn up on the opposite bank the spears of the opposing force were mingled and confused with the spear like bamboo lining the banks. Tsuitsui Shun-ichi and Ichirai Hōshi, two soldier-priests, met all comers who tried to force a passage. These two men distinguished themselves, and killed eighty men before they were put *hors-de-combat.* Yorimasa then replaced them with a division under one his captains, Watanabe. Not satisfied with merely holding the outlet at the broken bridge, thirty of these men dashed forward and put to flight ten times their number under Fujiwara Tadakiyo. The Taira hesitated to cross the stream in the face of the

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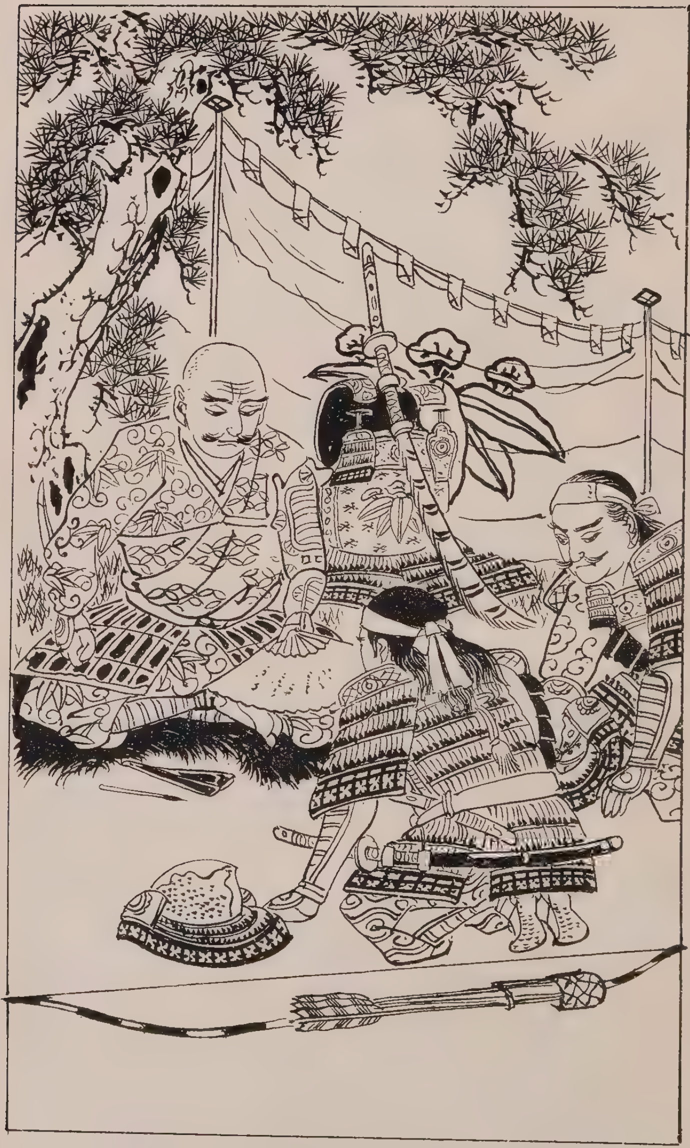
* Where it leaves the lake (Biwa) this river is called Setagawa; at Uji, Ujigawa; below Fushimi, Yodogawa; at Osaka and Naniha bay its many mouths, now at least five, take different names between the Kanzakigawa to the West, and the Kizugawa to the South.



THE EXIT OF GENSAMMI MINAMOTO YORIMASA.

opposing archers who "shot arrow after arrow like falling rain." Now in the Taira army was one Tawara Tarō Tadatsuna, eldest son of Ashikaga Yoshitsuna. Being only seventeen years of age it was hardly his place to break the ice, but the circumstances were excusable. It was now high summer (the beginning of June). The season for river bathing was a little early (for Japan), but the water was tempting. Just what was on the other side he did not know, but in he went armour and all, and three hundred *bushi* followed after. They were boldly met on the other side, but the thousands were now following them. The Minamoto fell where they stood, leaving a heap of dead around them. Kanetsuna, the ex-commissioner, fell dead at his father's side. Ashikaga Tadatsuna was hot foot after Prince Mochihito. Nakatsuna, Prince of Idzu, with a few men threw himself across the line of attack, and he and his men fought to the death. The day was lost. The old man, Yorimasa, calmly sought the cool halls of the Byōdō-in. On his *gunsen* (warrior's fan) he wrote a few lines, his last effort in poetry:—"wretched has been my life, as that of a plant still hidden in the earth, and which has not had time to bloom."* The sentiment seems somewhat strained for one who had rubbed through seventy five years of an Epicurean existence, especially during the last twenty years. However, his end was that of the warrior. Seating himself on the mats he cut open his belly in the shape of a cross +. Thus died Gensammi Minamoto Yorimasa, son of Hyōgo-no-Kami Nakamasa, third son of Tada Sayemon Yoritsura, and so on down to Minamoto Raikō, the illustrious and almost fabulous knight, his great-great-big-grand father to use true "Princess and Curdie" style. He had got out of life all a man could reasonably expect; infinitely more than the two promising young men so rashly plunged in death. Indeed Yorimasa's luck, (up to the close of this June day of 1180 A.D.) was extraordinary. The only remaining great captain of the Minamoto, with all his contemporaries lying headless under the sod, his life career speaks volumes for the consideration of Kiyomori. The man who was to succeed to power, Minamoto Yoritomo, showed no such tenderness of bowels. As far as the rival house—that of Kiyomori and the Ise-Heishi was concerned he stamped it out. Yorimori, whose spouse Ike-no-zenni had once saved Yoritomo's life, alone walked in the open. As to the present little affair, Prince Takakura, the surviving conspirator, fled toward Nara as fast as his wearied horse and later his own more tired legs permitted. Overtaken on Komyōsan, a stray arrow settled him; and the soldier Taira Kagetaka struck off his head and carried it back to Miyako. The monks of the Kōfukuji, thirty thousand in numbers (it is said), and on their way to Miyako, learning of the result of the battle of Uji marched back to Nara.

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* "Umoregi no,
Hanasaku koto mo,
Nakarishi ni,
Minoranu hate zo,
Aware narikeri." Cf. Ariga, loc. cit. II. 53.

Kiyomori no longer delayed putting his plans of migration in operation. The recent event furnished the excuse. If the Tennō remained any longer in Miyako, he could not pretend to guarantee his safety; the term "his" being here left in desirable ambiguity. So in the twelfth month of 1180 A.D. it was formally decided that court and *kugé* should remove to Fukuhara. In March 1180 A.D. Takakura Tennō had been forced to abdicate.* Visits to Itsukushima, (Miyajima) the pet shrine of Kiyomori, did not offset his obvious sympathy with his father, Go-Shirakawa. Besides, he was far too old for his high position and Kiyomori's plans, having reached the ripe age of twenty-one years. At thirteen years Kiyomori had married him to his thirteenth child and daughter, Princess Tokuko, known in the palace as Kenrei-mon-in. At first concubine she was later made *kōgō*. When Takakura was seventeen, her pregnancy was announced. She was then removed from the *gōshō*, again to dwell within the Taira circle. Here she gave birth to a male child, who took his father's place as Antoku Tennō when he reached the age of three years.

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* Norihito. His brother Mochihito we have just disposed of, at the age of thirty years. Both took the name Takakura from their residence.

Antoku and the plum flowers blossomed out together in the second month (1181 A.D.). In other words he was then crowned Tennō. Then came the question of the exodus to Fukuhara. Urabe Sukune, the official diviner for the Taira, had selected July 16th. There was no precedent for choosing a moving day for the capital. The Tennō's journeys had been often exciting and on short notice, but they had been within the city. Urabe had to do the best he could with the case; and incidentally he made a mess of it. It was a handsome procession. In it were a Tennō, a Hōō, and a Shin-in (Takakura); three personages seated or once seated on the throne destined for the Son of Heaven. It took its way amid tears shed by those thus leaving the city, and by the abandoned population. All was gloom within; and soon it was so without. Near Nishi-no-miya (close to Hyōgo) the clouds gathered in the clear sky. Thunder rolled and torrents of rain fell. The axles of the carriages were almost afloat. The cortege gathered around the Tenno to seek and give protection. Then they prayed for "their imperial master whose lineage had never been broken since the Age of the gods." And they clapped their hands, as thoroughly frightened men as ever had been. The summer storm soon passed. The wind drove the clouds from the sky, but they took it as an omen of the ineffable efficiency of their sacred charges in governing the weather bureau. At Nishi-no-miya they stopped for rest and the night, a thoroughly draggle-tailed lot. When they reached Fukuhara they found things in very bad shape. The storm had there also done much damage. The buildings were flooded and partly washed out. Lightning had set them on fire, and much had been thus destroyed. However, Kiyomori knew his own mind, and cared little for that of anyone else. The Tennō was kept under his own eye and in his own house. The Shin-in and Hōō were given into the immediate charge cf Norimori. Nor was their lot made particularly pleasant. Their eyes and sleeves were wet with their tears. Their train was still worse off. They were left to shift as they could in the ruined buildings. And the failure was all the more pronounced from the material involved. As in the famous emigration of the Tarasconese, there were too many "gents" engaged therein, too few of the "horny-handed" available to make things comfortable by a little vulgar but necessary manipulation. All grumbled loudly at the daring of a subject in thus removing the capital. A wag plastered up on the walls of Fukuhara the following song:

"Kaminari mo,
"Naruwo no saki ni
"Ochitareba;
"Kage fukuhara ni,
"Heike yabururu."

Which being interpreted means:—"when thunder crashed around the cape, the wind broke down the walls of the houses." Now Naruwo can mean a roaring sound *or* the name of the place; fukuhara, blowing over the plain *or* the name of the palace; heike, the Taira or walls and houses. These complaints were re-echoed more loudly at Miyako, for the merchants in the big city were much affected by the absence of the court. For all this Kiyomori cared very little, but other influences showed him the unwisdom of his last step in thus arousing on all sides the latent hostility to his House.*

§ 3.

It is now necessary to turn for a little while to the early career of the man who stands out as one of those remarkable men of genius in civil and political administration, and who have given a twist to the political life of a people, the effects of which are still felt to day and perhaps always will be. Yoritomo's work, as far as the immediate interests of his family were concerned, was very evanescent. It was not his fault, but his misfortune, that his son and heir Yukiiye should turn out a coarse debauché and a fool, and that in his other issue he fared little better. As far as his stock did last it quickly passed into that tutelage which was so easy under the substitution process in Old Japan; and which in this particular case put the Hōjō regents in the seat of Government. The House of Minamoto was soon supplanted by puppets drawn from the princelets of the reigning house or by old Fujiwara stock. But Yoritomo's main work, the establishment of civil government on military lines and under the direction in the last resort of the military power, endured and endures to the present day. The line of the Shōguns or their agents, governing *instead of* the Tennō and *his* agents, remained unbroken until the changes of 1867 A.D.;* and at that time it was the Tennō, now Emperor, who took the place of the Shōgun, to continue an administration really based to-day on the lines laid down originally by the Minamoto chief. Ruling houses changed, but not methods.†

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* His reasons for moving were excellent. In Miyako he was in constant danger of being caught by a simultaneous movement from Hieisan and the Onjōji, and from the Nara Kōfukuji. The exodus of course ruined many merchants, and also court attendants unable to abandon their homes, and with no means to provide new ones at Fukuhara.

Yoritomo was a liar, a bigot, a fool, a hypocrite, a coward, a seducer and no woman within reach was safe from him. At least a good many, in these his early days, were so convinced. That they should think so he did not object in the least. They paid in the end for such mistaken views. As a matter of fact he was a cold, astute, unscrupulous, near-sighted, far-sighted man. Few have shown such grasp of detail in the methods used for forwarding his plans; and few have shown a wider outlook in, and a more comprehensive plan to which, these methods were to be directed. The machine literally ran on by itself, in spite of men whose ideas did not reach beyond a narrow feudalism. Separation of Church (Court) and State, the civil government based on and subordinate to military direction, these simple broad principles stood out in full view through all the succeeding ages; while little men—Hōjō, Ashikaga, and others—were struggling to put them into effect to secure the flesh-pots. A white light began to dawn with the appearance of Oda Nobunaga. In Hideyoshi we reach full daylight, an approaching possibility of centralized power in the Tennō, if the *kugé* of that day had been good for anything, for Hideyoshi's birth rendered permanency in his issue an impossibility. The *kugé* were an impossibility then; just as they were in 1867 A.D., for in the nineteenth century it was the *samurai*, not the *kugé*, that took the centralizing movement in hand.* In 1600 A.D. another administrative and military genius took the task in hand. Tokugawa Iyeyasu changed nothing. He drilled and organized the *bushi* into a carefully centralized feudalism. The doctrines laid down by the Minamoto chieftain of the twelfth century were accepted without change by the Tokugawa captain of the sixteenth century, and in the same way—for the benefit of his own family. The difference between the two lay in the fact that four hundred years of an organizing warfare lay between them. Iyeyasu had inherited from Hideyoshi an opposition, in which the last effective member—the Satsuma clan—had been pretty thoroughly disciplined. His own supremacy once for all determined at Seki-gahara (21 October 1600 A.D.), he could re-organize the fiefs and centralize this feudalism according to his own ends.

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* Go-Daigo's effort in 1333 A.D. was unsuccessful. Ashikaga replaced Hōjō; and if the reigning Tennō was refractory they replaced him by another.

† Referring foreigners to a supposed dominating power in Miyako was simply a subterfuge. The Tennō for centuries had not possessed the right to interfere in administration—until the Tokugawa chief gave it to him. Facing an impossible situation, and seeking to shift the burden, the Bakufu made a fatal mistake in bringing the Tennō into the question. It was so recognized at the time.

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* The distinction between *kugé* and *samurai* is easy to understand, and not easy to parallel. The *kugé* depended on court (hereditary) rank. There were military men who held court rank, usually not of high grade, and the genuine *kugé* looked down on them; even on a Shōgun who held them in the hollow of his hand. Thus the exclusive rotten corporation went from bad to worse. The best comparison is between the French court and the country nobles. The Huguenots might have renovated the court. As it was, it progressed to its destruction. The *samurai* and Huguenot spirit had something of kin—the basis, however, differed.

He thus left behind at Yedo a thoroughly established Bureaucracy, to which the existing Bureaucracy succeeded. Iyeyasu was fortunate in his immediate descendants. Hidetada was a blockish fellow, but he was a fighter and a good captain, although he nearly played the part of a Japanese Grouchy on one critical occasion when father was having "rough house" at the front. Iemitsu, the grandson, reproduced the genius of Iyeyasu as far as attention to petty detail in administration went. The three necessary generations set the whole work on such a firm basis that only outside influences, unusual and hence unexpected, could give the signal for its disruption—act as the detonator of the smouldering discontent unable to move out of the net of custom. This is very effective work; and to be traced to the founder of the Kamakura Shōgunate.

Yoritomo's career at starting was not promising. Inthe retreat from the battle at the Rokuhara (Heiji 1160 A.D.) he was lost, and only succeeded in rejoining his father and brothers at Aoba with some difficulty. After his father was killed in Owari, he wandered in that province, in Omi, and in Mino. At a town called Ōkura he got into a dispute with a *samurai* and killed him. This brought on him the sharp eyes of the Taira, and Kiyomori's particular sleuth, Munekiyo, ran him to earth at Aoba in Mino.* Then followed his condemnation and reprieve through the intercession of Ike-no-zenni and Komatsu Shigemori. He was banished to Hirugashima, in Idzu, and put under the supervision of Itō Sukechika and Hōjō Tokimasa. Now Sagami, Hitachi, Musashi, all the Kwantō provinces, were the particular stamping ground of the Minamoto since the days of Yoriyoshi and Yoshiiye. People said "that the exile was like a tiger taken from his cage and let loose on the plain." Kiyomori, holding by the principle that "blood is thicker than water," made little account of differences due to sectional feeling of North against South, and to the material interests involved. Yoritomo is not to be represented as a monster of ingratitude for the favour shown. He certainly owed nothing to Kiyomori. When Shigemori died in 1180 A.D. he offered prayers for this benefactor of his early days. It is true that this commemoration service, conducted on an elaborate scale, was made the occasion for giving orders to begin the movement against the Taira, and that it cost the life of Taira Kanetaka. People called him a hypocrite, but to do so was a little strained. If the temple service was necessary to form a rallying point it secured very small results in the shape of Yoritomo's army at Ishibashiyama.

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* **Ishiyama says another account.**

However, so far we have him Hirugashima. Early in the '70s things were already stirring among the Minamoto. Yoritomo received a visit from his cousin Kiso Yoshinaka, Prince of Etchū, seeking to engage him in a movement. To this bright active young warrior Yoritomo seemed a fool. His remarks were pointless. He hardly seemed to understand what was said to him; and at the wrong time and the most serious part of the conference he broke into boorish laughter. Taking his leave Yoshinaka jeered at him. "You take arms against the Taira! I doubt if your Minamoto lineage is genuine. Your mother must have been approached by someone in the dark. You are only fit to do a woman's work. Get a distaff and learn to spin and weave. Or, if you must handle a man's weapon, seek *nokaji* (farmer's implements), and dig and delve like a peasant." Yoritomo greeted this sally with a vacuous grin; and Yoshinaka as a parting salute genially spat in his face. For this the rough mountaineer was to pay in his turn. Meanwhile Yoritomo was surrounded by Taira spies in his own household, and he knew it.

But even his own adherents despaired. Adachi Tōkurō, Sasaki Sayemon, and others had followed him to Izu, and settled into the life of hunters and fishermen where they could live near their lord, see him and keep guard over him. It was about this time that Yoritomo was taken ill with a dangerous fever. For forty days he struggled for life. When he came out of it he seemed reduced to idiocy. His memory was gone entirely. He made the most stupid mistakes in words and actions; especially in the latter, for these honest hearted men could not understand one so unobservant of detail as not to be able to cook his own food. One day when the rice in the pot was cooking for the meal the village fishermen summoned Tōkurō and his companions to come to their assistance. They were much indebted to these men for aid in the rough means of life, and it was necessary to answer the summons. An idler, when the nets were to be hauled in, was not understood by these simple villagers. Tōkurō and the others promptly responded to the summons; and Yoritomo, who was present, was left in charge of the boiling pot and dinner. Like other great statesmen he was very earnest as to this landmark of the day. He realized its importance, but he knew very little about boiling rice, not a particularly easy task to any neophyte. Charcoal was piled high under the pot, enough to stifle the flame. Yoritomo sought a bamboo blow-pipe to urge the fire. With this he very successfully cooked one side of the pot From time to time he opened the lid to investigate the progress of the operations. He had it in mind that the water should be thoroughly boiled away to enter the rice grains. Then, when only very little water is left in the pot, the fire must be carefully smothered, and the pot left in a warm place for a little while, an operation known as *murashite*. The rice is then served barely moist on the outside, a condition much preferred by the Japanese to the dry boiled rice of the Chinese where every grain stands apart. Yoritomo gazing into the pot (on his side) considered that this stage of the operation had been reached. So he carefully raked out the live flames and quenched the embers with water. While engaged in this operation a smell of burning reached his nose. The smothered flame in the still unburnt fuel, out of reach of his blow-pipe and still under the pot, burst into flame, evaporating the last remnant of water and burning the rice. Yoritomo ripped the pot off the fire. It was a very uneven job. "It seems to me," he said thoughtfully, "that Tōkurō's rice is even, not hilly and lumpy like this". He thrust his fingers boldly in to level it up. The sticky half-cooked mass on the barely heated side, saturated with the boiling water, made him howl with anguish, and the grains clung in soggy masses to his blistered fingers. Thus he was found on the return of Tōkurō. Deep was the disappointment over the unpalatable meal, and heavy were the sighs over the stupidity of their master. Prospects indeed seemed poor with such an ass for guide. They forgot that to cook a potful of rice, and one of seething twelfth century politics, required very different temperaments and accomplishments.*

Eyes were a little opened when it was known that the fool had succeeded in reconciling Itō and Kudō, two hot-headed irreconcileables, warring lustily over a boundary question, one of the most difficult of all matters to settle peaceably even on the smallest scale. He who poaches on a man's land, to the extent of a hair's breadth, is to be removed from the surface of the planet, in the twentieth as well as in the twelfth century. This was in 1175 A.D., and Kudō Jirō Suketsune became a devoted adherent of Yoritomo. Itō also entered into closest relations, without suspecting it. He had a pretty daughter, and the adjective was necessary adjunct to Yoritomo whom the mere sight of a petticoat (or its Japanese substitute) set in amorous flames. Itō was a grand-father as first notice of the affair. Yoritomo fled from his wrath, and sought refuge with Hōjō Tokimasa at Mishima. Tokimasa had two daughters; Masako aged seventeen years, Tokiko aged fifteen years. In addition to this capital he was a very astute man, with a thorough understanding of the politics of his day and their probable outcome. A good understanding was soon reached between Masako and Yoritomo, and this jealous lady was quite capable of protecting her younger sister. Hōjō paid no attention to the matter. He and Yoritomo were hand in glove, but any open family alliance was worth the heads of both of them. Masako and Yoritomo disappeared on the eve of her announced marriage to Taira Kanetaka. Hōjō joined in the hunt for the fugitives who were not to be found. When the standard of revolt was raised the marriage with Yoritomo was publicly announced, and Kanetaka's head was a gage that there would be no protest from him. In Masako there was secured to Yoritomo a most capable wife; and as long as she lived the interests of his house were secure. She was the governing influence in Japan for two generations. She was "not handsome, but massive," in mind especially. In after years she received, as dowager, the name of Nii-no-ama (dowager-general nun of the second rank). Thus Hōjō Tokimasa made his modest entrance into the governing power of Japan, to play the part of "wicked uncle" according to the view point of the exasperated chroniclers and Shintō ritualists of eighteenth century Japan.

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* The kinship of this tale to that of King Alfred and others of like kind is obvious.

§ 4.

Events began to move swiftly. Toward the close of 1179 A.D. a monk of Miyako, called from his learning and holiness Mongaku Shōnin, began to make himself unpleasantly conspicuous by his tirades against the Taira. He forced his way even into the precincts of the Hōshōji palace where he found a frightened and unwilling listener in the Hōō, Go-Shirakawa. Originally he had been a *samurai* under Josei-mon-in, and was then known as Endō Moritō. At that time he was the principal in a very sad business. Inspired by passion for the beautiful Kesa-gozen, his cousin and wife of Minamoto Wataru, he threatened to kill her mother. The old lady sought a refuge in the honour of her daughter. Kesa-gozen seemed to consent, on condition that her husband should first die. Easy access to the house was to be left to Moritō to carry out the assassination. What followed was a sort of Triboulet (Rigoletto) affair. Kesa-gozen (Gilda) took her husband's place, and when Moritō carried off the coveted head to the light of his apartment he was confronted with the blood-stained features of his beloved. The blow was sharp and overwhelming. He donned the robe of priest. For a year he devoted himself to ascetic practices and a profound study of the Buddhist scriptures. Then he undertook to restore the Takao temple of Yamashiro.* Politics were mixed with religion, in those days too, and as an earnest Minamoto adherent Mongaku made himself particularly obnoxious in his begging rounds. He succeded in accomplishing his object of geting into hot water, and did his best to start the pot boiling and a row within the precincts of the Hōshōji itself. For this in 1179 A.D. Kiyomori banished him to Izu and the neighbourhood of Yoritomo. This was the reward for this particularly bold threat to resume his old trade of *samurai*.†

The eloquent tongue, the wide spread and deserved reputation for asceticism, the real goodness of heart of Mongaku Shōnin (it is well-shown in his bold attitude in defence of Rokudai the son of Taira Koremori) quickly brought him to the notice of Yoritomo. To the little flock of parishioners gathered around him at the Nakō temple Mongaku devoted himself. He taught them and helped them, in health, sickness, or distress. His preaching at the temple hall was widely attended, and Yoritomo became much attracted by it. Now what Mongaku was seeking was not a commonplace interview, but real influence. His object was to stir Yoritomo into a movement of revolt against the Taira. In one of their conversations after sermon he began to try and get at Yoritomo's intentions. The latter was not so impulsive, nor so quick-witted as Yoshitsune. He was cold and cautious, and he suspected Mongaku. Displeased with his reserve the priest sought another method to arouse him. Securing an old skull (they were not hard to get in those days) he one day confronted Yoritomo, the gruesome object in hand. "You and I pray for the defeat of the Taira and the re-

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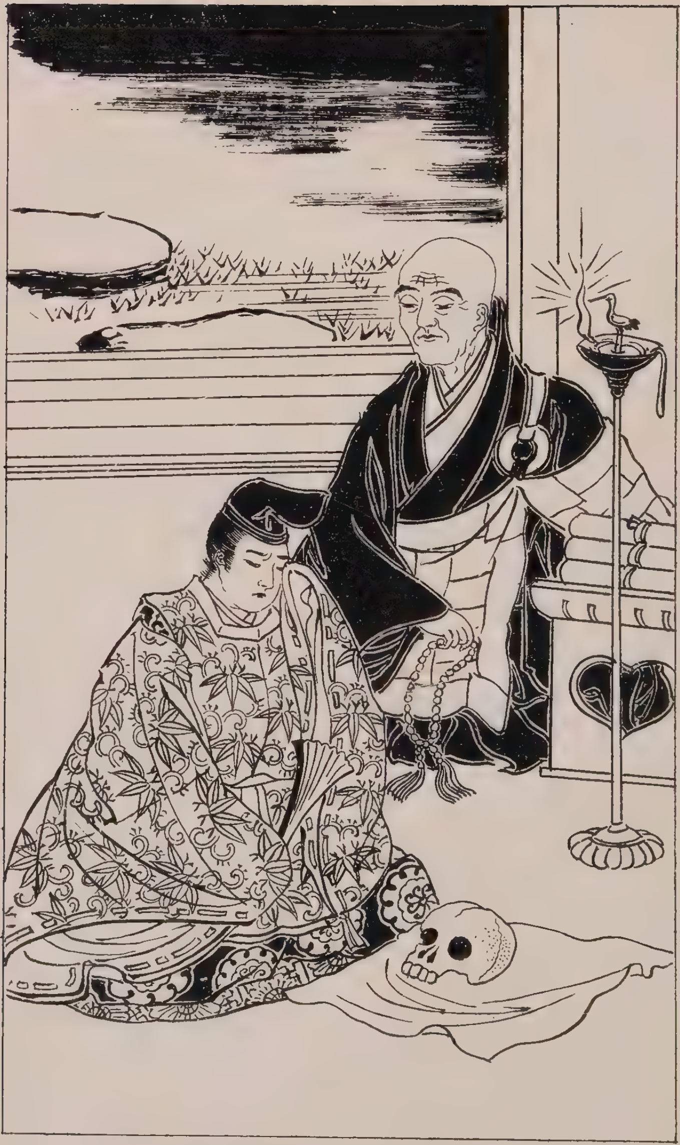
* It is close to Kyōto, on the north-west, and famed for its maples which change colour in the Fall of the year.

† Mongaku's story is too long to give here more than in sketch. I relegate it to an appendix of this volume. The life and death of the beautiful Kesa-gozen (Koaza-atoma) is a classic of Japanese misfortune.



MONGAKU SHŌNIN AND YORITOMO.

storation of the Genji to their former influence. Now here is your father's skull. I picked it up nearly twenty years ago, where the head was deposited after exposure at Tōgaku, and I have kept it by me ever since. This is all that is left of the man who took you on his knee, and these grinning jaws once called you Oniwaka as he toyed in jest with you, his child. Now what have you done to satisfy his angry spirit, and release it from torment. When Sō in China saw his father drowning in the river, and was unable to aid him, he preferred to cast himself into the water and perish also. A priest s prayers amount to nothing. Don your armour. Take not too much counsel as to what may happen, but trust to the Lord Buddha who detests the wickedness found among men." Thus speaking Mongaku wept, and Yoritomo wept with him. Stroking the skull he said :—" Alas! I have never tried to seek you out to give you proper burial. I am indeed a very worthless sort of person." Mongaku struck at once on this vein. He failed to endorse Yoritomo's views on this latter point. The subject led to ways and means, and in the long and earnest conversation the priest received a very different impression from that popularly current as to the young Minamoto prince.

However, when Yoritomo did not join the movement set on foot by Prince Takakura he felt discouraged. Yoritomo and Hōjō saw farther than he did. Neither men nor material were of the right kind, and it was started too near the Taira centre at Miyako to get much headway. Mongaku then betook himself to Fukuhara where the Court was now lodged. Here he sought access to the Hōō*, and laid his plans before him, with the request for a personal mandate against the Taira directed to Yoritomo. Gō-Shirakawa was putting in a very unpleasant time of it under any conditions. As to this young man, Ukonye no Suke Yoritomo, he knew nothing, but he had personal experience of Mongaku's good intentions and robust methods, and nothing could be worse than his present wet and drafty surroundings. Like an old war-horse he fairly snorted for joy:—"the royal person was greatly pleased," says the Japanese chronicler modestly. He at once wrote an order to Yoritomo to raise the Kwantō against the Taira. The order was thus made catholic yet specific, as a direct mandate to all concerned. With this order, dated 21 August, 1180 A.D. Mongaku betook himself to Izu and the house of Hōjō Tokimasa at Kamimuna. Yoritomo and Hōjō were about ready to move anyhow. The attempt of Takakura and Yorimasa had stirred up the Taira. Miyoshi Yasunobu wrote from Miyako that Yoritomo must flee to Hidehira. His head was wanted. On learning of Mongaku's mission* Yoritomo first bathed and then arrayed himself in fresh garments to receive the Hōō's letter of command. He had a memorial service on hand for Shigemori, deceased a few months before. This was placed in the hands of Ona Mosajirō Tokitomo, a cousin of Hōjō Tokimasa. Messengers were sent out to the neighbouring Minamoto adherents to meet at Ishibashi-yama. Meanwhile a force was despatched at once against Taira Kanetaka. He was governor of the district (*mokudai*), and lived near-by at Yamaki. Miura Yoshizumi, Chiba Taneyori, Gotō Shigemitsu, Doi Sanehira (the good Taira names here must have given Yoritomo great confidence) advised this movement strongly, and Yoritomo had personal reasons for agreeing. Hōjō Shirō Tokimasa, Ema Koshirō Tokiyoshi, Adachi Tōkurō Morinaga, Katō Kageyasu, Sasaki Tarō Sadatsuna, Sasaki Jirō Takatsuna, Sasaki Saburō Noritsune, Hori Chikayoshi, were prominent in this raid and scalping affair. The governor was unsuspecting. The attack was sudden. After setting fire to the house they returned to Yoritomo with Kanetaka's head.

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* He shaved his head to become Priest-Emperor in 1169 A.D. The most suspicious point about the skull story is the failure to hold a State funeral, then or afterwards. Perhaps it got lost in the hurly-burly over Ishibashiyama.

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* Mitsunobu Sammi, under date of 21 August, 1180 A.D., signs the order given to Mongaku at Fukuhara. The other, and perhaps better account, says (Ariga) that Yoritomo put forward the old pretext of an order from Prince Takakura against Tomochika, *mikuri* of Gamaya, charged with extortion, and replaced by Yoritomo. This date is 8th month (end of August, beginning of September—loc. cit. II. 58.)

This was on the 12th of September, 1180 A.D. Sagami-no-Jō Suyenaga, uncle of Kanetaka, heard this unpleasant piece of news and that of the raising of Yoritomo's standard at Ishibashiyama in Hakone. He was tender about calling on the Kwantō for aid. He feared treachery as the Minamoto interest was strong. The forces immediately at hand under Oba Kagechika were, however, ample to destroy the little force of three hundred men, for only this meagre number answered to Yoritomo's call. Many, however, in his own camp were secret adherents of Yoritomo. Wada, Doi, Itō, Oba, Hatakeyama, Kumagai, Satomi, Kajiwara—most of them were later conspicuous figures. The Miura summoned by him to the fray were on their way at once to attack him, and it was soon learned that only the swollen Sakawa prevented their joining Yoritomo. They could and did attack and burn the stronghold of Oba Saburō Kagechika, the captain of the Taira forces, which was a clear indication of where their sympathies lay. Kagechika, whose brother was in Yoritomo's army, ordered an attack on the camp at Ishibashiyama. The numbers are beautifully symmetrical. Yoritomo had 300 men; Kagechika had 3000 men; and Itō Sukechika, the most earnest of the lot, came with 300 more to take Yoritomo in the rear—as this worthy young man (now thirty four years old) had done to him years before. Conspicuous among these assailants were Kajiwara Heizō Kagetoki and his sons, Hatakeyama Jirō Shigetada, Kumagai Jirō Naozane, all later earnest in Yoritomo's interest. It was night, and stormy at that, when the enemy took position to attack the little camp. This was no particular disadvantage to the Minamoto, for many on the Taira side could secretly betray their cause, and much confusion was caused by these unexpected enemies. Valorous deeds were performed. Thus Sanada Yoichi Yoshitada boldly sought out the camp and tent of Kagechika in order to kill him. Yajirō and Okabe, his worthy attendants, he killed. He was met, however, by Kawamura Matano Gorō Kagehisa. Grappling with each other both knights fell from their horses. Sanada was the stronger, and was in a fair way to make his enemy a head shorter, but rescue came to Matano in the persons of Shin Roku and Shin Nagano, and instead Sanada bit the dust and the other side took the pennant. Bunzō, the faithful retainer of Sanada, fought to the death, and his bravery secured him passing mention in the Gempei Seisuiki. The little band of three hundred men, however, even with secret aid could not keep up the pace. They were worn out and scattered. Sasaki Takatsuna covered the retreat. "Come! I am Yoritomo. You fellows should be fighting with us, as true Minamoto men. Kill me and get your reward." Indeed the swollen Sakawa played a double part, for it prevented Kajiwara, Kumagai, and others from forming a junction with the Miura. At dawn there remained nothing to do but to hunt out the fugitives. Sasaki and Hōjō had fled to Hakone in an attempt to reach Awa. Yoritomo with only seven men reached Sugiyama. Here he made a stand, and displayed his own skill with the bow. It was merely a matter of time. On the advice of Doi Sanehira all the others were dismissed, and Yoritomo and Sanehira sought refuge in a hollow tree. Here it is said, they were found by Kajiwara Kagetoki. His enemies said that Yorimoto was so frightened that he could not speak, but could only clasp his hands in a beseeching attitude. Kajiwara had sized up the political situation. The future lay with the Minamoto, and not with the Taira. When Ōba Saburō Kagechika came up he declared that the enemy was cleared out of the neighbourhood, and when the latter proposed to investigate the hollow tree more closely he grasped his sword in high dudgeon. "Why, look here!" and he thrust his spear into the trunk. Two doves flew out Kagechika expressed himself as satisfied, which he would not have done if he had known his own head was at stake, and unwilling to quarrel he took himself off. "Others may come", conjectured Kajiwara, "and not be so easily satisfied." Whistling he called up his men, and under their escort Yoritomo reached Manazuru-ga-saki in Izu. Here several more of his company were found, and together they took a boat to cross the bay to Awa.*

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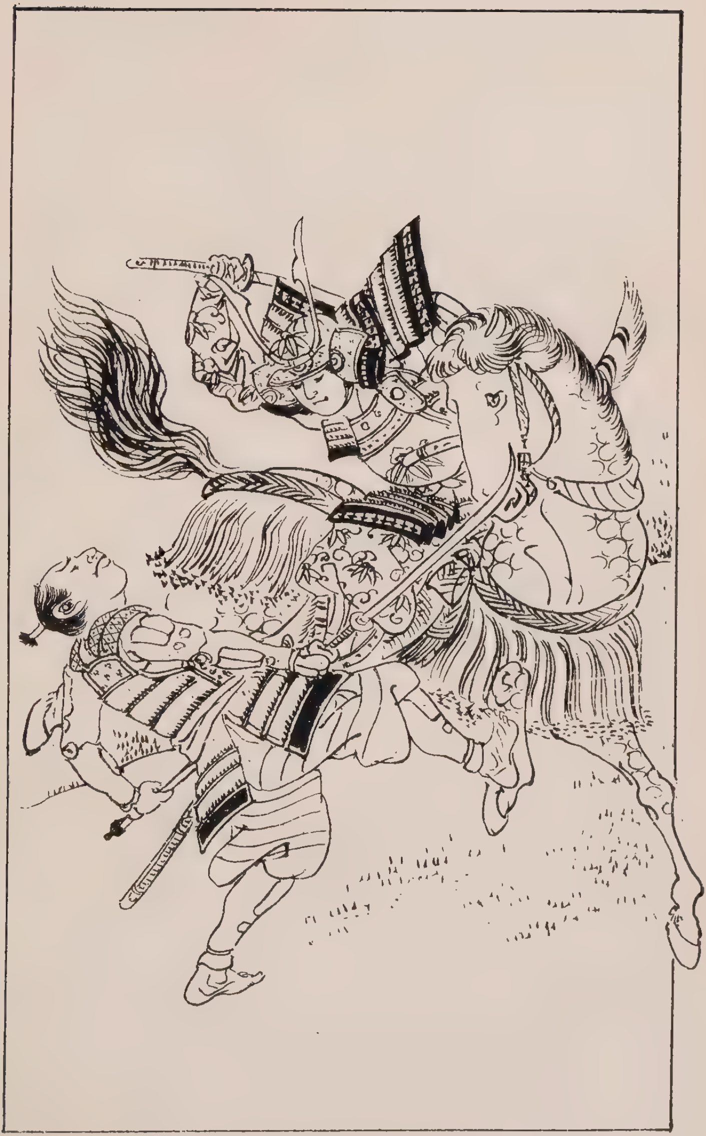
* So runs the tale of the Gempei Seisuiki. The comments of the



MINAMOTO YORITOMO AT ISHIBASHI-YAMA.

Thus these Japanese "wise men of Gotham" set sail in their tub for the distant blue line of the little peninsula which covers the now Tōkyō bay on the Pacific side. It was partly a coasting trip across the Sagami bay, with the chance to run for it in all the ten directions of space if the wind blew too hard. A difficulty, however, arose as soon as they got fairly afloat. Some busy-body discovered that they had eight in the boat. To the twelfth century Japanese (or twentieth century) this was as bad as a "thirteen party." Furthermore he was a gossip and could not keep the discovery to himself. Argued this wise-acre:—"we know that in the history of our country there is no instance of a safe and fortunate escape effected by a party consisting of eight men;" and he clinched the mattter by a most unfortunate reference to Tametomo the archer, king of Vries Island (Ōshima) smoking away before their eyes, conqueror of Lū-Chū and the Moon, and *uncle* of Yoritomo. He had started with eight men when he left Izu. Now Yoritomo did have one failing. He was superstitious, and this made him a little nervous over all due and proper attention to the divine susceptibilities. He thus took every opportunity to administer pills and purges in the shape of offerings against any celestial constipation which would prevent the flow of benefits. This secured to him the reputation of being a bigot of the first water, but it was more due to scare than to any deep contemplative religious feeling. Even a buck-rabbit has his moments of sober thought, and Yoritomo and Henry IV. (at Cahors) can be excused, if sometimes the smooth evenness of their temperament ruffled a little in this trifling way. Anyhow, Yoritomo's

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romancers are amusing and impossible. Shinshinsai gives Yoritomo 500 men against 100000. "Big odds, but the defence lasted three days through the luke-warmedness of the enemy." Yamada tries to save Yoritomo's face and military reputation by saying that he had already gone to Awa and did not command at Ishibashi-yama. He waxes very indignant over the tree episode. Another tale converts the doves into a spider's web woven across the entrance. The histories give Ōba Kagechika 3000 men, and the account in the text is based on them. What really saved Yoritomo was the action of Iida, a fief-holder of Ōba. In the pursuit he turned against his side and effectually held them up, enabling Yoritomo to get clear of the field.

decision was quick and to the point. "Out goes somebody, and it is not I. With this reservation I leave the selection to the rest of you."

This was embarassing. No one was ambitious of the rôle of Jonah. Hōjō was known to have fled. Refuge might be found in his lands, but between lay the whole mass of the Taira army, eagerly beating up the country for their game. The chance of reaching friendly territory was *nil*, and to be put ashore seemed to mean certain death. Of what was going on to the north, the Miura fighting Hatakeyama who was holding up the Taira interests, they knew nothing. The discussion was a lively one as they drifted along the shore. The general disposition was to pitch on Shirō Okazaki as getting old and useless. It would make no difference to anyone but himself, and his opinion they were not disposed to accept as good argument in the case. Replied Okazaki "Not so: take some one possessed of two souls, who can return to the Saha world."* But all were tolerably sure that they had a like meagre supply. Said one:—"as for me, double are the celestial spheres; but even though a man can vouch for the plenitude of the sources of life and the virility of his person, of the nature of his soul, whether one or many, he can answer naught," And "naught" they all replied.† This seemed a good counter, and the fate of Okazaki appeared fixed as they slowly came near shore. He played his last card, and an effective one with the Japanese, so often the reverse of western thought. "My son, Sanada Yoichi, was killed in the battle. Now, therefore, let Doi Jirō Sanehira *or* his son go ashore." Doi met this proposition promptly. *More Japonico* he threw his *boy* ashore at a good, bare, soft, sandy spot. Loud were the outcries as the party pulled away, now in earnest bound for Awa and safety. Yoritomo and the others wrapped themselves in a selfish deafness to the entreaties of the marooned victim, Yatarō Tomohira aged fifteen years.

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* A Buddhist term for the existing Universe as we earthly beings know it.

† Says Shinshinsai in telling this story of Yoritomo's hegira: 丁, 菜しも一ツつきやア無い睾丸ハ二ツある.

There seemed to be nothing in front of him but to commit *harakiri*, much to be preferred to falling into the hands of the enemy. As did Mr. Snodgrass so much later in the classic battle of Ipswich, he was too slow and demonstrative in his movements. While engaged ruefully in the task of stripping off his armour and properly arranging the scene, the enemy burst from the bushes and carried him off a prisoner. Brought before the commander the recognition was mutual. "Ya-a-a, Ojisan (uncle)!"—"Ha-a-a, Tomohei!" said Wada Yoshimori. To the nephew *harakiri* seemed the proper caper. But these were not yet the days of one only and prevalent Government in Dai Nippon. Answered Wada:—"Nonsense! Now where is your father, and where is Yoritomo?" and he "winked the other fin," like the whale of sad story. Tomohira felt no inclination to be secretive before such a kind uncle and untoward circumstances. He eloquently glanced seaward. With plenty of rowers Wada Yoshimori started after the fugitives. He made it plain that an interview, not a fight, was the object. Yoshimori and Doi had a little talk together, in which Yoritomo received a much more encouraging report of conditions than he had suspected. Yoshimori returned to shore and his nephew, while the seven wiser men continued their course, soon to land on the hospitable shores of Karishima of Awa.

§ 5.

This fall of 1180 A.D. brought very disturbing news to Kiyomori. To the bad tidings and the inefficiency of his captains there seemed no end. He rejoiced over the result at Ishibashi-yama and the death of Yoritomo, promptly forwarded by Ōba; only to learn that Yoritomo had escaped to Awa, in which the *bushi* were flocking to his standard with utter disregard of blood-ties. This news was most disquieting. In the Kwantō the Minamoto were in arms as in the days of Yoshiiye, and the scanty force of the Taira captains daily grew less through disaffection and desertion. Ishibashi-yama was a small affair, promptly handled. But the Miura matter was a more difficult business. While Yoritomo was in flight across the bay to Awa, Yoshiakira, his son Yoshizumi, and his grandson Wada Yoshimori had met the Taira. Starting out from Miura they had heard of the defeat at Ishibashi-yama. On their return they met Hatakeyama Shigetada, then in the Taira interest, and had given him a bad beating. Yoshimori had crowed a little early to Yoritomo, for the capable Hatakeyama received reinforcements. With these he attacked and captured Miura castle*, and in the battle the old Yoshiakira, aged eighty-nine years, was killed. Sons and grandsons then joined Yoritomo in Awa, where we can leave them for the present.

Reports from other districts were no better. The day after this unpleasant news came from the Kwantō, came the message that Tansō, Bettō of Kumano, had mustered his monks in the Minamoto interest. Only seventeen days later Kikuchi was in arms. At the close of the year there was a general rising in Mino, followed four days later by one in Ōmi. The grumbling in the Taira ranks was too much even for Kiyomori. These misfortunes were universally attributed to the unhappy move to Rokuhara. Kiyomori yielded. He "who would tear paper crosswise," (not an easy thing with Japanese paper), at last ordered that the question should be considered. This was a solemn farce to save his face. The councillors timidly pointed out that the great festivals could not be properly conducted apart from Miyako. Hence the expense was enormously increased, for the dignity and reverence to gods and Tennō must be on a proper scale. For this reason the Tennō (or Hōō) had refused to consider the question, and the Taishōye festival had not been held. Meanwhile the monks of Hieisan and Miidera were raising a very threatening racket over the Tennō's absence. Kiyomori spoke mildly on the matter, saying that convenience of situation, not the wish of the popular mind, should govern choice of the capital. Fujiwara Nagakata caught the ball on the bound, and his fellow-councillors gasped as in unmeasured terms he denounced the whole matter of original removal. The grounds of complaint given in the Hōjōki* are interesting as showing the ideas of the Japanese of that day. "At the time the writer had an opportunity of visiting the new capital. The site was not spacious enough to allow the laying out of broad streets and wards as had been the case in the old capital. The ground too was very uneven, rising sharply on the high hills to the north, and falling as sharply to the sea on the south. The noise of rolling breakers disturbed the quietness of the city, through which blew the salt sea wind. The new palace of the Tennō was thus set among mountains, and was built of rough logs. It reminded one of the log-palace of olden time. What a strange sight the city was! An enormous number of logs were floated down the river to the new capital, perhaps with the intention of building houses and mansions. With all this, however, there was a vast extent of land on which no human habitation was to be seen, and yet the number of houses built was wretchedly insufficient." And he goes on to tell the tale of the grave dilapidation which befell the old houses abandoned in Miyako. In the opinion of this writer of ancient days, this dilapidation extended to manners. The court people "rode on horseback instead of in a *basha* (carriage). Those who ought to have had on *hoi* (ceremonial robe for common people) were seen wearing *shitatare* (the gauze court-robe). All graceful and elegant customs and manners of the old capital had disappeared, and the men of the new town looked like rough *bushi*." Present day Japanese seem to care little for the mountains, except in their *o-mairi* (shrine pilgrimage) jaunts. They have in these days of Meiji taken better to the idea of sea-shore resorts. The chief complaint of the twelfth century writer is against the sea-air and the sound of the waves, and to the dishevelled appearance of this boom-town. His opinion of the town site of the present Kōbe is anything but flattering. From the mention of narrow space and high tides it is likely that the land shelf was still narrower than at present.

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* Shiro (castles) were then primitive affairs. The mediaeval castle as found at Nagoya, Osaka, Kumamoto, is due to study of European works on fortification brought in by the Portuguese in the middle of the sixteenth century.

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* Ariga gives a long quotation. II. pp. 56-58.

The old houses abandoned in Miyako, from time to time "seen floating down the Yodogawa," probably influenced Kiyomori very little. He had made up his mind that it was bad politics to stay where they were. For the festival of the New Year they were all back in Miyako. The buildings were in too bad shape to use. The Tennō was therefore lodged in the Gojō temple, and the Hōō and Shin-in were kept at Rokuhara and Ikedono. The *kuge* found temporary refuge where they could in the surrounding ecclesiastical establishments at Yahata, Uzumasa, Nishiyama, Higashiyama, and the other many temples of the suburbs. Kiyomori gave Go-Shirakawa the Hōō most unjustifiable license, for he was made free of bread and butter and Miyako. Sanuki and Mino were given into his charge, and once more he was consulted in public affairs. This was all done to recover lost favour. The Court accepted these substantial gains with the fixed, but unexpressed, intention of awaiting the long delayed march of the Minamoto on Miyako. Out of the frying pan into the fire. The days of Ōjin and Yuriaku had long passed away—from everywhere but the confined and confused little circle in the *gōshō* of Miyako.

Meanwhile Yoritomo was by no means the idlest man in Nippon. He had first to settle matters with the local Taira interest. He left Awa with a respectable little army gathered together at his headquarters in Kazusa with Anzai Saburō Kagemasu. Koyama Tomomasa and Shimokawabe Yukihira had promptly responded with their local contingents. The stand of Kazusa-no-Suke Taira Hirotsune was doubtful, and much depended on him. Chiba Tsunetane, with three hundred men, responded promptly to the call of his hereditary chief, but Hirotsune was very slow in balancing probabilities. When he appeared at the camp pitched by the Sumidagawa, Yoritomo refused to see him and told him to take command—of the rearguard. Hirotsune is said to have brought with him 20,000 men, double the number in Yoritomo's camp.* He was much impressed with this treatment, and gave in an earnest and hearty adherence which afterwards was much to Yoritomo's advantage, especially at the council board. Yoritomo's old opponents at Ishibashiyama were now in his ranks. Kajiwara Kagetoki was in a fair way to become his left hand man; Hōjō Tokimasa occuping the prior position. Of his brothers, the priest Zensei† had joined him in October. Messengers were sent out to Kōtsuke, Shimotsuke, Musashi, to call up the Minamoto men. Hōjō Tokimasa was sent into Kai to join the Takeda, and thus create a diversion in favour of Kiso Yoshinaka. This latter, on the news of Yoritomo's movement, had promptly gathered his forces, and after fighting a pitched battle had driven Ogasawara Yorinao out of Shinano. Hatakeyama Shigetada now joined Yoritomo, an acquisition of the first importance. This was the result of the advice of Hirotsune. It was known that an army was on the march from Miyako. Yoritomo's idea was to wait for the levies from the North. Hirotsune advised entering Sagami and crossing the Ashigaratōge before the Taira men of Sagami could or would join the southern army. The result was excellent. Kasai Kiyoshige, Adachi Tōmoto, Kawagoye Yorishige, Edo Shigenaga, Hatakeyama and others joined him on his march. Hatakeyama was sent to establish a camp at Kamakura. This was, and is, a little fishing village nestled in the hills at the base of the Sagami peninsula, and facing the open sea. A great city was to spring up here like a mushroom town. Here was a shabby temple to Hachiman Daibosatsu, the special cult of the Minamoto, built on the Yuigahama. Yoritomo was to rebuild it in far more splendid style near the Kobayashi bridge, on Tsura-ga-oka. Numbers flocked into the new city. Temples and houses went up in every direction as Yoritomo's power grew, and an active hardy peasant population fattened on the barons and trains of *samurai* pouring in from all the North district.

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* Yoritomo could well have been indifferent, if, as Shinshinsai romances it, he had had an army of 800000. 八十万; there is no getting out of it.

† Or Zenjō, Bishop of Ano, killed in battle by Hatsuta Tomoiye. [Murdoch states he left a son Tomotoki, put to death by Hōjō Yoshitoki for rebellion.]

Neither Kiyomori nor Yoritomo could treat the forces set in motion with indifference. Yoritomo prepared to direct his host in person. Kiyomori had sent an army northwards under the command of Ukonye-no-Gon-no-Shōshō Koremori. Satsuma-no-Kami Tadamori and Mikawa-no-Kami Tomomori were under him. Saitō Sanemori, ex-tactician, commanded the rear-guard. They left the capital with 30000 men, but at the Fujikawa they are said to have had nearly double that number. Yoritomo was camped on the opposite bank with 27000 men, but Hōjō Tokimasa, Takeda Yoshinobu, and other captains, had driven the Taira out of Kai and were operating on their left flank. Oba Kagechika and a thousand men were cut off in this movement from the advancing Taira force. He took refuge in the difficult country around Mount Kawamura. He and Kawamura Saburō, however, were compelled to surrender. Gōrō Matano, the prominent figure in the battle of Ishibashiyama, and a younger brother of Kawamura, presented himself alone in the Taira camp. At the camp on the Kisegawa the heads of Kagechika and Kawamura were later struck off, to the edification and warning of all recalcitrants to the Minamoto House. They merely suffered the fate of Osada Nyūdo and his son. Tachibana Tōshige, governor of Suruga, remained a prisoner.

Thus the armies lay facing each other with the swift river between them. The Taira captains were much discouraged by the pessimistic views of Saitō Sanemori. To advance into the Kwantō, where they could not tell friend from foe, was madness without more formal preparation of a base. However, they seemed safe from a flanking movement, and as they could not divorce themselves entirely from the diversions of Miyako there were plenty of singing girls in the camp and abundance of *saké*. While they were engaged on these one night, the possibility of a flanking movement came into the head of Takeda Yoshinobu. He knew that thousands of wild geese harboured in the marshes. These should add their clamour to his scanty numbers. One night he, with six hundred of his men, made their way to the swamp, and thoroughly beat it up to rouse the feathered inmates. The Taira, in their turn aroused by the confusion, thought that the Minamoto men were crossing the river, and incontinently they took to flight. Yoshinobu's strategem succeeding beyond all expectation, he, his father Iida Gōrō Iyeyoshi, and their men, boldly attacked the camp. The Minamoto on the other side of the river at once pushed out the rafts, lying idle for the forward movement. The pursuit was hot. Kazusa Tadakiyo and Saitō Sanemori tried to stop the flying masses, but were carried away with them. Only Itō Jirō Musha of Ise stepped aside from the fugitives to challenge the pursuers. Iida Gōrō was killed by one of his arrows, but his son Yoshinobu sprang on Itō and ran him through with his sword. His head was duly taken to Yoritomo. He examined it, weighed it (mentally), appraised the feat and praised the slayer, while sympathising for the loss of the parent.* Takeda Yoshinobu was then rewarded in more substantial form for his strategem. Yoritomo was all for instant pursuit. Here again his captains interposed; notably Hirotsune, Hatakeyama, and Miura. They pointed out the necessity of first reducing to submission Satake Hideyoshi of Hitachi and the Nitta of Echigo. To leave such openly hostile factors in his rear was out of the question. The argument was good. His recalcitrant relatives were ear-marked as his own particular affair, and he did not dare to leave the Kwantō until the question was settled, and this took some years. Meanwhile Yasuda Yoshisada was sent into Tōtōmi, and quickly secured this province for Yoritomo. Taira Koremori wanted to gather together the fugitives and make a second attempt, but Tadakiyo pointed out to him the necessity of much more serious preparation of a base. The Kwantō could not be relied on. That was plain.

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* This head ceremony was no trifling affair. There was a regular "head-box" for formal presentation. The Japanese attached so much importance to it that one can conjecture there is a touch of the old head-hunter superstition, still found lingering among some of the island aborigines in Formosa, the Philippines, and the Malay States.

Surprised as the Taira of Miyako were at the news of a retreat without a pitched battle, they had to meet more threatening movements near at hand. Kiso Yoshinaka headed the most important of these He was practically master of Shinano and Kōtsuke. Ashikaga of Shimotsuke, Takeda of Kai, Nawa of Kōtsuke, and others now flocked to him with their *bushi.* However, he showed no sign of immediate movement until in July, 1181 A.D., Jō no Nagashige of Echigo threw himself on Shinano (with 60000 men, it is said). Yoshinaka was beaten, and things looked very gloomy in the camp on the Yokatagawa. However, Inouye Yoshimoto was pushed forward displaying Taira banners, and Yoshinaka with a small picked force crossed the river in the rear of the enemy's camp. The new-comers were received with open arms, and the result was that Nagashige fled to Dewa by anything but the highway. To meet this Munemori, who had the direction of affairs, sent to Echizen and the west coast, Chūjō no Suke Michinori and Tajima no Kami Tsunemasa, both Taira chiefs. More honours were distributed. Hidehira was made Mutsu no Kami. In a court sense this was by no means displeasing. In the practical sense Hidehira was lord of Mutsu as no one alse could pretend to be—in his own right. Nagashige was made Echigo-no-kami. Perhaps on the hope that the name would whistle the province out of Yoshinaka's strong grasp. The campaign ended with Michinori shut up tight in Tsuruga. "As victor all the *bushi* of Echizen, Etchu, and Echigo" flopped to Yoshinaka. Which means that Hida, Kaga, and Noto also were in his power.

Matters nearer home were more favourable. With Yoshinaka threatening an advance from Shinano into the south there had been a rising in Ōmi. Yamaki Yoshitsune, Kaga Nyūdo, Yamamoto Hyoye, and other magnates were engaged in this. At the end of December 1180 A.D. Kiyomori had sent a considerable force into the province. While Tomomori suppressed this rising, Kiyomori turned his attention to the restive monks Kiyofusa burnt the Onjōji Miidera) to the ground, and drove out the monks killing many of them. The Tōdaiji of Nara suffered the same fate. Shigehira killed two hundred of these priestly and holy men, and in the fire many Buddhist relics and volumes of the Sutras were destroyed. One piece of good fortune attended Kiyomori. Takakura-Shin-in died, and thus one hostile influence was removed; an oppressed object always before men's eyes. Not a murmur could now be raised against the legitimacy of the position of little Antoku. The ex-Tennō was duly and decently buried at the Seikanji-dera. And thereby hangs a tale. Among the *uneme* of Taka-kura there was a maiden named Kogo-no-Tsubone.* The Tennō was much struck by her beauty, and Kiyomori came to regard her as his daughter's rival. He had decided to have her poisoned, but the lady sought refuge in flight. The Tennō, much distressed, ordered a search to be made everywhere for the missing girl. Nakakuni, of his train, finally located her and brought her back to the palace. She was now pregnant, and more radical action would have attracted attention in this already too conspicuous affair. Kiyomori made her turn nun and enter the Seikanji temple. It had been Takakura's wish to be buried there; and this much was done for his former amour.

There was some attention to be paid to a movement close at hand. Yukiiye had wisely stuck to Kumano. At the end of January (1181 A.D.) he now appeared and overran Mino and Owari. Kiyomori, who was "getting ready," launched on him a force more formidable for its list of generals—Tomomori, Michimori, Kiyotsune, Tadanori—than its numbers (3000 it is said) of fighting men. They were enough, however, to down Jonah and shut him up in Itakura. For the first and last time in his life Yoritomo dealt with his uncle. He sent his brother Gien with a thousand *bushi* to extricate him. Yukiiye soon appears as hanging around Kamakura. But Yoritomo really had little time to attend to him. The Nitta, after grumbling and sulking—Nitta Yoshishige came to Kamakura and refused to go near him—finally came into camp. Against Satake Hideyoshi he had to enter on a campaign in which he figures as actual leader of his army; one of the few times in which he does so. The history of this little affair is so typical of conditions now and later that it is worth sketching.* The Hitachi Minamoto were descended from Yoshimitsu. This hero (944-1021 A.D.) distinguished himself in his day impartially by the slaughter of bandits and a fox, predecessor of the ill-fated *nouye* bird in the scratching business. His descendants had waxed exceedingly numerous, and being settled more particularly in the Satake district had taken this as their distinguishing name. Being of the Seiwa Genji they were a hard fighting obstinate stock, and proposed to prove it to Yoritomo. Taira Hirotsune was the latter's good angel in this affair. At the end of November 1180 A.D. Yoritomo marched a large army into the provincial town of Hitachi. A council decided that the sleek tongue of Hirotsune should be set to work on Hideyoshi and his son Yoshimasa. The latter quickly came to terms and foolishly came to camp. Yoshitaka, father of Hideyoshi, would have none of this young Kamakura upstart and Hideyoshi went with him. As usual Yoritomo comfortably established himself in town, and sent Shimokawabe, Doi, Wada, Hirotsune, and others to attack the recalcitrants. Yoshimasa's head went along packed in salt. The fortress of the Satake was on the top of a steep and isolated hill. The besiegers gained nothing and lost heavily. Hirotsune suggested that he be allowed a chance to talk—with Yoshihirō, uncle of Hideyoshi. This latter got the promise of his nephew's fief. Yoshihirō appeared in the rear of the castle, was well received, and in return raised

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* Visitors to Kyōto will remember the Kogo-no-tsubone tsuka. I take it as a name. Yamada says—御寵愛の官女に小督の局さ申女房有りけるに

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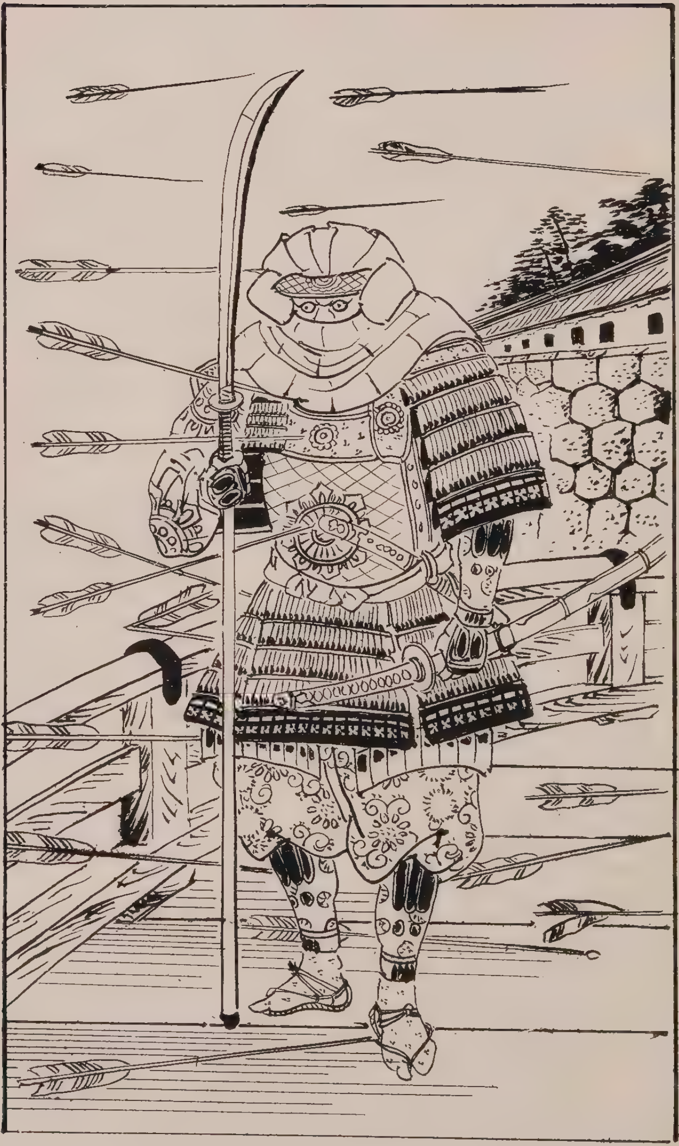
* Says Dr. Ariga—"It was in this period (of Yoshiiye 1041-1108 A.D.) that respect for one's faith and honour began to be considered an essential element in the character of military men." The exceptions make the rule, and now and later they are so numerous that it is hard to detect the rule—outside of books on Chinese ethics.



IN DAYS OF OLD-ON GUARD.

his war-cry and suddenly attacked the garrison within the precincts itself. The garrison and Hideyoshi fled to Oshū and Hidehira. The fief was divided up among the important men of the leaders. Iwase Tarō, a devoted retainer of Yoshimasa one day bearded Yoritomo in person, and severely dressed him down for his merciless treatment of his own family. Yoritomo heard him through, recognized the point of bad policy at the present juncture of affairs that Iwase made prominent, and restored Hideyoshi to favour and his fief. But the sense of disaffection kept Yoritomo uneasily nailed to the Kwantō for many months. He did not dare to leave it to itself *

He had good reason for this course. A lively struggle was going on to the south. Shigehira and Koremori had marched north with 13000 men. Wada Yoshimori was sent to aid Yasuda Yoshisada in holding Tōtōmi. With different operations Kamakura was pretty well stripped of any garrison. Shinoda Yoshihira raised a large force (30000 men it is said), and with Ashikaga Tadatsuna marched on the town. Koyama Tomomasa and his brother, with Noriyori younger brother of Yoritomo, threw themselves between, and throughly beat them. Yoshihira fled to Yoshinaka, and Tadatsuna turned towards Miyako. And here again came in Yoshinaka. At a battle fought at the Kuromatagawa, in which Gien was killed, Yukiiye beaten had to fall back on Mikawa. On the east side of the Yahagigawa he received reinforcements from the Nukate district Then he sent an old farmer across the river to loudly proclaim, wherever he passed, the large numbers of the *bushi* assembled on the other side. At this the Taira thought it prudent to retire. Yukiiye also loudly proclaimed that those who were not for him were against him. The country-side took the Japanese Dowler at his word, and as his forces were on the ground and could make things unpleasant for them, they rose on every Taira in sight. Then

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* Ariga says—and the chronicles bear him out—that Yoritomo was afraid of Hidehira. Loc. cit. II., 103, Hidehira's reputation as a general was of the highest. This fear was without doubt a spur to Yoritomo's later hatred of the old man's favourite—Yoshitsune.

Yukiiye lit out to Kamakura; to report and get his reward. Yoritomo knew far more about his actual value than we can know to-day. He received Yukiiye with the cold advice to go and carve out his own fief. If he meant from Hidehira's land in the north, Yukiiye knew better. He left in high dudgeon and with a considerable band of *bushi*—to join his nephew Yoshinaka This was the last straw. Nobumitsu, son of Nobuyoshi of Kai had wanted to marry his daughter to Yoshitaka, son of Yoshinaka. The latter had refused, so Nobumitsu maligned Yoshinaka to Yoritomo, saying that the Etchū prince wanted to form an alliance between his son and a daughter of Shigemori. In April, 1183 A.D., Yoritomo left Kamakura with a large army (100000 men it is said), and marched over the Usuitōge (near Karuizawa) into Shinano. The mountaineers were earnest to fight. Yoshinaka would have none of it "Disunion has been the curse of the Minamoto", he said. He ordered a retreat into Echigo. All this came to Yoritomo's ears, and he halted his own movement. "Why do you protect my ill-wishers, such as Yukiiye and Shinoda; and what pledge will you give of your good intentions?" Thus inquired Yoritomo. Yoshinaka dodged the first question, and answered the second by sending his son Shimidzu Kwanja Yoshitaka as hostage. Yoritomo withdrew his army, received Yoshitaka in Kamakura, and subsequently married him to his daughter. Thus peace was made between the different Minamoto chiefs—for the time being.

From the start Kiyomori laid great stress on the movement of Yoshinaka. The mountain chief, concealed behind his hills, could fall from the clouds on their heads. Yoritomo had a long march on the Tōkaidō. Kiyomori, however, hated him the more heartily, for the Kwantō after all was the back-bone of the north, and never easily handled from Miyako. Munemori and a large army was to start against Kamakuradono, under which name Yoritomo now figured. But Kiyomori no longer was to have the direction of Things Japanese. In the midst of all the bustle of preparation he was taken down with a sharp fever. He "writhed and twisted as in the fires of Hell." And for him there was but one cure:—"let me see the head of Yoritomo." Every other enemy was forgotten except this example of mistaken clemency. No other offering at his tomb was needed or wanted. Yoritomo had every reason to refuse to forward this unreasonable request. It was an excellent head-piece, and necessary for his own purposes. So Kiyomori died in March 1181 A.D , unsatisfied and at the age of sixty-four years. "It was as the loss of his cane to a blind man, or of his light by one travelling a dark and dangerous road." The Taira were left without head and heart. Now at this time Yoritomo made the first of those propositions, which it is not easy to decide whether they were meant to be taken seriously or not. He disclaimed to the Hōō any intentions hostile to the Tennō's interests. His quarrel was entirely with the Taira. However, if the Tennō wished both clans to assume their former and usual position at Court, he was ready to share with his opponents the former duties. Of course this meant a tremendous come-down for the Taira. The spoil of a quarter of a century would have to be disgorged. Munemori refused on the ground of duty to his family ancestors, but he certainly had the voice of his clan in the office holding line behind him. It was not a matter that could be settled peaceably, and Yoritomo knew it. He got the credit for his great moderation without having to exercise it.

Very little was done during the year 1182 A.D. The Minamoto chiefs were settling matters among themselves, and the Taira interfered very little with them.* At the beginning of 1183 A D. the Taira directed their final effort of this stage against Yoshinaka. It is said that an army of 100000 men left Miyako under the command of Koremori and Michimori at the end of April. Yoshinaka, who does not seem to have anticipated the move, shut Nishima Morihirō and Hayashi Mitsuakira into the strong fortification of Tsuiyama in Echizen, and which commanded the Hokurokudō (sea road of the West). The Taira would have been effectually held up. Treachery played its part, and Mitsuakira with another commander, Togashi, were beaten in several encounters and driven out of Kaga also. Koremori divided his army sending 30000 men to Noto, and himself advancing to the Tonamigawa with 70000 men. Yoshinaka with 50000 men from Echigo and Etchū was camped at Kurosaka. Not far off was Koremori at Sarugababa. The opportunity was too tempting for one of this dashing mountain chieftain's night attacks. Attaching fat pine faggots to the horns of cattle, the wood was fired and the animals stampeded into the enemy's camp. Yoshinaka's choicest men were hot on their trail. A fearful rout ensued. "Eighteen thousand men were said to have been driven over a mountain precipice, their bodies forming a mound like a hill." This of course is a wild exaggeration, but it is the tale of a complete disaster. Yukiiye had been sent to Shioyama in Noto and had received a thrashing. But Yoshinaka and 40000 men came at once to his relief. Taira Moritoshi had to retreat to Saragadake in Kaga where Koremori had rallied his beaten troops. Yoshinaka and Yukiiye entered Kaga. As a leader Yukiiye was most unfortunate, but against his personal bravery nothing was ever said. Under the brilliant young commander, his nephew, he fought well. The united command, under Yoshinaka, crossed the Ataka river, and a desperate battle was fought at Shinobara. The Taira saved nothing but their horses. Weapons, furniture, even clothing, were thrown away in the rush for the capital. Saitō Sanemori was killed in the battle.

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* Mr. Murdoch attributes this inaction to the prevalence of pest and famine. This would be an excellent reason for the Taira inaction, and Yoshinaka had enough on his hands with Yoritomo. Cf. "History of Japan." Vol. I, page 344. Cf. Aston's "Japanese Literature" pp. 149-151.

In Japan at this date no military reputation stood as high as that of Yoshinaka. Backed by his Four Celestial Kings (attendant knights) in battle he seemed invincible. He was not only a fine tactician, but a great general. He followed up his advantage at once. He marched by the Hokurokudō, and Yukiiye by the Tōsandō. At the beginning of August he was in Ōmi, and Yukiiye was in Yamato. Yoshinaka at first camped at Seta. Later he extended his lines to Hieisan, in order to overlook the

Taira in the capital. Now if there is anything uncomfortable in the mundane sphere, it is to go about one's business in life under the constant cold and critical gaze of ill-will or indifference. It is only the vulgar and unwashed, the socialist, the red liberty-capped "citizen", and eighteenth century royalty (and they had to, without liking it), who make a point of dining, washing, and conducting other little operations of daily life in public. They did it, and do it, from a vulgar love of rubbing their bacon with their kind, or an equally vulgar suspicion as to what their next door neighbour may think of their habits or thoughts. The Taira felt no more liking for Yoshinaka's espionage, than does the average decent citizen who prefers the quiet and seclusion of feasting with the few dear and chosen ones. But they could not help themselves. To drive Yoshinaka from his stronghold on the hills was beyond their power. Munemori watched with misgivings his sadly dwindled ranks. Enryakū-ji (Hieisan) was made the place of Taira family worship; *ditto* other shrines, such as the Hiyōshi. The monks rapidly recruited—to join their ranks to those of Yoshinaka. Then the worst news of all came. Settsu and Kawachi, at the head of Naniwa Bay, Osaka, had risen under the leadership of Tada Kurando Yukitsuna (he of the early Shishi-ga-tani conspiracy). Ashikiyō in Tamba was getting ready to march on Miyako. These movements threatened to get control of the line of the Yodogawa, and thus to cut off retreat to the West. There was but one thing to do—to beat a retreat from Miyako; or, as the grim Tomomori advocated, die there like soldiers.

Matters were put in train. There was no need to concentrate. The occupation of Hieisan had already forced that move. Tomomori and Shigehira, from Yamashina; Michimori and Noritsune, from Uji; Yukimori and Tadamori, from Yodo; all were drawn in close to the city. Then Munemori and the Court officials of Rokuhara and the *gōshō*, all in their ceremonial robes and surrounding the carriage of the Tennō, started in procession to leave the city, behind the lines of *bushi* thrown out to face Yoshinaka on the hills of Hieisan. The throne was nothing like so well represented as on the previous exodus. Takakura Shin-in was dead. Go-Shirakawa, taking advantage of the near-by lines of Yoshinaka, on August 13th had lightly made tracks to Hieisan and the "protection" of this redoubtable captain, a visit of the Tennō to the Hojūji giving him the opportunity. As to the Tennō, the Taira head never had paid much attention to what he said or did. Even his own mother was much amused at the antics of the present one, and equally disregarded his wishes—for his own good. Antoku was a lively and inconsiderate baby of three years old. Poor little fellow! He had some hard lines in front of him, and a most unfortunate ending.

It was the fourteenth of August in this second year of Ju-ei (1183 A.D.) that the stately procession streamed from along the Shichijō* to the West. Turning South to the Shujaku-mon, officials closely massed about the Tennō's carriage, *bushi* closely massed about them, they took their way in the early morning. Even the hostile romancer breaks into lamentations, his Japanese heart wavering in spite of himself before the divided claims of the undoubtedly legitimate Antoku driven from his capital with all the regalia, and the shadow of the coming Go-Toba, thrown from the hills of Hieisan, and who was to possess none of them. He says:—"It was a pitiful sight to see them leave their long accustomed capital, and take their way with no fixed resting place. Could such vicissitudes take place anywhere but in a dream." Then he turns to the city, with the mansions of these great nobles abandoned to the flames. "We can imagine how desolate was Kōsōdai, after the downfall of the powerful Gō in China; and how easily the stately palace of Kanjō was reduced to ashes when the influence of Tsin waned"; which is decidedly overdrawing it. The Ikedono in which the Tennō had resided (in West Hachijō), the Komatsu palace, the Senden, many houses of the nobles were destroyed. The fire did spread to the neighbouring houses, but the citizens promptly set to work to quench the flames, aided by men sent from Yoshinaka's army. So that "all the houses of the capital and the Shirakawa suburb" were *not* reduced to ashes. Yoshinaka was taken by surprise. He had no idea of the desperate straits to which Munemori was reduced. In fact the whole procession of court and army numbered barely seven thousand persons. The concentration had been quickly and only too easily accomplished, and it was the flames rising in the city that gave Yoshinaka notice of the retreat. Then he only ventured cautiously to test the ground. He found some to welcome him. Taira Yorimori, uncle of Munemori and husband of Ike-no-zenni, felt that he had nothing to fear from Yoritomo, and he was on bad terms with his nephew. Fujiwara Motomichi, the *kwampaku*, dutifully lined up as the procession started along Shichijō-dori. His retainers gave him the hint that the Hōō had fled to Hieisan, and he stayed where he was.*

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* This street to-day parallels the railway, to Osaka, a little to the north.

Meanwhile the chronicler proceeds with his crocodile lamentations over the Heike. "From being like a dragon which causes the rain to fall from the clouds and fertilize the earth, the Taira had become like to a fish in the fisherman's net, without a drop of water. ....Alas! Once flowers in bloom they were now but as autumn leaves†.........'High birth and riches are without substance and permanency; a hundred years of life is but a glittering candle blown by the wind and soon consumed.'" Thus with his wailings he accompanies the seven thousand to the Sekidō at Yamazaki.‡ Here Taira Tadasatō affords him copy and amusement. Turning his gaze to the temple of Hachiman on Otokoyama, uncertainly outlined in the distance, he burst into tears and poetry :—

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* Accounts vary. Another says he fled with the Hōō to Hieisan. Properly speaking at this exact time he was Sesshō, but he rapidly oscillated for years between being in and out of office, up and down stairs, under the booting process. Kwampaku was the Regent of all and everything. Sesshō was plain Regent of the Court. Kwampaku-Sesshō was the highest office. The Tennō alone gave him orders. He could listen to the Council if he wished.

† Could Mr. Gilbert have had Yamada's tome before him when he wrote that beautiful and affecting song of Kōkō in "The Mikado":—"The flowers that bloom in the spring, trala."

‡ A town of some importance to-day on the Yodogawa near Kyōto.

"Hakanashi ya (is pitiful)
"Nushi wa kumoi ni (master or Tennō in the clouds)
"Hedatarite (kept at a distance)
"Yado wa kemuri to (house in smoke)
"Tachi noboru kana (rises)."

Which, being interpreted, meaneth :—"The Tennō, kept far away in the enshrouding haze, his palace lost to view in rising smoke : how pitiful !" Whether his efforts were applauded or not history does not say. The party were mournful, and in a hurry to get away before Yoshinaka and his thousands were on their backs. But for some reason there does not seem to have been any earnest pursuit. At Yamazaki they took boat, just as people did way back in the days of which the Nihongi tells ; just as they can do to-day. Fukuhara was reached, and Munemori spent the night in prayer at the tomb of Kiyomori. The place was too near the concentrated forces of the enemy. Fukuhara was given to the flames, and the company, with the infant Tennō and his train, took boat down the Inland Sea on the long trip to Dazaifu in Tsukushi,* which somehow seems fated in Japanese literature always to play its rôle as the resort of exiles, voluntary and involuntary. Here the Tennō was lodged in the Anrakūji. And here for the present we will leave them to the moon, sadness, and solitude—as does not the chronicler ; for with fine disregard to unity of time and place he pursues them up to their final fall two years later.

On the day following the evacuation Yoshinaka entered the city in full force. For a time he was to hold high carnival. Meanwhile Yoritomo sported with his infant son, Yoriiye, born to Masako at the close of 1182 A.D. (September). But one eye this fond parent kept grimly fixed on Shimidzu the son in Kamakura ; and the other eye was fastened on Yoshinaka the father and his doings in the good city of Miyako; Heianjō the "City of Tranquil Peace," Kyōto the Capital.*

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* In Chikuzen, Kyūshū; easily reached from Hakata by way of Futsukaichi.

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* In this chapter and elsewhere I am very dubious as to the figure in dealing with the military forces operating in these wars of the Gempei. The enormous forces set in motion are more than doubtful. From 1721 to 1846 A.D., in the peaceful days of the Tokugawa, the population averaged 26 million people, supporting an army of 350000 *samurai* with a service of 1050000. [Droppers. T. A. S. J. XXII 261-2. He cites "Count Katsu, an excellent authority"]. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries these numbers must have been much smaller, and as a rule the fighting monks are not to be included. Probably to halve the figures would still leave a very generous estimate. When we consider the actual amount of supplies necessary to feed an army of 100000 men, on campaign at long distances—and Yoritomo's leaders, as Noriyori, looked to the Kwantō for supplies—the inclination to reduce all these operating forces to easily handled numbers of 10,20,30 thousand men is very strong. However there is one positive estimate. In the tenth intercalary month of 1183 A.D. (which began on 17th December) the Taira leaders gave the Minamoto under the captains of Yoshinaka a thorough thrashing at Midzushima. Here 7000 men in 200 *boats* were the Taira operating force. Yoshitsune landed in Awa (before Yashima) with 150 men transported in *five* boats. From this it could be said that the Minamoto had 25000 men in action at Dan-no-ura against 18000 men on the Taira side. The latter lost half their number by the treachery of Taguchi Nariyoshi† who deserted and joined the attacking force in the middle of the battle. Noriyori watched the battle from the Kyūshū shore. He *is said* to have had 30000 men. Whether any of these were drafted into Yoshitsune's fleet is doubtful. Centuries before, in the reign of Temmu, thirty houses (later fifty) were taxed to support one coolie, and one hundred houses were required to furnish a horse for the post service. Life was certainly simpler then as compared with the twelfth century. Whether there is much distinction to be drawn between modern and ancient times is debatable. If war and the support of modern forces is much more costly, increased resources have kept pace with the expense. The early estimates and the latest are based on the size of a man's belly, and that does not change. If resources in other directions do not increase then nations must either beg, borrow, or steal. When it is said that Yoritomo led 280000 men against Yasuhira in 1189 A.D. it looks very much as if he had not left a "man Jack" to hold the fort anywere else. Modern standing armies approximate closely to 1 : 100 in units of population. The Japanese armies never were elastic. The fighting *bushi* were a caste. In Yoritomo's 280000, we must at best count every hanger-on and camp follower. As to Yoshinaka *versus* Yoritomo in 1183 A.D., peaceful settlement was doubtless aided by the Taira pressure.

† Or Shigeyoshi (Gempei Seisuiki).

CHAPTER VIII.

YOSHITSUNE AND YOSHINAKA.

> "Do you call those things good then for the reason, that they
> "afford us at the moment the utmost pain and annoyance,
> "or because their after results are the health and good condition
> "of bodies, the safety, empire, and wealth of states? For the
> "latter reason would be their answer, I think."
>
> Protagoras of Plato.

§ 1.

The weeks and months had passed, and Yoshitsune in Takadachi, with Benkei and Ise Saburō Yoshimori, the conspicuous leaders of the little band of *samurai* slowly increasing in number, passed his time mainly in warlike exercise and the study of tactics. Then came one day the news of the battle of Ishibashiyama, and the rising of the Genji in the Kwantō. Yoshitsune's first idea was to fly to the aid of his brother, but he found old Hidehira as obdurate as ever. Without his aid he could hardly present himself before Yoritomo in a fitting manner. Not only this, but the old man made no positive refusal. He diplomatically edged the time along. Yoshitsune chafed under this wise restraint. Yoritomo, it was known, with a large army had advanced to the Fujikawa. A great battle would be, perhaps had been, fought. He tried one last effort with the old man, who this time gave his reasons in the plainest, flattest, and kindliest terms to the youth of barely twenty years. Quizzically surveying Yoshitsune he spoke in slow and measured tones, so that every word should sink into the listener's mind. As they did, to return vividly a few years later.

"You have asked me for three hundred men," said Hidehira. "I would gladly give you ten times the number, but I think your action at the present time still premature. The strength of the Taira is much under-rated. They occupy a despicable position in the minds of people here, but in Saikaido and Nankaido (the provinces bordering the Inland Sea, and Kyūshū) the moral influence of the virtuous Komatsu Shigemori is worth a great army in itself, and they will get it. Yoshinaka will drive them out of the capital, and will revel and riot in Miyako. Your brother, Yoritomo, suspects and distrusts his intentions, and will make no effort to aid him. He will allow Yoshinaka and the Taira to destroy each other. Then he will fall on the remnants of the winner. At present, however, he would not dare to leave the Kwantō. There are many recalcitrants, and his power is not consolidated. He would be very glad to see you, and when the order is received from the Tennō to come up to Miyako and destroy Yoshinaka, you certainly will be selected to lead his army. But this is in no way to your advantage. If you succeed, you will secure nothing but envy and jealousy—and death. If you lose in this difficult undertaking, you will get nothing but a small fief and contempt. Stay here for a few years, during which we can consolidate for you a great fief in this north country. Against too intimate contact with Yoritomo I must warn you. A collected mind and reserved conduct are all to your advantage. Rash and hasty movements inspired by a loyal devotion will meet with no return, and will be your destruction. He will squeeze you like an orange, and then throw you away."

It was with deep disappointment that Yoshitsune heard this good advice, part of the truth of which he felt, and for which he had no effective answer except his loyal devotion to the brother he had never seen, the Head of the Minamoto Clan. His inclination doubtless would have carried him off his feet. He was totally unable to look at the matter in the cold and even light as did Hidehira, or as Yoritomo was to do. Where personal feeling was concerned Yoshitsune was obstinate and rash. As a great captain he was unmatched in the Japan of his day. For the finessing of political life and intrigue he was entirely too frank and open. On this occasion* he was still further stirred up by a visit from Fukasu Shigeyori. This worthy knight, himself chafing at delay, came down with the news of the latest stirring events. Yoritomo had driven the Taira in headlong flight from the Fujikawa. His army was probably already on its march to the South. "You must make up your mind to join your brother at once. Otherwise the Minamoto will think you a coward and not a genuine branch of the stock." Yoshitsune repaired at once to Sugime Yukinobu, and together they sought out Satō Shōji Motoharu. Yoshitsune asked for three hundred men, and told the substance of his conversation with Hidehira. With this they both heartily agreed, and it was only after much pleading that they consented. In fact it was with Hidehira's full knowledge. He had placed every obstacle in the way that he could, and now gracefully and indirectly he yielded. As Motoharu was too old his two sons went in his stead—Saburō Hyōye Tsuginobu and Shirō Hyōye Tadanobu. With the two Kamada, Morimasa and Mitsumasa, they formed the "Four Celestial Kings," the Shi-Ten-nō, of Minamoto Yoshitsune.†

It was at Motoharu's house on Maruyama that the expedition assembled. The Satō Kyōdai (brothers), Sugime Kotarō Yukinobu, Ban Hachirō Harutomo,

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* The romancer Yamada postpones the meeting of the brothers until the time when Yoritomo had gathered an army to advance against Yoshinaka. This is romancing history with a vengeance. The brothers met at Yoritomo's camp at the Kisegawa in 1180 A.D., before Yoritomo disbanded his army after the battle at the Fujikawa.

† That is the knights in personal attendance on their chief in battle. In modern parlance, *aide-de-camp.* They were so called from the supposed guardians of the four quarters of the heavens—the four "Deva Kings" or "Shi-Ten-nō". These were, Jiroku (Dhritarâshtra) on the East; Komoku (Virûpâksha) on the South; Zōchō (Virûdhaka) on the West; Tamon (Vâisravana or Kuvêra on the North.)

Kongō Jirō Hidekata were more notable Mutsu leaders. Of Yoshitsune's more immediate retainers there were Ise Saburō Yoshimori, Musashi-bō Benkei, Hitachi-bō Kaison, Hori Yatarō, Yada Genzō, Kamei Rokurō, Suruga Jirō, Kataoka Hachirō, Onisata, and Kisata. With men at arms the party altogether numbered nearly five hundred men. Then Motoharu asked Yoshitsune for a private interview. At this no one else was present except Benkei and Yoshimori, the two shadows of their leader. The old warrior's eyes were moist as he spoke. "You have heard of Tawara-Tōda (Fujiwara Hidesatō), he who slew in single combat that daring rebel Taira Masakado. Bear well in mind his excellent maxim—a general's first duty is to be the mind of his soldiers; for them, the only duty is obedience. In your contact with your brother do not be eager, forward, or boastful. Always remember your birth, that your brother Yoritomo is the child of the wife, you of the concubine. Keep back any display of your really great gifts as soldier and tactician. It will be the better for you. Make him urge his mission on you several times before accepting, pleading your indifferent abilities. He will get the Tennō's order to come up to Miyako and crush Yoshinaka. Avoid if possible any prominent position, or at least thus make him press it on you. Of all his court keep your eye carefully on Sasaki and Kajiwara. The first named, with his brothers, has long had the key to Yoritomo's mind. Kajiwara is base and spiteful, and now has greatest influence with him. But make friends freely with Miura, Kazusa, and Hatakeyama. Amano, you will find the greatest expert with the bow; Shimokawabe in ceremonial, so essential at the Kamakura court. They too can be freely sought for advice. With Hōjō, Utsunomiya, and Yuki, never open your mouth except to breathe." He was silent in thought for a few minutes, as if somewhat uncertain whether to probe further into the future, perhaps uselessly. Then moving his shoulders forward a little and gazing abstractly, half into the sky and half into the little garden in front of them—"Yes, you are certain to be sent on this mission against Yoshinaka as soon as he is in control of Miyako, and that will be in the course of a few months. Be in no haste, and keep in the background, if you can." The old man's eyes flashed as he got on his favourite subject. "Seta and Uji are the strategic points. Secure Uji and you have Yoshinaka's head. The Taira you will have to attack by sea rather than by land. Until you drive them from the water they will slip beneath your fingers. They know that, and there you will have to meet them. The tactics and strategy you have learned from me will be of little assistance to you. You alone can devise others. For the rest—before you leave for the West, will my lord return to me my sons"; and at the idea of the two young men, going from him, perhaps forever, and leaving him in his old age he hid his head in his sleeves and wept. Yoshitsune's eyes were moist. Benkei and Yoshimori, who had listened with absorbed attention to all this discourse on war and politics, glanced at each other. They were getting a noble lesson on the duty of the *samurai* to his lord, not only in fighting for his person, but in guarding his interests at the risk of his displeasure.

Thus they set out, to find awaiting them fifteen hundred men from Hidehira. The old man's message was laconic. "If you get into trouble at any time in your career, make your way back to Ōshū. Here you will always find safety and support." Still more valuable was the promise of a strong contingent when a forward movement was to be undertaken against the Taira. Yoshitsune realized that in these two old warriors, Hidehira and Motoharu, he had no mere fair-weather friends. Indeed their whole hesitation was because they knew the natures of the two brothers so well. Hidehira and his right hand man and cousin had studied Yoritomo carefully in their own interests as well as those of Yoshitsune. They felt that the elder brother would be too much for Yoshitsune's frank and hasty disposition. "In three years Yoritomo will crush the Taira." Answered Yoshitsune to this remark of Hidehira:—"He will not do it in a hundred" ——"And all the better for you", thought the Fujiwara chieftain.

Thus with nearly two thousand men at his back Yoshitsune set out. Set free, so to speak, he urged forward his courser, Tayugoro, with whip and spur. The main body were to follow more slowly. Yoshitsune with three hundred in his immediate train pushed rapidly southward, with the idea of getting into the campaign as soon as possible. All followed him at the risk of foundering their horses. Nakayama in Atsugashi, Ozeki in Adachi, Namekata—these places were passed at a mad gallop. When Yoshitsune drew rein at Kisata he found but half his company with him. "Ten will be enough," said he, and he continued his flight southward. Crossing the Kisarazugawa, passing Sagahashi, fording the Kinugawa, making the merest pretence of an obeisance to the Utsunomiya shrine, with a glance at Muro no Yashima, he reached Ogawaguchi for the night's rest. Of his company only eighty-five remained. A few straggled in during the night, half disgruntled, wholly enthusiastic at the active rapidity of their young captain. Under him they were sure at all events to be in the running. Thus the little band moved rapidly forward. Through Itabashi, Kokufu the old provincial town of Musashi, and Hiratsuka. Here, sadly reduced in numbers, they were in Sagami, to learn that Yoritomo with his army was camped at Ukishimagahara in Suruga. Thither they turned the head of their horses, and crossing the Ashigaratōge, on the eleventh day after leaving Takadachi they reached the encampment, thrown in three lines about the headquarters of Kamakura-dono. This was on an elaborate scale—a square of 180 *cho* to the side.* It was a great and victorious host amid which they sought a place to encamp.

Yoritomo standing in front of his pavilion, and thinking more of winter quarters and disbandment than of new contingents noted a white banner floating from a near-by knoll. This was marked with a circular bamboo leaf. The banner was that of a Minamoto chieftain, but the arms were new to this expert in the family genealogy. There were some fifty horsemen gathered under the standard.* "Who can that be?" said Yoritomo. "Do you go and find out." Thus ordered, Hori Tōji Chikaiye galloped off toward the new-comers. "Here! You! Who are you, and where do you come from?" At this rough salute Yoshitsune slowly rode forward. In his court robe of red brocade, his armour sewn with purple thread, with skirt of the same colour decorated in silver, his helmet adorned with star marks on the dragon frontlet, a quiver-full of large black spotted feathered arrows on his back, and a gold ornamented sword at his side, he was totally unlike the product of mankind for which Mutsu had a rather rough reputation. He had his bow under his arm, and bestrode a fine war-horse, a powerful beast of high breeding, which however did not make the observer forget the handsome saddle, a marvel of ornamentation in gold. Hori Tōji's insolent manner changed even before Yoshitsune began to speak. "I am Ushiwaka, also known as Shanawo, and now my name is Kurō Yoshitsune, eighth son of Sama-no-Kami Yoshitomo. I will ask you to announce my name to my brother." Hori Tōji at once dismounted and bowed to the ground. "Will your lordship please excuse my rudeness. It was very stupid of me not to recognize you. I shall at once go to my lord's tent to announce your arrival." This he did, returning in great haste with this unexpected news of the new recruit. Yoritomo was in some doubt. "Ah! I remember. Tokiwa was my father's concubine and had several children. This is the youngest, and even Zenjō hardly knew what had become of him in recent years. What sort of an equipment has he? It is good to see some sign of movement in Ōshū." On the point of equipment both Hori Tōji and Wada Yoshimori could reassure him. His brother was a credit in every way. Wada had met the little band as it gaily and boldly rode into the camp, a formidable looking body of knights, every one of them. It was arranged that Wada should introduce Yoshitsune in all due form, and a notice was sent to him that his brother was ready to receive him. Noriyori was also summoned to be present on this gracious occasion.

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* To reduce this to English long measure, the Japanese *cho*=5.42 chains (*Resumé* Statisque. Jap. Gov.). There are 22 yards to a chain. 180 *cho*=975 chains=21450 yards=12.130681+ miles. A good-sized tent! Textually—大幕百八拾町に引て關八州の大小名, etc. The glitter of all these Kwantō "*daimyō* and *shōmyō*" seems to have dazzled Yamada's eye measure. To use square measure would be infinitely worse as the square chō=2.45 acres. And to give the tent a total long measure on all four sides is still far too generous—three miles. November tenth 1180 A.D. is the date of the interview. Azuma Kagami. As to "tent," however, cf. the illustration.

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* By others he is only credited with twenty followers when he joined his brother. The Adzuma Kagami states that it was under Hidehira's orders that the Satō *kyodai* followed Yoshitsune.

It was a fine sight as the procession moved forward into the headquarters. This swarmed with knights and men-at-arms. In the pavilion Yoritomo was seated on a dais covered with bear skins. His court officers surrounded him, and *bushi* of high rank lined the sides. The glitter of armour, set out with the gayly corded linings, the hanging standards, the pennants, gave lively colour to the scene. Through the three camps Yoshitsune slowly proceeded. "His armour was sewn with thread of indigo colour. He had on his head a helmet decorated with a golden spade-shaped frontlet, marked with the pattern of the circular bamboo leaf. His sword, made by the famous smith Tomonari, was sheathed in deer skin. In his right hand he carried a baton make of sixty-six long narrow strips ot sheet gold. On his back was a quiver in which was a magnificent set of arrows. Hitachibō *Sonkai* carried his court dress of red silk richly embroidered."* Walking close behind Yoshitsune were Sugime Kotarō, Kumai Tarō, the Satō *Kyodai* (brothers), Izumi Saburō, Saitō Musashi-bō Benki, Ise Saburō, Kataoka Hachirō, Kamei Rokurō, Kazama Jirō, and others of the company. All present were deeply impressed as the procession entered the pavilion. They bowed reverentially. Yoritomo nearly got up himself.

When still at some distance Yoshitsune stopped and bowed respectfully. Pulling out a skin, Yoritomo signed for him to come and seat himself beside him. Twice

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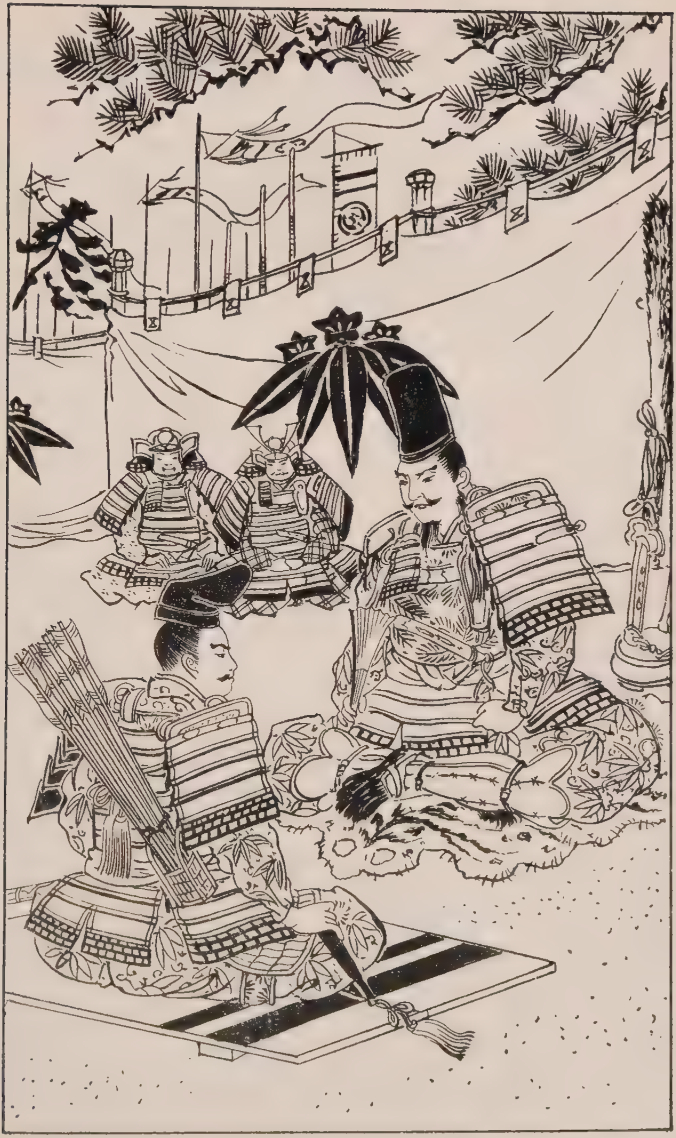
* These long descriptions of dress can be forgiven the romancers. They are very interesting even if interjected in the middle of a hot and critical bit of fighting. They are taken from the Heike Monogatari and the Gempei Seisuiki, which also delight in long genealogies to the twentieth generation.

Yoshitsune respectfully declined. Finally he moved forward to take the proferred seat. There were tears of emotion and happiness in the eyes of the brothers as they met. "So you are Shanawo!" began Yoritomo. "Much have I heard of you in former days, but circumstances have not been such that we could see each other. Miyako has been forbidden ground to me—as yet." He smiled a little grimly, in which Yoshitsune politely joined. "Since our father's death our lot in life has been a harsh one, thus scattered to the winds of heaven. Only the intervention of Ike-no-zenni and Komatsu Shigemori saved my life, and sent me into exile in Izu. But throughout I have never ceased to think of you. Recent events have crowded everything else out of view. Surely it must be the spirit of our father which has brought us together. Mysterious is the world of spirits." He almost dreamed off in his religious earnestness. "In his early days, when fighting the barbarians in the north, he was in great difficulties at the Kuriyagawa, (1087 A.D.). Defeat seemed to stare him in the face, and he prayed earnestly to Hachiman Daibosatsu. Now just at that time Shinra Yoshimitsu became very uneasy as to how affairs were going on in Ōshū. Gathering together two hundred knights he left Miyako for the north. He found his brother Yoshitomo with three thousand men, lords and retainers, and the enemy were easily crushed. Hachiman rejoiced greatly. Thus I feel at the present moment, and my gladness of spirit cannot be understand." Yoshitsune drank in this tale with frank and simple belief. He told the story of his own trials, from early babyhood to childhood and youth at Kurama. "My aim also was vengeance and to raise an army of righteousness, and so I made my way to Hidehira in Ōshū. At Ishibashiyama I was much ashamed not to join you, and can only ask you to excuse me, and allow me to join your army even at this late date. My sole aim is to please you."

Yoritomo revelled in this simple straight-forwardness, which fairly stripped its soul for his inspection. He was not long in turning Yoshitsune inside out—as a glove; his confidence and youthful pride in fencing and his know-



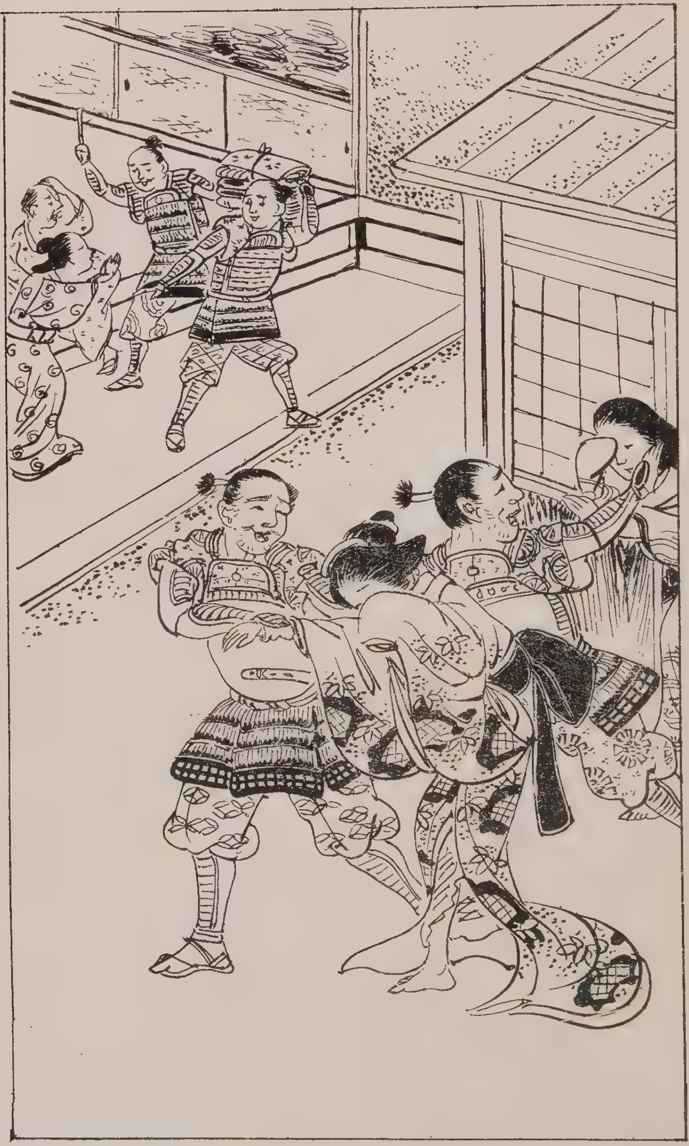
YORITOMO MEETS YOSHITSUNE.

ledge of tactics, his obstinacy and perseverence in anything he undertook. It was not done in an unkindly way, nor with ill-intent. Yoritomo did not thus anticipate the great man in the youth conversing with him. The mature man of thirty-five years amused himself more than anything else in thus probing the brother but little more than half his age. Noriyori was summoned to the conference, wine was ordered, and the brothers made merry together. "So these are your retainers?" asked Yoritomo, waving his hand toward the band, massed at the side near Yoshitsune. "Yes," replied the knight. "These two are the sons of Satō Shōji Motoharu", and he indicated them to the approving nod of Yoritomo at the old warrior's name, celebrated in the Kwantō. Continued Yoshitsune:—"This one is Hitachibō Kaison, once a priest of Miidera". Yoritomo winked a little. The "priests" of Miidera were known from one end of Nippon to the other for their riotous conduct. It was a certificate of bad character. "This next.........". But "this next" answered for himself. Besides he was frowning a little. He felt that Yoshitsune was too open in this close-mouthed assembly. "I am Saitō Musashi-bō Benkei, the wicked priest of Hieisan, and known as the Tengu-bōzu of Miyako." This was bellowed and roared at the full rumble of Benkei's vigorous lungs. So much so that Yoritomo was startled into dropping the fan which he used as pointer, and with it the line of discourse. All the company looked with curiosity and interest at the giant, clad in his sombre black armour, with the white *tokin* thrown around his head. The tales of the Tengu-bōzu, and the havoc wrought in the armoury of the Miyako Taira were a source of merriment and wonder to the *bushi* throughout the land. Benkei's reputation already outstripped his huge proportions. Yoritomo passed on to other subjects. He broached what was in every man's mind. "To pursue my expedition further was not advisable. The Taira will soon have Yoshinaka on their hands, for he is evidently aiming at Miyako. I would not care to have him on my rear. It remains to be seen how such a wild character will behave toward the interests of the Tennō. The end more than likely will be that he will not only oust the Taira, but fill their rôle. In such case I shall get an order to attack him, for the purity of my own intentions are well advertised. As it would be Minamoto against Minamoto I should much dislike to have to do so in person. The question is, how to go about it if such contingency should arise." This he said to probe Yoshitsune's disposition. He was not left in much doubt as to its impulsiveness. "Action depends on the attendant conditions. If you will leave the matter to me I will try to please you by carrying out your wishes." Thus spoke Yoshitsune, forgetting that Hidehira had warned him against expressing himself with pride or confidence. Yoritomo was a little surprised at both, and at his readiness to undertake such a difficult task. "The occasion may arise", he added thoughtfully, as the interview was brought to a close. Thus destiny was working its way. "The elder brother idles; the younger brother, painstaking, does the work." The Japanese proverb, thinks the native romancer, finds its application in Yoritomo and Yoshitsune. But Yoritomo did anything but idle. He could strike hard himself, and he could weave the spider nets of intrigue to entangle others. Neither Noriyori nor Yoshitsune suspected how loose their heads were on their shoulders.

§ 2.

Thus Yoritomo and Yoshitsune met for the first time. When the latter broke up the camp at the Kisegawa, to return to Kamakura and his posture of watchfulness, Yoshitsune accompanied him. He had not come empty-handed to his brother. The necessity for the larger contingent had passed, and this was turned back, but still he had his gaily caparisoned train of *bushi* and accompanying men-at-arms, which in martial figure were surpassed by none. Yoritomo was equally pleased at the excellent figure made by his brother, and by this connection with the powerful lord of Ōshū, a substantial indication of friendliness. Then came a period of waiting for all. Yoritomo was active in person and intrigue all through the North. Cousins Satake and the Nitta had to be brought into line. The motives of Yoshinaka at close range had to be brought to sharper definition. With the delivery of the son as hostage, and the march of the father on Miyako matters at this point were arranged for the time. Yoritomo carefully consolidated his power which extended from Ōshū to the further confines of Tōtōmi. The interior country was very uncertain ground, in the hands of this dubious cousin and ally, Yoshinaka; but after all the real support of the latter lay in his Kiso mountaineers. Men like the Takeda of Kai were always ready to fall away from him, as were the fighting *bushi* of Shinano. The Koshi provinces would follow the victor. The allies of Yoshinaka were almost as powerful as himself. Yoritomo could afford to wait, and watch him cutting a wide swathe in the Taira strength. The two years following were largely spent in organization. Yoshitsune and Benkei were lost in the gay and busy life of the new capital, in these marchings and counter-marchings of local strife. During this period Yoritomo had ample opportunity to become well acquainted with his brother's ability. He was not the man to give an important command to an incompetent, or to a totally untried brother, as the native romancers fondly represent. That he had a good captain to hand he knew well. That Yoshitsune was a military genius could only be ascertained in a set campaign on a large scale, and in the very real problem against the Taira chiefs who possessed natural advantages in holding the West and South. Even piracy always had furnished a very difficult task in that quarter. For the present Yoritomo had no reason not to favour his brothers. A characteristic story is told of his method of selection.

All his half-brothers had now found their way to Kamakura. In following out the thought in his mind Yoritomo contrived it so that Zenjō (Imawaka), Noriyori, and Yoshitsune, all three being present, would be the ones close to hand. Brother Gien (Otowaka) was campaigning with Yukiiye in the South. Yoritomo asked that a brass basin filled with boiling water be brought to him. Zenjō shrugged his shoulders and left the call to be answered by one of the other two. This did not grieve Yoritomo. There was not too much love lost between them. Zenjō was now near thirty years of age, a man of formed character, and that none of the best, for the early boyhood and youth had been very wild. Resident in the Daigo-dera near Miyako, he became known as "the wicked priest of the Daigo temple." Noriyori and Yoshitsune were nearly of an age. The former boldly advanced and seized the vessel. Now brass is an excellent conductor of heat, and he dropped it so quickly that he did not even have time to spill it. Then Yoshitsune came forward. Taking the heated caldron in his bare hands he slowly crossed the tent (the test took place on one of Yoritomo's many hunting parties at the base of Fujisan). Just as slowly and carefully he placed it before Yoritomo, without sign of pain and with full observance of etiquette. It is said that Yoritomo then and there made up his mind that he had found in Yoshitsune the leader tenacious as well as capable. This is decidedly apocryphal. He was not a man to choose a captain on Ingiō's hot water principles. As to his brothers, Zenjō relieved him of any trouble by joining the army of Yukiiye and Takeda Nobumitsu at Kenninchū. Zenjō was killed in battle by Hatsuta Tomoe. Gien had been sent by Yoritomo to the assistance of Yukiiye, whom the Taira had managed to trap. In the campaign which followed the two armies were facing each other across the Sunomatagawa. One night Gien determined to make his entry into the Taira camp. Swimming his horse across the river he was detected by the sentinels. Unable to land he was swept down by the swift flood of the river, finally carried under, and drowned. This was at the end of April 1181 A.D. Noriyori was always the favoured captain of Yoritomo. When Kama-



THE KISO BUSHI IN MIYAKO.

kura was in great danger from the attack of Shinoda Yoshihira and Ashikaga Tadatsune, Noriyori had thrown himself between them and the threatened city, and beaten them off.

Notable were the doings going on in the ancient city of Miyako, at last in the clutches of Kiso Kwanja Yoshinaka. Minamoto Yoshinaka was the son of Yoshikata (also called Tatewaki). This latter creating trouble in the Kwantō, Akugenda Yoshihira was commissioned by his father to suppress him. This twelfth century Yamato-take interpreted the command literally. In December of 1155 A.D. he "clutched" him at Ōkura-yatsu near Kamakura. Of course the idea of those days was extermination. Having thus buried his uncle, Akugenda, who was particularly thorough in everything he did in that line, turned to the issue in the line male. Saitō Sanemori, however, concealed in his *kimono* the two year old infant boy of Tatewaki. The child was soon passed on to Nakahara Kiso Chūjō Kanetō. This latter brought him up among the rough soldiers of Mount Kiso. Almost the first news the Taira had of his existence and pedigree was when he raised Shinano in rebellion, and unceremoniously kicked Ogasawara, the Taira governor, out of the province. In the parlance of the Japanese scribes, he swept the place clean "as a gale of wind does the mats."* Brought up in the recesses of a rough mountain district Yoshinaka's manners were on a kindred scale. This was the man brought suddenly into contact with the timid luxurious courtiers of Miyako, so overloaded with etiquette. And the men of Yoshinaka were as rough as their master. When not mountaineers of Kiso, they were *rōnin*, or still worse. Let loose on Miyako they treated it as a city taken by storm. Murder and robbery were carried out at will. They entered the house of citizen or noble, violated the women, or carried them off and sold them. The *kugé* were victims as well as those of more modest caste. The temples also suffered from the hands of these bandits, and from all sides went up a chorus of complaints. The people wondered how long they would have to suffer. "Intelligence is needed to conduct an army. Virtue and benevolence to rule a nation." Yoshinaka undoubtedly had the first named. To date he was the brilliant captain of the day. But the task immediately in front of him had to do with the second named qualification. The people began to consider him doomed; his fall merely a matter of time.

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* Either in the household, or the natural winnowing so often seen in the country districts.

Now Yoshinaka had a reason for his indifference to "virtue and benevolence;" or rather he considered that the other side (the Court) should also exercise these amiable qualities. A new Tennō was now seated on the throne. But how did he get there? Ordinarily in those days the military leaders interfered little with actual choice except in this practical way: that the candidate, in these days of short lives, should in the course of Nature have most of his career yet to run. In this selection of juveniles the Hōō—Go-Shirakawa, who himself for his own reasons thoroughly endorsed the principle—summoned before him his two grandsons, Takanari aged four years, and Toki-no-Sadamori aged five years. When he took Toki on his knee, the youngster wept and fought. When his turn came Takanari laughed and climbed all over the Hōō, and so into the Tennō's chair, under the title of Go-Toba (1184-1198 A.D.). It is sad to have to puncture this affecting tale of the nursery. As a matter of fact a vulgar intrigue was at the bottom of the whole affair and Yoshinaka's consequent anger. This latter stood by Prince Hokuriku, son of the Prince Takakura who was mixed up in the rising of Gensammi Yorimasa. He was of riper years than the nursery products; and besides Yoshinaka thought that "Prince Sanjō" should receive this recognition through his son. Another draw-back in his opinion was, that the two princes put forward by the Hōō were younger half brothers of Antoku-Tennō, being the children of Princess Fujiwara Nariko by Takakura-Tennō. Whether it was common sense or the legions of Yoshinaka, at all events the general opinion at Court backed the Captain. That the choice of a Tennō was urgent was put forward emphatically by Fujiwara Kanezane, the Udaijin. He advanced three good reasons—that the Taira, with a Tennō in charge and the regalia, could act under all formal authority ; that Keitai (507-531 A.D.) set himself up as Tennō, and did not secure the regalia or be crowned until later ;* that without someone on the throne there would be endless confusion in Miyako. All this advice was excellent, and urged the Hōō on to a choice. Prince Hokuriku was out of the question. He was a priest, and besides was not likely to be easily handled. Between the third (Sadamori) and fourth (Takanari) prince the choice lay—to the Hōō's mind. For form's sake he called in diviners. The lot fell in favour of Sadamori. So it did again and again. But the Hōō knew something about the turn of the wheel of fortune. He was up on the game, and knew that if he stuck to it, and his credit held out, the red was sure to come topside. Whether or not the diviners got a practical hint that the Hōō's favourite concubine was behind the younger prince and the Hōō's obstinacy, the lot did finally fall that way. Then Kanezane was thrown overboard (for the time being), his croakings about precedent disregarded, and Go-Toba installed in due form with mutilated rites—minus the regalia. The Hōō revenged himself on all the old men and women of Taira persuasion within his reach, and on paper decrees against those out of his reach. One hundred and eighty Taira holders of court offices were stripped of their insignia, and five hundred fiefs were also bagged. Of these last he gave one hundred and forty to Yoshinaka, now Iyo-no-Kami in place of Echigo-no-Kami ; and to Yukiiye ninety fiefs and the charge of Bizen-no-Kami instead of Bingo-no-Kami. And still Yoritomo had the prize in court rank. He held the lower fourth rank, whereas Yoshinaka was only granted the second grade of the fifth rank. Apart for this whatever these generals secured had to be made good with their swords. Yoshinaka did get the much prized privilege of entrance to the court.

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* This is entirely apocryphal. There was an interregnum of a few weeks on the death of Muretsu. Keitai accepted and was crowned, all in a day. For Kanezane's argument, cf. Ariga—Dai-Nihon-Rekishi II. p. 74. For the fall of the dice, p. 75.

All this intrigue was at the bottom of Yoshinaka's discontent. The Hōō, having an infant Tennō on his hands, felt his oats perceptibly. He turned his attention to the Taira. These had undergone a variety of vicissitudes since the evacuation of Miyako. Safely arrived at Dazaifu in Kyūshū they found that the Hōō had stirred up against them Fujiwara Yorisuke of Bungo. Defeated in battle they retreated to Hakosaki, and then established themselves at the castle of Yamaga (Fujiwara Hidetō). The pressure on them never ceased. At this early period (1183 A.D.) all Kyūshū seemed to be against them. The Minamoto steadily advanced. Munemori, with a visit to the Usa shrine performed by the *nyoin* and infant Tennō, retreated to Tomomori's fief in Nagato. It was no place for them in any sense. This country was to be a battle ground. In the political sense they must be nearer Miyako. Aided by the present of a fleet (one hundred boats) presented by Kino Mitsusuye, the Taira Court of the Tennō was established at Yashima in Shikoku. As long as they retained command of the sea they were safe from attack and near Miyako, ready for any eventuality. Then Munemori began to take the offensive. Shikoku seemed to promise well as to support. Taguchi Nariyoshi appeared with a thousand *bushi*. Norimori and other captains were sent out to capture all the boats. The campaign was carried into the Sanyōdō, provinces bordering the Inland Sea on the North. Two Tennō were in open warfare for the crown.*

To some of these events it is necessary to return later. A reference now is for the purpose of explaining events in Miyako. The squabble over the succession had deeply angered Yoshinaka. He expressed his regret in the practical form of letting his wild mountaineers do as they pleased. Besides, as he put it:—" we are far from our base. These store-houses of nobles and temples are overflowing with grain and everything else we need. They must contribute to the campaign and their protection. The Hōō sent to Yoritomo asking him to march up to Miyako. Yoritomo finessed. He admitted the disorderly condition of the country. Let the Hōō issue an order restoring to their proper owners the fiefs in Hokurokudō, of which they had been deprived by the usurping Taira. Now the Hōō said " yes " to this, but he knew better than thus to strike directly at the pocket-books of Yoshinaka and Yukiiye who were largely interested in this district. He had already had some difficulty in soothing the younger man with the sop of Shinano and Kōtsuke, not unimportant as Yoshinaka had to make good here in every way against the powerful Kamakura interest which was sapping him. Just at this time a diversion was created by the Taira. They had got their wind in these few weeks of respite. They were now strong in the Sanyōdō. Bizen was in their hands. Their next move would be on Miyako. The Hōō decided to get rid of one of his night-mares. He pitched on Yukiiye. Yoshinaka at once objected, not on any fancy ground of politics. This was war, and here he was very practical. His presentment substantially was this. "Yukiiye is the finest and most unfortunate soldier that ever posed as such, but as a general he is an ass." However the unlucky commander set out. Yukiiye met the Taira at Muroyama, and was theirs. He, of course, escaped. Yoshinaka fared no better. To the proposition of the Hōō that he take the matter himself in hand he had assented. Defeating the Taira he was convinced was his own particular business. He cleaned them out of Tamba pretty thoroughly, and had established himself in Harima with the intention of attacking Yashima. Then they gave him a taste of their sea-going qualities. Shigehira, Michinori, and Noritsune, with seven thousand men and two hundred boats, fell on his lieutenants at Mizushima.* The Minamoto left their commander Yoshikiyo and twelve hundred dead on the scene of battle. This was on the seventeenth of December of 1183 A.D.*

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* Says Dr. Ariga " Japanese historians compare this period to that of the North and South Courts" in the fourteenth century. This Nariyoshi figures also as Shigeno. *Nyoin* is the dowager *kōgō*.

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* Cf. Ariga, loc. cit. II. p. 78.

Yoshinaka would have liked to carry out the campaign, but affairs were more pressing in Miyako. The loss at Mizushima had been a heavy blow to his available forces. Two rumours brought him back in a hurry. One, which was premature, said that Yoshitsune was on the march from Kamakura. In case of necessity Yoshinaka had confided to Yukiiye that he intended to go North, taking the Hōō with him. Once allied with Yoritomo, this worthy uncle now turned against nephew Yoshinaka. He sought to ruin him in Miyako, by transmitting these plans to the Hōō. As to destroying Yoshinaka, ultimately he was successful—as was the case with everyone he took into political partnership. Yoshinaka, hearing of his well meant efforts, promptly abandoned camp for Miyako. Yukiiye promptly abandoned Miyako for Harima. The Heike, already swarming into it, drove him into Kawachi, to await fast ripening events and the more favourable advent of his nephew Yoshitsune. He did not leave a particularly happy combination for Yoshinaka to face. In our modern terms the Hōō had been "keeping the wires hot" between Miyako and Kamakura, and a second appeal had just gone up to Miyako. Yoshinaka met the situation as best he could. Caught between Kamakura and the Taira he sought the latter as allies. They knew him well enough to distrust him. (They played a consistently bad hand throughout in the political game). Munemori was ready to accept Yoshinaka's request for his daughter's hand and a marriage alliance. Tomomori and the family council stood out against it, and the offer was rejected.† Yoshinaka meanwhile entered on a series of political blunders. He protested against the advance of Yoritomo on Miyako. To this the Hōō answered that the Kamakura chief was only sending up the tribute from the Kwantō. Then he took his own turn at protesting. He sent Iki Hangwan Taira Tomoyasu to enter his objection against his own forcible removal in a proposed flight to the North, and against the riotous conduct of Yoshinaka's *samurai.* Indeed the latter was commissioned to clear out these disorderly bands which were making so much trouble in Heianjō, the City of Tranquil Peace. The messenger was badly received. Rebuke and insult, for himself and his master, was all he took back. Then the Hōō foolishly took a warlike attitude to the trained soldier. The Hōshōji was fortified. The *sōhei* of Hieisan and Miidera swarmed at the Hōō's call, and Tomoyasu was put in command. This was just what Yoshinaka liked. Fighting was his business. Higuchi Kanemitsu and Imai Kanehira advised him not to break with the Hōō, but he did not listen to them. He had a Tennō in charge; a Hōō was small addition. As to the "wicked *sōhei,*" he made small bones of them. With a thousand men he marched on the Hōshōji, Kanehira with three hundred men guarded the rear. Yoshinaka with seven hundred men attacked the front. With arrows dipped in flaming pitch Kanehira fired the buildings. Priests and the frightened Court tried to escape westward along the Shichijō road. Men and women, armoured priest-soldiers, and silk clad courtiers, were in a welter of confusion amid the smoke and flames. Many were killed by Kiso's mountaineers. Instead of taking to his legs, and thus securing some reasonable chance to escape, the Hōō solemnly entered his palanquin. Yoshinaka's *bushi* soon replaced the once bearers, and carried off the Hōō to imprisonment at the Gojō Tenjin. The next day six hundred heads, surrounded by a neatly built bamboo fence, adorned the river bed in the execution ground of the Rokujō.* It was a notable catch. Yoshinaka had fished to some effect on the fourth day of January, 1184 A.D.

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* The date given by the Dai-Nihon-Shi. This history has the advantage of having been compiled by scholars who could give conflicting dates and details a thorough sifting under less prejudice than the older chroniclers wrote; completed in 1715 A.D. the work being done under the orders of Chunagon Mitō Mitsukuni (1622-1715 A.D.)

† Ariga-loc. cit. p 81.

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* A good map, especially in Kyōto, gives a different colour to Japanese place names and temples. Dingy enough, these latter are crammed full of history, and take on a real interest apart from things theological.

Then he began a series of reforms, *more Japonico.* Tomoyasu had escaped, but there were plenty of others left. He took a few cards out of Kiyomori's pack. Motomichi (the Sesshō or Regent), Sanesada, and a long list of more than forty high officials at court were degraded and exiled. He found a not unwilling coadjutor in Fujiwara Motofusa—Matsudono or Bodai-in Kwampaku. Between the two the daughter of Motofusa became the wife of Yoshinaka, and the son was made Kwampaku under the benevolent direction of his brother-in-law the Shōgun, Yoshinaka. This commission was readily granted by the Hōō. This latter was granting everything with the intention of keeping to nothing. An order was granted proclaiming Yoritomo a rebel, directing Yoshinaka to fall upon him, and Fujiwara Hidehira to march on Kamakura. Yoshinaka had thus arranged matters nicely to his satisfaction. He was so well pleased that he felt sure everyone else ought to feel the same way. Between his wild feasting and drinking, and his wilder *samurai*, Miyako had experienced a very uncomfortable time of it. Yoshinaka now went to the other extreme. Since support was not to be found in the Taira it was to be found in the Hōō who gave ear so benevolently to every wish. The Hōō was released from all espionage, and had full opportunity to urge on the interference of Yoritomo. The Court officials were restored to their ranks and pensions. This had an excellent effect, and Yoshinaka basked in the sunshine of his many titles, his position as governor of the city, and his right of entry at court. He did not seem to see that his appearance there gave them all a chill—as of mice before the cat. Captain of the Tennō's forces he felt safe, and that Yoritomo's formidable advance could amount to nothing. An order from the Tennō would disperse its elements as a snow-storm before an April sun. So he made application to the Tennō for the formal order to disperse this army which was collecting in the North, and began to busy himself in the matter in the same formal manner.

The long looked for order came at last. Yoshitsune and his active retainers were decidedly tired of the Kamakura life, only varied by the small diversions into Kai, Shinano, and Kōtsuke, and such near-by provinces; diversions on the business of politics more than on that of war. But now the command came for the second time from Miyako. Yoritomo could not well disregard it; nor did he so desire. Yoshinaka was coquetting with the Taira. This was emphasized by the split with uncle Yukiiye. It was time to crush him and seize the capital city, preparatory to a final move on the real enemy. Yoshinaka's movement had lost its ground. The Minamoto clan in a choice between Yoritomo and Yoshinaka would flock to the former's support. Is there any ground for contemporary statement, which attributes to Yoritomo so little knowledge of the condition of affairs in Miyako, that it was only with the small train necessary to carry up the tribute (tax rice) from the Kwantō his brothers Noriyori and Yoshitsune left Kamakura? Considering the repeated appeal to Kamakura this is difficult to believe. Still more difficult would it be to understand how the brothers could return to Kamakura to find an army of sixty thousand men ready to their hand. Yoshitsune was not, he never was, the chosen commander of his brother. Noriyori with thirty five thousand men commanded the van; and Yoshitsune, with Sasakai Takatsuna as second in command, was in command of the twenty five thousand men forming the rear-guard. Both chieftains had the ablest captains of the northern army in their staff. Yoshitsune had with him Hatakeyama Shigetada, Kumagai Naozane and his son Hirayama. The fly in the ointment was that the Kajiwara, father and sons, accompanied this division.

It was the end of winter when the army started on its march. The wind blew coldly from the snow-capped Fujisan, towering above them as they wound around its base. Once over the mountain passes they streamed down the Tōkaidō. The chronicler touches the many places with a tender hand. Thus he lingers long before giving them a fair start on their journey. And indeed "the Tago no ura,* with Mishima and Manazuru† (famous for its reeds, haunted by thousands of cranes), Takenoshita, of immemorial antiquity, Hara with its bush warblers, and Ukishima* which seemed now a part of the land, now floating on the water, according to the stage of the tide, are chosen spots of legend and scenery. Miko shaded with its evergreen pines, Kiyomigata† tender with new verdure and gay with spring flowers, Okitsu‡ spreading before them its entrancing expanse of sea and land amid the glowing tints of the setting sun, the towering Utsunoyama casting its reflection in the sea, all these were landmarks of the journey. The Oigawa gave them a stiff job to cross it in the face of the high water§. Passing Sayononakayama (Akita) its bells were heard softened by the distance. When they marched out of Kikugawa and Ikeda the moon was seen hanging over Takamorosan." Marching across the Hamanabashi they were refreshed by the cool sea breeze and the sound of the surf thundering in the distance||. Here they entered Mikawa province and stopped to rest at Yahagi, noted for the number, beauty, and kindness of its girl population¶. Their chiefs could leave them but little time for the business of love. The army "with heartfelt regrets" said good-bye, and was soon on its march through Narumi at which they were near the borders of Owari. Here discipline was much stiffened. At the Atsuta Daijingū** a stop was made to worship at the shrine so closely attached to the Minamoto interests. At last Fuwa in Mino†† was reached.

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* The strip of shore at the base of Fuji and head of Suruga bay. Suzukawa affords the finest view of the mountain.

† Mishima was the seat of Hōjō Tokimasa. Now it is the junction

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for Shūzenji; and its pleasant hot spring. Manazuru is on the *other* side of Izu.

* Already mentioned.

† Seikenji or Kiyomidera.

‡ The Mio-no-Matsubara—scene of "The robe of feathers." On the latter paint and poetry has been spilled in profusion.

§ On the size of the *sakété* (*pourboire*) depended whether the pre-Meiji traveller should reach the opposite shore dry or wet, on the shoulders of the coolies or by the river bed. The railroad now crosses cautiously in a few minutes.

|| Hamana Mizu-umi: "lake", really an arm of the sea. It is in Tōtōmi province.

¶ An important ferry was at Yahagi in these days.

** Home of the *Kusa-nagi-no-tsurugi*, the sword of Yamato-take.

†† A barrier was located here. Fuwa-no-Seki was established by

Here the leaders halted to take counsel, for here they were to separate; Noriyori to proceed through Ōmi, and Yoshitsune through Ise, thus catching Yoshinaka between two fires.

This latter up to a very late date had given them small thought. Basking in the favour of the Court, he felt as secure as Macbeth inspecting his well-rooted timber in Birnam Wood. So secure did he feel that he began to flatter himself that this threatening advance was not directed against himself, but against the Taira in the West. He began to feel insecure as to his hard won laurels. A large part of his army already had been allowed to return to their mountain homes. Troops were scarce in Miyako, beyond the number necessary for garrison purposes against any sudden raid from Harima. Yoshinaka actually projected an expedition against the Taira, in order to anticipate Yoritomo. He felt it first necessary thoroughly to break up Yukiiye's position in Kawachi, and so prevent that old fox from descending on Miyako during his absence. Against him Higuchi Jirō Kanemitsu, with five hundred men, was sent; to find Kurando Yukiiye as slippery and evasive as ever. First catch your flea, and Kanemitsu had thorough opportunity given him to learn the physical geography of this province of rapid rivers rushing swiftly between intricate hills, which in turn melt into the mountainous backbone of the peninsula.

With an important part of his available force thus scattered in pursuit of the enemy nearest to Miyako, the truth was brought to Yoshinaka's mind that this formidable advance was directed against no one but himself.* What was on everyone's lips was realized at last by the man most interested. His messengers, when not treated as spies, received the scanty courtesy of interlopers in an

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Temmu in 673 A.D. "Seki-ga-hara" is another name. The battle which Iyeyasu fought in 1600 A.D. was close by here.

* That Yoshinaka was completely taken by surprise is without question on the face of affairs. A great captain would not attempt to hold a large city, with only two thousand men against sixty thousand of the enemy.

enemy's camp. Yoshinaka did the best he could against an enemy already within a long day's march of him. Neither time nor position allowed him to call for aid from his home province. His support was cut off by Noriyori's division advancing rapidly along Biwako. Retreat to the West was prevented by the Taira. He could take to flight alone, and abandon his little force. He was not that kind of a man. Evidently Seta and Uji would be the crucial points on a semi-circle sweeping from the end of Biwako to the south end of Miyako. Eight hundred men were stationed at Seta under Imai Kanehira. To Uji he sent Nenoi Ogata Yukichika and Tate Chikatada. With five hundred men these were to check the advance of Yoshitsune.* He himself with three hundred men remained at Miyako, to keep the Court under his eye, and to throw this little force wherever the exigencies of the battle required. Miwa Tarō Hirozumi and one hundred men were placed on guard at the Sentō Gōshō (palace). If he had to flee from Miyako he intended to carry off the Tennō and the Hōō with him.

As said, Yoshitsune and Noriyori had parted company at Seki-ga-hara. Yoshitsune's movement was directed on the southern line through Ise and Iga, the object being to hit Yoshinaka on the right flank at Uji, and turn him back on Miyako, thus catching him between the two armies as in a vise. The Taira to the West, and the mountainous country to the North, prevented the escape of his army. Incidentally, any force Yoshinaka had operating in Settsu, Kawachi, or Izumi, would be cut off from the main body and exterminated at leisure—if Yukiiye did not attend to that end of the business. Yoshitsune was young enough not to appreciate the character of that intermeddler as well as his brother. When fairly in the hills Yoshitsune on February 28th summoned a conference of his followers Two things might happen, and for one of them he wished to make immediate provision. Said he:—"That we will defeat Yoshinaka is certain. He has no force to take the aggressive, and yet, from all accounts, he has divided what he has, and will meet us at Uji and Seta. However, what I fear is that when beaten he will try to escape with a few men and take the Tennō with him, perhaps even to join the Taira. This must be prevented. No one knows the capital as well as Benkei. On the darkest night he can find his way without a light," (all grinned), "so with a guard I will have him and Yoshimori go to forestall any such movement on the part of Yoshinaka. I am sure you will be glad to see your old haunts again," he continued, turning more directly to Benkei. "*Kashikomarimashita*, gladly will I go to do my lord's will. It will perhaps be well to enter the city by the Gojō bridge as more crowded and less likely to create notice." Thus spoke Benkei. Replied Yoshitsune in mischievous thought:—"Yes, I believe it is no longer haunted by bad characters. And even if it be you have your legs to run with."—"And your lordship can be assured I can use them well," replied Benkei. All laughed at this exchange, for Benkei made open boast of the first and only time he had to take to flight. The details were quickly arranged. Benkei and Yoshimori picked out twenty *bushi* on whom they could rely against great odds. Then in small parties of twos and threes this little band made its way to the capital; no matter of great difficulty, where the force was so largely recruited from *rōnin*, men without any lord to guarantee their character as retainers. Once within the city Yoshitsune was kept well informed of everything that went on.

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* The Gempei Seisuiki gives these figures. Ditto the most substantial histories. Cf. Ariga, loc. cit. p. 81.

Meanwhile their captain was rapidly advancing. Crossing the Araigawa he passed Osada in Iga. The shrine at Ide was visited, and he also prayed at Kasagimiya* for the success of the expedition. Then the army defiled before the wooded slopes of Kōmyōsan. On March fourth they were close to the enemy at the Tonda ferry on the banks of the Ujikawa. A spy brought the commander the news of the enemy's position. The bridge at Uji had been broken down, and the bottom of the river staked for a long distance. This was not a matter of much importance as the high water of the river was more of a protection. Yoshinaka here merely had completed an old task of Yorimasa. Archers were stationed on the opposite side of the river, well protected behind thick shields. "The garments of Ashikaga Matatarō have barely had time to dry. He crossed with three hundred men, and none of them were superhuman. Where he could cross, we can."† Thus replied Yoshitsune, as he ordered the army forward. Even the hardy warriors of the Kwantō hesitated at the sight of the rushing river, swollen by the melting snows from a recent fall on Hirasan. The stream was undergoing one of those sudden and violent freshets usual to Japanese rivers, which at other times may be mere rivulets lost in a wide stony bed. There was no time to lose if they did not want Noriyori and his men to enter first into Miyako. But those too forward suffered by their rashness, and many who appeared on the bank with the intention of entering the stream were wounded by the hail of arrows. Hatakeyama Sōji Shirō Shigetada came forward to the bank. "Cross somehow we must. This river comes from the lake (Biwa-ko) and the melting snows on the hill make it no less. Ashikaga Matatarō Tadatsune crossed in lower water. All the more honour to the Kwantō *bushi* now to repeat his feat. Get your horses well in hand." His own intention was forestalled by two knights of fame in Kamakura, Kajiwara Genda and Sayemon-no-jo Sasaki Shirō Takatsuna. These rode boldly forward into the swift flood. Between these two men there was the greatest rivalry. The long march from the North had been spiced by their constant struggle to outdo each other in knightly feats. Both were superbly mounted on horses,

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* It lies on the Yamashirogawa above Kizu. This stream then is called the Kizugawa. At Yodo it unites with the Ujikawa to form the Yodogawa.

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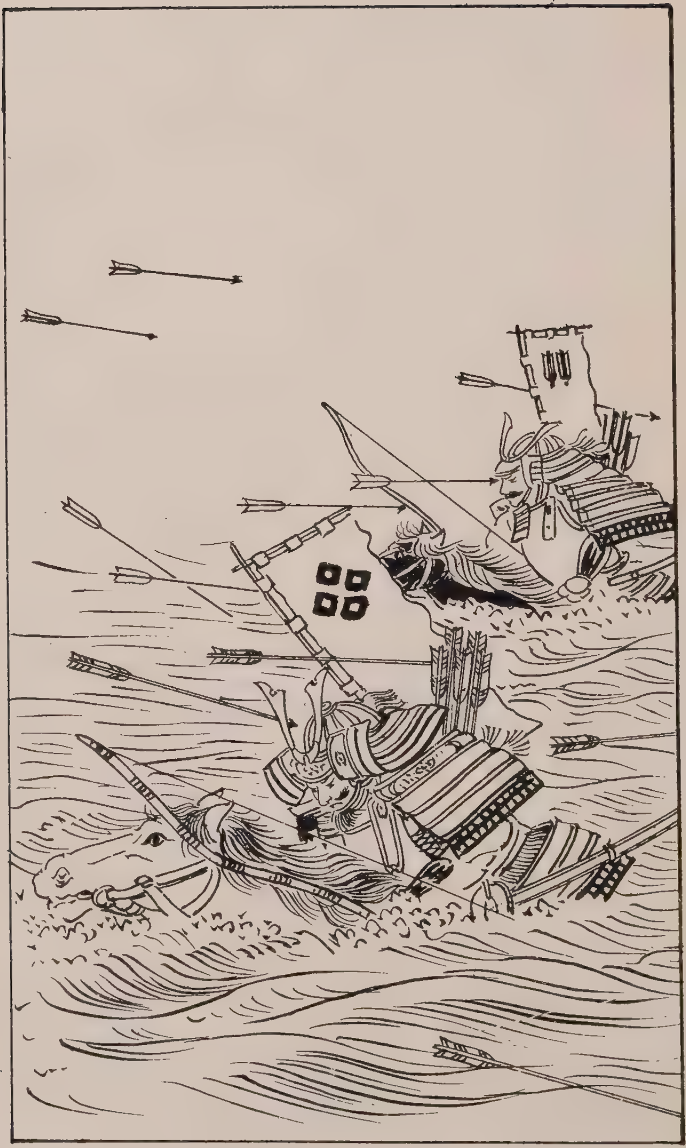
† Yoshitsune refers to Tadatsuna Tawara-Toda., son of Ashikaga Yoshitsuna, who crossed the stream in the face of the archers of Gensammi Yorimasa. The date of the battle is taken from the Gempei Seisuiki. It mentions all these followers of Yoshitsune by name; Benkei, Ise Saburo, and others.



RACE OF SASAKI TAKATSUNA AND KAJIWARA GENDA AT THE UJI RIVER.

the gift of Kamakura-dono. Sasaki was the son of his old and tried retainer of boyhood days. Kajiwara was basking in the fame that he and his were to retain as long as Yoritomo lived. He had the best of it at the start. Seeing this Sasaki cried out to him to look to his saddle girth. "If you should get a tumble in the river, it would be something more serious than merely being laughed at." Now Kajiwara cared little about the "something more serious"; but the spectacle he would afford, clinging to his horse's belly instead of its back, to be laughed at as an unskilful horseman, was too much for this Kwantō *bushi*. He reined in his steed to milder efforts, put his bow in his teeth, and began to look to the straps of his saddle. He was not long in finding out that he was a victim of Sasaki's wiles. This latter continued to make rapid progress. The deep water troubled him but little. Near the shore, however, he was soon entangled in the ropes and nets hung between the stakes planted in the river. These his "dreadful sword" quickly accounted for, and at last he stood on dry land, triumphantly to plant his pennant, and to wave his *gunsen* (war fan) decorated with the red ball of the sun (*hi-no-maru*). Kajiwara soon joined him, and together they prepared to meet the enemy. What more can be said of this early and notable *umakake* (horse-race) as set forth elaborately by the old chronicler? Except perhaps to tell what the jockeys wore—as far as the dictionary allows intelligibility. Kajiwara, it says, entered the water in a *shitatare* (the long loose robe) of *mokurenji* (purple magnolia). His armour was of black leather sewn with black thread. His helmet presented but two facets (*ni-mai-kabuto*). He carried a bow of *shigeto* (wrapped with rattan), and in his quiver were twenty-four arrows, and he wore a long *neritsubo* sword. His horse's name was Surusumi. Sasaki wore a shitatare of *kachin*.* Of his armorial equipment, more specific mention is made of the helmet, *kuwagata* (with two horns springing from the base in front). His horse figures simply as the "dark horse," (which won the race). His bow he grasped in the middle (why not?), and he also carried twenty-four arrows in his quiver, which leads us to believe that there must have been an ammunition train somewhere handy. As to how this equipment fared after its immersion in transit our ancient chronicle is as silent as it is concerning the name of Sasaki's horse. Worse, it is to be feared, than that of Kajima Yoichi of Hitachi, the tried retainer of Sasaki, and one who rivalled a fish in staying under water. He stripped off his armour, to display underneath his skin and a loin cloth. With these, a rake, and sickle, he entered the water to deal not very successful destruction to *rangui* and *sakamogi* (stakes and ropes); they were too numerous for one man, but his subaquean exploration kept his hide out of danger.

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* 褐 (?): it is not in Brinkley's or Hepburn's "Dictionaries." We might connect it with snuff. "*Kachin*" plainly refers to colour. *Neritsubo* (?).

The real hero of the crossing, however, was Hatakeyama Shigetada. Seeing that Kajiwara and Sasaki were well on their way across, he said:—"It will never do to leave them alone to face the enemy." He wore a most elegant *shitatare* of blue brocade (or green-*aoji no nishiki*). His armour was sewn with red thread (*akaodoshi*). He had under him his magnificent charger "Onikurige"; and he had behind him five hundred men. Thus he plunged boldly into the river. The waves were lashed into foam, the currents eddied and boiled. Shallows were few and treacherous, and the horses had no rest. Hatakeyama encouraged the timorous. "Come! Sasaki and Kajiwara are no magicians. You all know them as very much men. They bear no special charm against danger. Keep well in line. When there is footing keep a careful rein. When it is deep let the horse swim freely. Never mind answering the enemy's fire. Let the stronger horse go first, and a weaker behind it. Keep the rear horse well in check by holding him up." Thus he gave his orders, and the crossing proceeded with due success. Not that he himself failed to be a mark for the enemy. Nenoi Ōyata Yukichika picked him out as the mark for his powerful bow. He too wore a shitatare of the questionable *kachin*. His belly guard (*hara-ate*) was sewn with red and white thread in the cherry blossom style known as *kozakura-odoshi.* His wrinkled leather armour was backed up with a sword three feet eight inches in length, and his five faceted helmet (*go-yo-jiro*) kept close company with the black feathered shafts of thirty-four arrows. Thus, he rode forward. To miss his aim would have discouraged his own men and encouraged the foe. He was neither successful or otherwise. The burly Hatakeyama and his charger were large enough not to miss. His arrow landed in the breast harness of Onikurige, and made swimming very awkward for the noble beast. Seeing this Hatakeyama slipped off, and putting the horse's fore legs over his shoulders took the burden of the advance on himself. All thought he would be carried down by the flood. But he held his own, and soon would have been on land, but for his aid to others. More than one he rescued as he stood in the shallow. The first was in armour sewn with red thread. He was rapidly being carried down stream, unable to extricate himself from his horse. However, Hatakeyama managed to land him with the aid of his bow and the loss of the man's steed. Promptly the victim scampered to shore. There he struck an attitude, and to the amusement of friend and foe proclaimed his qualities. "I am Oguchi Jirō of Musashi, first to cross the river"; and he proved his prowess forthwith by a skilful use of his bow that took all smile from the victims. Said Hatakeyama, as at last he came to land:—"So, my good fellow, you can bawl for help as loudly in the water as you can brag on land." Confronted with the palpable claimant to his honours Oguchi at once acknowledged his error. "At least I am second only to Hatakeyama. Your kindness I shall never forget." The occasion for the second was so essential to the first that this was received with a roar by the bystanders. Hatakeyama, much pleased with his bowmanship and his self-sufficiency, asked Enya, his retainer, who the fellow was. Then, as he had lost his horse in the river, Hatakeyama gave him a fine charger named Kotsukige, and at least as far as Miyako the beast received the greatest care and consideration, which also was not wasted on its rider.

"Thus Sasaki and Kajiwara set up their standards first on the opposite bank; but to Hatakeyama belonged the honours of the day, for he aided others." Justly does the old chronicler distribute his meed of praise. Earnest as all were to fight none cared to face the noted Kwantō warrior. Hatakeyama rode along the line without an answering challenge. This, however, could not last long. The bulk of the army, under Kurō Yoshitsune its commander, were crossing the river at the little Tachibanashima. Here for some distance from shore the water was shallow. "Use your horses as rafts to float you across," he directed. "Put the strong horse in front, the weak behind to get aid from the leader. In the shallows give them the rein. In other places swim them. If one stumbles, leave the left rein loose and draw on the right. Dont check them up. Keep your helmets on tight. The enemy will send a hail of arrows." Yoshitsune left his station at the broken bridge, and gave them the example by riding into the river. For the great mass of this force the foe did not wait. A race began to Miyako by every available road which led into the southern quarters of the city. In this friend and foe participated, with fighting as an incident. Nenoi Ōyata Yukichika had already sustained, with the honours, some seven or eight of these incidents. Himself unscratched he had left a trail of the fatherless and widowed in his wake. Near Onzaka he was resting after his latest little adventure of this kind. Here he was found by Kawaguchi Genzō of Musashi and Funahoshi Kojirō of Suruga. They were early comers of the advancing army. Coming from so near Shinano they should have known better, but as it was they thought that plainly they had found game in some great chief. They approached him on either side, and in scurvy tones told him just what was going to happen to him. Yukichika had exhausted his arrows. *His* baggage train was entirely out of gear. But he was a host in himself, and he proceeded to welcome these rash visitors. With open arms he awaited them. To the right Funakoshi went head long, pitched with fearful force into a deep bog (fukada). Into this he disappeared, to keep company with his armour somewhere near the bottom. Kawaguchi, left alone to face the foe, made his horse rear. Yukichika, quickly slipping under the beast, grasped both horse and rider, and sent Kawaguchi to join his companion. Crushed beneath his horse he disappeared from sight. Thus were the twain brought to Mother Earth. Their names were as mud. Their men stood aghast at the fate of their leaders. Kwantō soldiery swarmed everywhere, and Yukichika was in some uncertainty of mind. Should he then and there commit *harakiri*? "Since you are all for Miyako, I go with you"; and without opposition off he galloped toward Kobata-no-shō, on the chance of getting some news of Yoshinaka.

Yoshinaka had been mixing pleasure and business. There had been a great feast the night before. After wine and song Yoshinaka proposed to devote himself to the Lady Matsu, his new wife. He had retired for the night's devotions, leaving Chuta Echigo on the wrong side of the *fusuma* (sliding screens). This worthy retainer thoroughly disapproved of his lord's careless and dissipated course of living at this crisis in his affairs. He had been at his side since the latter's babyhood on Mount Kiso. Now he proposed to give him a lesson. Long and severe was the lecture preached. Yoshinaka of course made not the slightest sign of paying the least attention. O'Matsu was much pleasanter company at nearly any time than old Chuta-san, and all the more so after the feast. When Yoshinaka heard the heavy plunge of a body he knew that his faithful retainer had carried matters to the last extremity. Chuta's *harakiri* aroused him to the situation, and he rose to don his weapons. He really felt quite badly. Matsu-gozen clung to the sleeves of his armour and shed tears. "He thought of Kun of Sū, who, beaten by Han, had to part with his beloved, the Lady Gū." He sent a message to Hirozumi to get out of Miyako with the Tennō and Hōō.* He himself was now ready for the fray. "He wore clothes with a red ground, and a court robe of brocade the ground of which also was crimson. His armour was sewn with purple thread. His helmet was adorned with a gold dragon frontlet. He had his quiver on his back, and his gold ornamented sword at his girdle." Yoshinaka was every inch a warrior, a great captain in action, and at the time he was only thirty-one years old and good-looking. No wonder the Lady Matsu shed tears. Thus he rode off to join his captains, among them his warlike concubine Tomoe-gozen. Whether this beautiful country maid* regarded his evening's occupation in the light of old Chuta is not mentioned. Women of Old Japan were accustomed to divide their lord's favours.

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* Whose palace is sometimes written Sentō-gōshō, at other places Nishi-no-toin (Ariga Nagao—Dai Nihon Rekishi II p 81).

Hirozumi meant well. His execution was infernally bad, or rather there were large obstacles in its road. On receipt of the order to remove the Court he promptly sought audience. Here were these Kwantō rebels close at hand, and Miyako was no longer a safe place for the Tennō. They must be up and going. The palace officials were frightened and useless. They had no plan to offer, and were not on the inside of the Hōō's wire-pulling. This latter stoutly opposed any movement at all. To him it was grave impertinence to mix the Tennō in these squabbles of the *bushi.* Hirozumi was not a patient man, and was soon in a great rage before the womanish opposition of the palace attendants. Their uncertainty of mind might become contagious. The *norimon* were outside and waiting. If their illustrious owners did not get in, they would be put in. He hardly had time to complete his insolent speech. A veiled man stepped out of the assembled courtiers. Disregarding the sword Hirozumi had half drawn, he grasped him by the neck and buttocks, and with a stride reached the *roka.* The courtyard was fully a hundred feet in width. Hirozumi crashed against the massive wall never to rise again But such an exhibition of mighty strength put the officials in a terrible fright. Under the dignified pretence of etiquette before strangers the Hōō skipped behind a bamboo screen as lightly as his years and his voluminous garments permitted. The common herd would gladly have been at the wall, or on the other side of it, fearing to reach it in the same way as Hirozumi. They had experienced such a rough time of it with Yoshinaka's *bushi* that they thought they understood such manners in this exaggerated specimen. The women fainted at the prospect.

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* She was the sister of Imai Kanehira, and both were children of Nakahara Kanetō.

Then the new-comer announced himself—since the court ushers were paralysed, and it was *his* way anyhow. "I am Saitō Musashi-bō Benkei, a retainer of Genkurō Yoshitsune. Anyone, related in the most remote way to Yoshinaka, who dares to move toward the Throne, has sealed his own fate." Not a man of Hirozumi's band dared to stir. They had less backbone than their master, and his was broken. All stood in terror before the giant, clad in his black leathern armour, and his brown court robe. With his long hair and brilliant restless eyes he was a formidable sight. From beneath the *tokin* Benkei glowered contemptuously at them. Ise Saburō Yoshimori and the other *bushi* entered from a side court. Then they all moved forward to attack their opponents. These did not wait for them. They took to flight to carry this unexpected news to their master. Thus the palace was not defiled with blood. Hirozumi's had been splashed at the greatest distance convenient for the occasion. Then Benkei turned to the bamboo screen, and prostrating himself made his address. He told of Yoshitsune's suspicions as to the designs of Yoshinaka. He told who they were, and that they had been sent to guard against the disloyalty of the Shinano chief. From them there was no occasion to fear. As for Yoshinaka and his band ; if they returned, so much the worse for them. All this was a peal of Miidera's silvery bell to the ears of the Hōō, who, like most men guilty of intrigue, disliked the uncertainty of events. He emerged. Apart from the confusing medium of the bamboo screen he saw a tall *bushi* savouring strongly of the priest, a man of powerful sinew and massive limbs, with a bristling shaggy beard. "The other leader appeared by no means an idiot, but was more of the great tactician." To them he at once turned over the guardianship of the palace, to act in conjunction with his own guard.

It was well he did so. Hirozumi's men had roused Yoshinaka to personal action. With two hundred *bushi* he took his way to the Sentō *Gōshō* to find the entrance closed against him and guarded. His summons was short and exceedingly uncomplimentary to Court circles, from the highest downward. In battle the Kiso Oniwaka came to the surface. He found the *norimon* ready without the gate. "Everything is ready for the Tennō and Hōō, and Yoshinaka does not send a message twice. Let these idle, useless court officials look to it." Benkei roared with joy and amusement. His great disappointment was that duty kept him out of the fight, and there was a prospect of its coming to seek him. "Why, you scurvy fellow! We are Benkei and Yoshimori, of the Shi-Tennō of Yoshitsune, and the only Tennō you are likely to come into contact with hereabouts. Come! Be off with you! Carry that head of yours to a safe place. You cannot find a substitute if you lose it, as is more than likely." Addressed in such base terms the great captain fumed and raged. He ordered the gate to be broken down, saving Benkei the trouble and disobedience of orders in opening it. But a messenger rode up. The enemy were at Kowata and Fushimi. Kujō was swarming with them. It was necessary for him to take command of his scanty force.*

Shichijō, Hachijō, Hōshōji, Yawaji were occupied by the hostile forces. He rode off toward the Gojō. On the way he fell in with Nenoi and a mere handful of the troops from Uji. These were joined to his little force. It was certain that the idea was to cut him off from Kanehira. By the time he reached Rokujō he had met with several detachments of the enemy. These he defeated in detail; five hundred men under Hatakeyama, three hundred others under Kawagoye Tarō Shigefusa, the retainers of the Sasaki Kyodai (brothers), those of Kajiwara and his sons, and of

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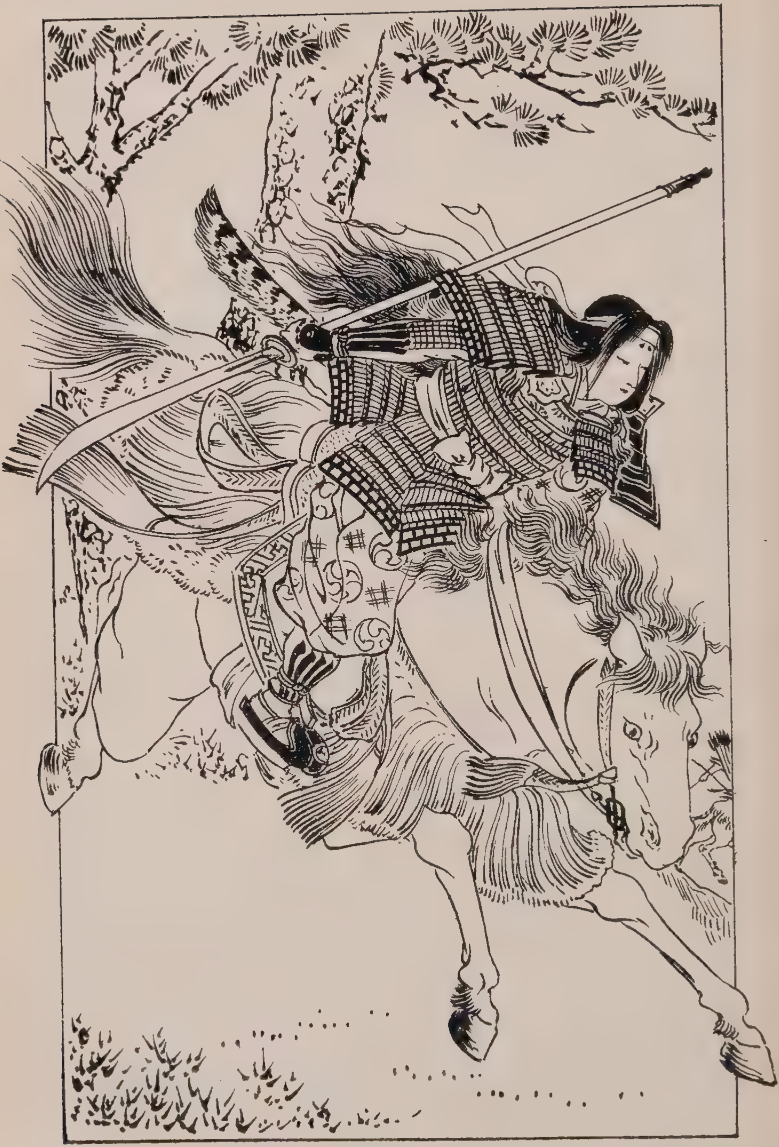
* Cf. also Ariga—loc. cit. p. 31. (All references to his Dai-Nihon-Rekishi are in Vol. II.)



TOMOE GOZEN AT THE BATTLE OF AWAZU

Shibuya Uma-no-Suke. All were looking for him, and had thus split up to more certainly come across him in the big city, perhaps trying to escape westward or northward. To their cost and discomfiture they found him, with two hundred of his best men. But at Rokujō he was cornered by the division of Yoshitsune, who with fifteen thousand men had entered the city. Yoshinaka attacked the detachment immediately in his front—three hundred men commanded in person by Yoshitsune. Deadly was the discharge of arrows. Fierce the single combats with the sword. But Yoshitsune was too much for him. Detachments were summoned to surround him. "The tactics of Yoshitsune were like those of Ryohei. Brave as Fune-iku he easily defeated his enemy." Yoshinaka's men fell fast around him. Himself twice wounded, the second time by an arrow which entered his frontlet, with but ten of his men he cut his way out of the Kamogawa. His object was not so much flight as to join Kanehira, so he took the road leading to Hino-oka. The Minamoto were busily engaged in breaking up the small parties of the Kiso *samurai*, and getting complete possession of the city. Yoshinaka was soon reduced to himself. His attendants threw themselves between him and the not too energetic pursuit. He was riding off into the arms of Noriyori, and they were sure to get him. But in this way he lost sight of Tomoe-gozen. In single combat she had killed Uchida Ieyoshi. Near Awazu she was challenged by Wada Yoshimori, and the brilliant Amazon had to yield to his prowess and become his booty in the war.*

Kanehira was the greatest of the Shi-ten-no of Yoshinaka. This skilful captain and dread of his enemies had taken his station at Kokubunji on the Seta river. He had eight hundred men with him, mostly *rōnin*. When Noriyori came up he found the bridges gone, and Kanehira ready to oppose his passage. The strategic point of the battle was to centre around a little hill called Ishiyama

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* One account says she became his concubine; and was the mother of his son, the famous Asahina Saburō; as warlike as his parents. Another tradition says she returned to Echigo, and became a nun after Yoshinaka's death. Cf Papinot's Dictionnaire."

(Stone Mountain). While hesitating before the Setagawa the news came of the battle of Uji, and that Yoshitsune was already in Miyako. Inage Saburō Shigenari and Hangae Shirō Shigetada then plunged into the river and crossed at Tagami. Aided by this diversion Noriyori with his whole force on the west side of the river soon drove Kanehira back on the hill. Here a desperate combat took place. Kanehira, who seemed to be everywhere in the fight, was holding his own even against the enormous odds. Then news came that Yoshinaka had been killed. His *rōnin* were desperate fellows, but they began to melt like snow, before the supposed loss of their leader. Kanehira was left with a mere handful to oppose the enemy. These left a force to hold him, and streamed on toward the city. At first Kanehira thought he would kill himself. Then feeling doubtful as to his foster-brother's death he determined to try and find Yoshinaka. So he rode off, with the enemy in pursuit. The horses of himself and his companions had only fought in the battle. Those of the enemy were wearied by long marches. Thus they soon outstripped the dogged pursuit. At the pine forest of Awazu he fell in with Yoshinaka, unattended. There was but one thing to do—to escape to the North and raise another army to fight on fairer terms. But as they progressed the fifty *bushi* grew to five hundred. Yoshinaka began to hunger for more fighting. He seemed to see his army once more collected under his eyes. Inomata Sanemori with seven hundred Minamoto *samurai* soon came up to oblige him. Thus the battle was renewed at Awazu. Minamoto from many contingents, the rear guard of Noriyori's great host came to swell the original assailants. Yoshinaka and his men were tired out and far out-numbered. Men fell around their chiefs to cover their retreat over the pine clad flat, at that time a forest.

Yoshinaka and Kanehira were left almost alone. Said Kanehira :—" there is but one thing to do. I shall stay here and meet the enemy. Your lordship can be sure they will not pass me for some time. With these few faithful followers I shall fight to the death. It is the only way for you to reach the North, and to again fight against Yoritomo and his disloyal designs." Yoshinaka reluctantly accepted the sacrifice; only then on Kanehira's stern urging, almost rebuke. The brave men parted with much emotion. The knight and his men took position to cover as much ground as they effectually could. Yoshinaka rode northward. There was a cold wind blowing off Hieisan, and the ground was frozen on the rice fields as he emerged on the flat ground near the lake. Man and horse were worn out—and then an accident happened. Breaking through the ice the horse fell into a deep mud pit, and was too wearied to extricate himself. With the pursuing enemy in sight Yoshinaka thought at first of cutting his throat. Then he longed for a last look at Kanehira, to fight it out with him to the end. He turned to look back, and received full in the centre of the brow an arrow shot by one Ishida Jirō Tamehisa.* Thus died Yoshinaka, a great captain and leader of men. But one man, in the Japan of his day, showed himself a greater soldier. Cutting off his head, with joyful shouts the Minamoto *bushi* returned with the trophy. Kanehira, now alone, was defending himself valiantly. He had killed many of the enemy; and his spear, from point to butt was greased with blood. When he saw the head of his master he decided to die and end the matter. "Ho, you fellows! See how a real *bushi* can die." Putting the point of his sword in his mouth he cast himself downward from his horse. All in admiration watched this great deed of the famous captain. And then they cut off his head.†

Go-Shirakawa had enough experiences of the changeable politics of his day to want to be on the winning side. He was a thorough opportunist. So first he sent forth his dove from the ark, to learn if the good news was true. Daizendayū Moritada did not flit very far. As comfortably as his agitated feelings and the folds of his spreading court petticoats would allow he straddled the palace wall to survey the scene and secure a safe retreat by Humpty Dumpty's easy process—of falling off. While thus engaged Yoshitsune came galloping up with a large train of knights. Sending a herald forward he announced his name and qualities, and the result of the battles at Uji and Miyako. "The care of the palace has been my first thought. To secure it I ask entrance, and the remains of Yoshinaka's army can wait their turn. Please open the gate." With Benkei and Yoshimori on guard he did not have to summon twice, nor did these worthies wait for any consultation of the palace officials, male, female, old, young, or middle-aged. The gates were opened at once, and Yoshitsune and his train rode into the court. Here they received notice that the Hōō wished to see the leaders of the Kamakura army. Business by correspondence had been so satisfactory that he wished to press the point. Go-Shirakawa was taking fortune by the forelock. Appetite comes with eating, and it was the first time in his life that pleasant things had come his way. He determined to gorge the whole political pie at a sitting.

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* "Came floating." The idea is not of great rapidity—"whistling." This obliging shaft just meandered down the pike. At Awazu was fought the battle fatal to Ohotomo on September 2nd, 672 A.D. Aston's Nihongi II. 315.

† Cf. Ariga—loc. cit. p. 82.

Six of the leaders were then conducted to the audience chamber near the Middle Gate of the palace. They were Kurō Hangwan Yoshitsune, aged twenty-five years; Yasuda Tōtōmi no Kami Yoshisaka, aged thirty-seven years; Shibuya Umanojō, aged thirty-seven years; Hatakeyama Jirō Shigetada, aged twenty-one years; Kajiwara Genda Sayemon Kagesuye, aged thirty-six years; Sasaki Shirō Sayemon no Jō Takatsuna, aged twenty years, the first man to cross the Ujikawa. Of these the most striking figure was the young leader. Everything marked the great man in action. His eyes were still bright and flashing with the excitement of action. The calm and concentrated manner, the quick nervous determined play of facial action, displayed the thoughtful and watchful leader, alert and resourceful. It was a very youthful face, long, oval, sun tanned, with the red blood showing in the cheeks, a high forehead slightly bulging over the temples and eyes wonderfully expressive of the inner life.* On the man himself our old chronicler wastes but little time. We must get the details from drawings and prints, new and old, to grasp the Japanese idea of their hero. But, on clothes! Here he is at home in the tailor shop. "Yoshitsune wore a court robe of red brocade fringed with Chinese green silk. His armour was sewn with deep purple [and righteousness] and the skirt was of the same colour. He wore a helmet with a white star frontlet. On his back was a quiver with twenty-four arrows; in his left hand a bow of *shigetō*, the handle being twisted to the left instead of the right. His sleeves of white silk were marked with the *monji* (ideographs) Namu-Sōbyō-Hachiman-Daibosatsu. At his girdle was a gold ornamented sword in a tiger's skin sheath." All prostrated themselves in the audience chamber. Then the Hōō appeared, accompanied by Dewa no Kami Sadanaga as master of ceremonies. He asked their names and then repeated them to the Hōō. It was nothing extraordinary that this old Japanese Moses, wandering in the wilderness of twelfth century feudalism, should grasp at the young Joshua. The Hōō called Yoshitsune to him. For his far-sightedness in fathoming the plans of the rebel Yoshinaka he had great praise; and heart-felt, for the matter had been much on the Hōō's mind. For the guardianship of the mighty Benkei he was pleased. (Yoshitsune grinned—internally. On riding in the gate the first thing he had seen was the dislocated Hirozumi. "Benkei's work", had been the first thought). Benkei was big, even if boisterous, and there is always something impressive in size. The Hōō had a sense of fear in the giant's proximity, and felt that everyone else must feel the same.

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* To be thoroughly Japanese I ought to add—"he had a fine nose"; their distinguishing external mark of inward and spiritual grace, and of a great man. As to the place of reception, Yamada says—"roku ki no musha wa chūmon no soto naru kuruma-yadori ni zo, hizamazukikeru Hōō gyōkwan naname narazu chūmon no ramon yori eiran aru ni," etc. Legge gives several references to Chinese palaces, of which the Japanese were copies. Cf. S.B.E. III p. 236 Shû King, and XXVII p. 71 Lî Kî. The gyoku-kwan, referred to on p. 168 (mistakenly written gyōkwan), is also evidently Chinese. Cf. Legge—S.B.E. XXVIII p. 1 Lî Kî collection.

Besides, the benevolent principle on which Benkei went was something like that of the fat boy in Pickwick, with the Hōō as Old Mrs. Wardle—"I wants to make your flesh creep." Thus guarded the Hōō felt safe. But there were the Taira. Here he played his strong card, and plumped out what he was after. "Your deeds have been great, deserving of record. Now complete your task by putting the Tennō's mind (at four years old!) at ease in reference to the Taira." The Hōō spoke for himself, and was a little greedy, for Yoshitsune had hardly time to get his breath from the last effort. However, his assurances of good will were earnest. On account of Kamakura he could not promise too much. For the Hōō, this first cut of the political pie was most savoury, but he too had to be conservative. He gave fair words, as one having nothing more solid to give, the practical value even of Court favours depending on the master of the hour, whoever he happened to be. But the gist of his earnest prayer was very easily caught:—"secure the sacred Three Treasures (regalia) to the Tennō, and for goodness sake let me have some peace in life." Yoshitsune's reply was equally to the point within his limits. We give it with some necessary comments usually left out by the Japanese historian. "By dint of your divine influence [and numbers and sharp-edged weapons] we have succeeded in defeating your enemy [and putting ourselves in his place, as you are soon to find out]. We, under the patronage of your sacred power [and the good heads of my brothers and myself], shall do our best in securing your tranquillity [by leaving you nothing to worry about], and shall overthrow the Taira [who are in our road more than in yours]." With this satisfactory speech the audience terminated. Yoshitsune was formally left in command of the Sentō Gōshō; mainly because he occupied the post. But from this day the Hōō took a great personal liking to him, and Yoshitsune himself fell under the spell of the Court circle, much as Gensammi Yorimasa had done before him.

There remained nothing to do but to count noses. At this we have seen that Ushiwaka early was an expert. Yoshinaka's head was brought to Yoshitsune, and a thorough beating up of Kiso's army was ordered. Higuchi Kanemitsu, captured in Kawachi, had his head struck off, making the tale of the Shinano Prince and his Shi-Ten-no complete. On March fifth all was once more at peace in Miyako. Imai Kanehira, Nenoi Yukichika, Tate Chikisada, Higuchi Kanemitsu, accompanied their master Minamoto Kiso Yoshinaka to the river bed at Rokujō for public inspection A wag put up, close at hand, the following poem :—

" Yoshitsune at one mouthful,
" Ate Kiso's food ; he of Shinano."*

In this miserable way ended Yoshinaka and his famous knights. His movement seems an impossible one to the Japanese chronicler. " Sprung from a mere *samurai* " is not strictly true. But if he had not yielded so quickly to the softening influence of Miyako he might have been formidable enough to force a compromise from Yoritomo. Yoshinaka was a fine military captain, as his campaign against the Taira showed. How he was so misled as to the intentions of Kamakura is difficult to determine at this date, and in a history so persistently befogged by a Japanese hostile partisanship. In a political sense he was a much stronger figure than Yoshitsune ever could be. The latter, at this point, was irretrievably compromised by his subordinate relation to his brother Yoritomo. He offered no real ground for a party in opposition. But Yoshinaka did ; and when he was removed from the scene Yoritomo's course was clear. As our chronicler quotes :—" what comes out of one's will, returns to one's own person."†

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* " Shinano naru, Kiso no goryō ni, Shiru kakete, Tada hito kuchi ni, Kurō Yoshitsune." The Kiso " can mean Yoshinaka *or* food cooked by Kiso. " Kurō Yoshitsune " can mean the great captain's name, or " Yoshitsune ate." Here and elsewhere the quotations are a paraphrase of Mr. Minakami's literal translation, with his *exegesis* to go by. Especially poetry will not bear direct transplanting into English. I have not hesitated to be very liberal, and hence proper names are at times omitted as detracting from the sentiment. For this reason the Japanese originals are given.

† " Like fowls blunders come home to roost." Not always : in January (or the beginning of February) 1184 A.D., death was bestowed on Taira Hirotsune. Probably there was no man living to whom Yori-

This is true enough. Yoshinaka paid the penalty of his really gross mistakes. In this he was more fortunate than Yoshitsune; who paid the penalty, not of mistakes, but of too thoroughly carrying out orders. His mistakes were very venial.

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tomo owed more. This man, "who never forgot a kindness," was moved to tears (afterwards), and regretted (afterwards), that slander had led him astray as to Hirotsune. Yoritomo always was lavish of *post-mortem* regrets. He was a notable undertaker. "What a beautiful corpse that man would make." But he was so impartial in this distribution of obituary material, that seeing his generosity toward his family men took it to be justice, and did not take alarm.

CHAPTER IX.

ICH NOTANI: BENKEI FINDS WASHIWO SABURŌ.

> "Lors il mit a sacq force villes d'Asie et d'Affricque, battit
> "les mescréans sans crier gare, se soulciant peu s'ls estoyent
> "amys et d'ou ils sourdoyent, veu qu'entre ses mérites il
> "avoyt celuy de n'estre point curieux, et ne les interroguoyt
> "q'apres les avoir occiz."
>
> (Contes Drolatiques).

§ 1.

About the time Noriyori and Yoshitsune were marching into Miyako, the Taira were solidly establishing themselves at their old quarters at Fukuhara. Many had been the vicissitudes through which they had gone, since with the little Antoku Tennō they had left the capital on the hot August day of 1183. A.D. From the smoking ruins of Fukuhara they had fled down the Inland Sea to that old haunt of exile, Dazaifu in Tsukushi. Here the little Tennō was lodged comfortably enough in the Anrakūji, while the heads of the family started out to rouse up the Saikaido. They did rouse it up. Northern Kyūshū ssemed to be a hot bed of Minamoto interests. They had barely arrived, therefore, before they had to meet the attack of Ogata Saburō Koreyoshi of Bungo. They therefore passed into the neighbouring Buzen. The beautifully situated temple at Usa, hidden in its grove of trees, with the shaded peaceful clear little river crossed by the curious red bridge, and flowing through a beautiful valley, gathers interest from the prayers of the child Tennō and the sorrowing mother.* Here they stayed to consult Hachiman Daibosatsu. This family deity of the Minamoto returned a rough answer. "There is no god in the world, to whom those in distress can appeal. Why then do you pray so earnestly?"† This made the Taira very sad. They were both in Usa and in distress, and for them the reply was most complete. But other matters were more pressing, among them the enemy in a force to which they were not in condition to offer resistance. What was available they therefore concentrated at Yanagi-no-ura for transfer to Shikoku. Whether he was drowned, or disgusted at the turn of affairs committed suicide, Koremori Sachujō Kiyotsune, son of Shigemori was lost during the passage. They were all very much depressed at their inefficient leadership. Munemori had never been conspicuous except in supporting his father in every rash and violent undertaking. The story runs that, when a year later they were to perish at Dan-no-ura, the widow of old Kiyomori gathered them all around her, and disclosed the true origin of Munemori. She had but one son, Shigemori, and Kiyomori was very uneasy. She was then pregnant, but a girl was born. To meet the father's wishes search was made, and this baby was exchanged for the child of an umbrella maker, living at Kitazaka near Kiyomizudera. Kiyomori never knew of the deceit. "The son of an umbrella seller, it is nothing astonishing that neither the intelligence nor the bravery of the Taira are found in him."‡ Indeed on this present occasion they would have anticipated their final defeat, if Mimbu Tayu Mitsusuye, governor of Nagato had not come to their assistance with a hundred vessels. Under this strong escort they reached Yashima. Shigeyoshi had erected a palace here, but as for years there had been no levy of the Nankaidō and Sanyodō, it had become ruined and dismantled from neglect. The Tennō therefore was kept on a boat. The nobles and their retainers found such refuge as they could in the fishermen's huts. As the chronicler puts it:—they had an oar for a pillow under a roof threatening every moment to fall upon them. The boats of the fishermen, or the white snipe, were every moment taken to be the advancing enemy. "Thus in place of green linen curtains and red silk bed-clothes, they were lodged in wretched huts with reed screens, and crouched by a hearth blackened with smoke."

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* The bridge is not for the vulgar. Only the Emperor's messenger passes over it—as at Nikkō. A frail, narrow, temporary structure for foot passengers runs below it.

† "Yo no naka no, Usa ni wa kami mo, Naki mono wo, Kokorozukushi ni, Nani inoruran." There is a play on the word Usa, which can mean "in Usa" or "in distress."

‡ Her belated communication was made at Dan-no-ura, when Tomomori came to announce that all was over. As to Munemori the Ni-i-dono told them (Gempei Seisuiki):—"Torikaeko wo tazunekeru,

As we have seen things did begin to turn in their favour. Sadayoshi had been a leading figure. He was a great nephew of Tadamori, father of Kiyomori. In 1180 A.D. he had defeated Kikuchi Takanao in Kyūshu. Marching on Miyako in 1182 A.D. he found Munemori in full retreat. Unable to persuade him to return he went his own way to lay the remains of Shigemori safely to rest at Koyasan. Then he returned to fight with his clan. These had no small success. In November 1183 A.D. the three great captains of the Taira—Shigehira, Tomomori, and Noritsune—had defeated and slain Yoshikiyo at Mizushima in Bitchū. Yoshinaka thought to take up the task against the Taira in person, but was called back to Miyako by the intrigues of Minamoto Yukiiye. When this latter, a fugitive from Miyako, attacked them at Kōtoyama in Harima his first success over an isolated detachment had

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hodo ni Kiyomizu-tera Kita-no-saka ni karakasa wo harite akinau yosutebito ni sōkō ni naritari kereba, imyo ni 'karakasa hōkyō' to iikeru mono ka, moto ni otoko wo umitarikeru ni torikae tsutsu Nyūdō ni otoko o mōketaru yoshi tsugetareba, ōki ni yorokonde sanjo mo hatesarikeri domo ureshisa ni wa kitanaki koto mo wasurete, nyōbō no moto ni yuki, 'a! a! medetashi, medetashi' to zo; yorokobi tamaikeru Nyūdō yo ni arishi, hodo wa tsuyu no kotoba ni mo idashi tamawazu. Dan-no-ura nite zo hajimete kaku katari tamaikeru." Then she goes over-board, having got this weight off her mind thus late in the day.

been quickly changed to defeat, and he was driven out of both Harima and Settsu into Kawachi. This had given them prestige. The scattered retainers of the clan were successfully brought together, and they had acquired such strength in the West that Munemori moved the Court from Yashima to Ichi-no-tani.* Here on the borders of Settsu and Harima a strong fortification was built as the base of their host (said to be 100000 strong). The place was considered impregnable. In the rear it was surrounded by mountains "so steep that only a bird could pass." In front it was protected by the broad sea, and was only open to a naval attack. They had assembled several thousand craft, everything available along the shores of the Inland Sea. On the southwest, where the water was shallow, heaps of missiles and long heavy poles were kept to repel an enemy attempting to cross. The land circle was completed by a deep ditch and barricade of heavy timber. A tall tower overlooked the whole, and a drum quickly called every man to his post. The garrison was most carefully trained. "The castle was like one built of iron and stone. One could scarcely imagine millions under the greatest generals of China, Chōryō and Kansin, as able to force a capitulation." It must have been tolerably safe, for Munemori would not else have trusted his precious carcass within its enclosure. Besides, the country around Yashima was full of small Minamoto fief-holders, only held to their allegiance to their nominal governors by overpowering force. Noritsune thoroughly distrusted many of the local *bushi.*

Yoshitsune looked on all this with the bilious eye of a successful general anxious to destroy every source of the enemy's power. The news of the defeat and the head of Kiso had been sent to Kamakura, with the request for permission to advance on the Taira. No answer of any kind was received. Meanwhile his attractive personality was winning ground with the Hōō in Miyako. One day Yoshitsune determined to pay a visit to the Kibune shrine to thank the god for all that he had done for him. Incidentally he stopped at Kuramayama-dera to have a long talk with old friends at the Tōkōbō and Chiryōbō, and perhaps it was on this occasion they secured the helmet ornamented with the golden *shishi* (leopard-lion *couchant*, which looks more like a barking "*chin*" or spaniel) now so proudly shown. At night Yoshitsune went to the mountain shrine of Bishamon to pray, keep guard, and talk about the promised farms, and how close the realisation was. Musashi-bō Benkei, Ise Saburō, Shibuya Uma-no-jō, the Satō *Kyōdai*, and fourteen others guarded the approaches. Overcome with sleep Yoshitsune had a dream. An aged man appeared from the shrine, and after praising him for his warlike exploits presented him with a sword in a white sheath. Then he disappeared again into the shrine. Yoshitsune awoke in the chill morning air, and strange to say there was the sword lying across his knees. Benkei and the others had seen no one approach the shrine that night. At the Kibune shrine he was met by a priest, who presented him with a feathered arrow. Lo! it was another dreamer who cameth. The god had told him to present this arrow to the warrior chief who would appear that morning at the shrine. At this Yoshitsune was hugely pleased. He not only had himself a personal visit from the god to his credit, but this additional mark of favour to emphasize it. He returned to Miyako determined to strike at once, and news or no news from Kamakura, to march against the Taira. But really he had hardly given his messenger time to reach the northern city when he already expected an answer.

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* Behind West Suma near Kōbe. The lines of this fort extended from Ikuta (the Ikuta temple is well known to Kōbe residents) to Ichinotani, about seven miles. I only admit this number "100000" on the kindred statement of Dr. Ariga, who cites the collection of several thousand boats, loc. cit 83. *Positive* statements as to transportation refer to much smaller armies.

At the council of leaders Hōjō Tokimasa voiced the opposition. The question of instructions was not vital, for those given at their start authorized any necessary movements. Hōjō gave full credence to the accounts of the Taira strength. They had sixty thousand men, against one hundred thousand occupying an impregnable position, and it was utter madness to attempt to dislodge them with their smaller forces and defective commissariat. Yoshitsune's reply was pointed and over-brief. "If we are in such a minority, are we to wait until the enemy has concentrated to attack us? A general in the field and on campaign has no business to await orders. He must meet the situation presented with the means at hand. Hesitation, moreover, is more than dangerous; 'a hesitating tiger is inferior to an active wasp.' To rely for supplies on such a distant place as the Kwantō is out of the question. The place to get them is in the enemy's country." Even Hōjō saw the existing danger, and besides Yoshitsune could produce a positive order from the Hōō, ordering an immediate advance to clear Miyako of the dangerous neighbourhood of these enemies. He felt better with them at Yashima, and that was bad enough. The most valuable feature of the commission was the order to all and sundry, temples and subjects, to give up their goods and freely to assist with supplies the Minamoto commanders. The only real difference it made to Yoshitsune was that his preparations were now made openly. Throughout he seems to have had the earnest support of Noriyori. This negative youth managed to remain loyal throughout his career to both brothers. He neither intrigued for or against either of them.

§ 2.

Thus authorized Gama no Kwanja Noriyori set out with the van of fifty thousand men to pitch his camp at Koyono in Settsu. He was to attack the east front of the enemy's fortification. Yoshitsune with twenty thousand men was to proceed through the mountains and attack Ichi-no-tani on the west. The task was no light one. The fortifications extended a distance of nearly eight miles, from Ikuta-no-mori on the east to Ichi-no-tani on the west. Fukuhara lay well within the east line. Hyōgo, Itajiku, and Suma marked its further extent. The Taira soon got wind of the movement. There was a great bustle and uncertainty as to just what were the plans of the Minamoto chiefs. Themselves they were thinking of attacking Miyako rather than of being attacked. The very boldness of the enemy in advancing against such a strong position added to his numbers. Shinsammi Chūjō Sukemori, Komatsu Shōshō Arimori, Tango Jijū Tadafusa, Bitchū no Kami Norimori, Igaheinai Hyōye Kiyoiye, Jirō Morikata, with seven thousand men were sent toward Mikusa* to reconnoiter the force of Yoshitsune supposed to be on its march across Tamba. They camped at the foot of Mikusayama.

The plan of the Minamoto chiefs was simple enough. Its successful execution depended entirely on Yoshitsune. From Noriyori nothing was to be expected but a plain brutal frontal attack, which was quite likely to be repulsed. As the Taira controlled the sea-way, the two chiefs had to act separately. The usual military calculation gave to Tamba a two days march. Yoshitsune crossed it in a forced march of twenty hours. As they marched along in the night the rough roads became almost impossible in the darkness. There was great danger of a large part of his force going astray. Yoshitsune called Benkei to his side. Said he:—"Benkei, I am in great difficulties. If we lose our way we will fail to be present at the attack as arranged to take place. Our glory will fall to others. I need a torch. Such a one as will light not only the road, but the whole country-side. In all our studies, human and divine, I have never heard of such a torch, but I know that you are always ready for the unexpected. A man who can carry off a bell from under the noses of a horde of hungry monks whose call to dinner it marks can make a bonfire on a mountain." He looked seriously into the shrewd and smiling face of the giant. "I wish your lordship would ask me something more difficult", replied Benkei. Taking a torch from a soldier he strode off a few paces to the leeward side, and bending down fired the dry grass. The little blaze soon developed into a brisk conflagration lighting up the country-side for miles. The cue was quickly taken, and it was by the light of blazing trees and hamlets that they marched through the night toward the borders of Harima.

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* Mikusa is in the Kato district of Harima, not far from Tamba River. It is on a main road which runs north-west from Kōbe.

Yoshitsune pitched his camp east of Yamaguchi at a place called Onohara. His first move was to disperse the advance guard of the Taira, camped close by at Mikusayama. These were thoroughly at their ease Yoshitsune's forces were at a distance, and they did not anticipate this descent on them in the night. On this night of March nineteenth Yoshitsune determined to attack at once. Tired as they were all his *bushi* were immensely delighted. Kumai Kagetada Tarō, as a native of Tamba, led the van. Progress was rapid. When close to the enemy a spy brought the news that all were asleep in the camp. Surrounding it the Minamoto raised their war cry and struck their shields vigorously. It was a rough awakening. "The roaring sound shook vale and mountain, and echoed far and wide." The Taira were thrown into the greatest confusion. Chiefs and men could not find each other in the darkness. Then light enough was afforded, but from their burning tents which had been fired. Some blundered into the Minamoto ranks and were promptly despatched. Others struck down their own comrades in the smoke. Many had no time to arm, and naked took to flight. Banners, weapons, and armour were thrown away. Some made their way back to Ichi-no-tani, but the majority, thinking the enemy to be between them and the stronghold, escaped to Takasago in Harima. From here they crossed to Sanuki (in Shikoku) and took refuge it Yashima. Five hundred heads were secured by the Minamoto. Thus Yoshitsune gave the Taira the first taste of his quality.

Munemori was surprised and aghast to find the enemy so suddenly upon him. On both sides an attack was to be faced. With some reluctance Noto no Kami Noritsune, assumed the military command under such an inefficient chief. He divided his forces to meet the double attack of an enemy whose number was a mystery to the besieged. Ample provision was made at the sea shore to secure the retreat. Munemori with the Tennō and Kenrei-mon-in (his mother) promptly took to the water and waited for the result of the battle. On the mountain side a mere post of observation was established. Now the arrangement for the attack was as follows. On the twentieth of March (1184 A.D.) the Minamoto forces would be in position before Ichi-no-tani. But this was the anniversary of Kiyomori's death, and, Yoshitsune put it, it was not fit to interrupt the Taira ceremonial on that occasion--besides it would be very unlucky. The nineteenth was *kinoyene*, the twentieth was unlucky. The twenty first of March at dawn was therefore agreed on as the time for attack.* Yoshitsune had rapidly pushed forward to the sea. Now climbing a height he had seen things. There were miles of flaming torches extending from Suzume Matsuhara, through Mikage and Ikuta, to Ichi-no-tani. Within and around this space were camped more than a hundred thousand men, and the fighting had to be done within very narrow limits. He learned that Tomomori and Noritsune, both able captains, were in command, and a spy had also reported that the Tennō had already embarked, ready to be conveyed away across the water. Yoshitsune sighed. That he could not help, at this stage of the war. But otherwise the difficulties were very great, and the chances of failure excellent. He turned to the mountains piled up behind the coast. Argued he:—"a great captain is right in fearing obstacles, and it is his duty to think out a plan to avoid them. We must flank this position. But how? When Tokai, the great general of Gu, attacked Shoku, he wrapped himself in a blanket and rolled over the cliffs. His men scrambled down clinging to vines, roots, and projecting corners of the rocks. Thus he annihilated the enemy, unarmed and not expecting an attack." With this idea in his head, when he reached Shikamatsu on the twentieth he sent his army forward, under the command of Doi Sanehira and Tashirō Kwanja Nobuchika. These were to follow out the plan agreed upon, and to attack Ichi-no-tani on the west. He himself with one hundred and eighty picked men determined to find a way through the mountains and forest in the rear of the fortress, and crossing a pass called the Hiyodorigoye, thus to fall unexpectedly from the sky on the Taira's unprotected rear. Doi, as agreed on, was to light the signal fire for Noriyori to attack at the same time. This would also be a signal to Yoshitsune on the mountain ridge. Leaving Doi to get into position for the attack next day, Yoshitsune turned his face to the encircling mountains to find a way if he could. Apart from his more particular attendants, he had with him Hatakeyama, Wada, Kawagoye, Sawara, Hirayama. Of his own men, Musashi-bō Benkei, Hitachi-bō Kaison, Kamei Rokurō, Kataoka Hachirō, Ise Saburō, Suruga Jirō, Kumai Tarō, and the Satō *Kyōdai* rode close behind. With them we leave him for the present to go his way.

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* Yamada says:—"Yoshitsune kō shoshō wo kwai shite gungi ari. keru wa, kanete wa ni gwatsu yo nichi ni shodo no ya-awasesubeki-Tehazu naredomo yo nichi wa ko Kiyomori no ikkwaiki nareba Gempei saikō no ikusa ni teki no butsuji wo samatagen mo budō nari. Go nichi wa kinoene; roku nichi wa dobyō nichi naru ni yorite; shichi nichi no unokoku wo saisho no ya-awase to sadametari." (Takahashi's Ed. p. 163). Kinoe is applied to days as well as years. Kinoe-ne 甲子 (of the rat). According to Legge, S.B.E. XXVII. p. 249 (Lî Kî Collection) the original application is to days, the later to years. The passage in Yamada throws a curious side-light on our captain's psychology. The superstition of to-day as to kinoe as an unlucky day is doubtless very old. It is not necessary to go into some features of its application on the country-side, but as far as it goes few could date their conception from its occurrence.

At dawn on March twenty first Noriyori and Sanehira marched boldly to the attack. The Minamoto banners "waved in the wind like white dragons rising high in the air." The shouts of assailed and assailants were "so deafening and far-reaching that one could well imagine its reaching to High Heaven, and down to the bottom of the sea, to the astonishment of the gods above, to the awakening of the Eight Dragon King below," (our old friend the sea serpent). Now in the assailing force there were two young *bushi* who were seized with the laudable but unlikely (at the time) ambition of being first within the magic circle of Ichi-no-tani's charms and fortifications. Their names were Kawara Tarō Takanao of Musashi and Jirō Morimichi (of the same family). The barrier was a formidable structure of felled logs backed with a strong framework. While these neophytes sought entrance to the lodge forth came a certain Wanabe Gōrō Sukemitsu, a fearful goatish bearded man. With bow and arrow this hardened warrior easily accounted for both these Cock Robin fledglings. Kawara got it in the skirt, and Moromichi in the waist. The difference is merely verbal. Both suffered perforation of the intestines, and from this superficial *harakiri* died forthwith; to the great rage of Kajiwara Heizō, Genda, and Heiji. This worthy father (Heizō) and sons, with five hundred men behind them, forced their way into the enclosure, to be met by Chūnagon Tomomori and Honsammi Shigehira. As it is Minamoto *versus* Taira our romancers of course gift the latter with two thousand men, to make the fight interesting. At all events it was undecided, and the Minamoto could do no more than hold their own. Of this Noriyori had warned Kajiwara. "First get your men well in hand," he shouted. Kajiwara Genda, already on the march, answered:—"A bow of *azusa* wood, an heirloom to the warrior from his ancestors, when once the arrow presses its string will not unbend until discharged;" all in the most proper thirty-two syllables of *tanka* versa. Noriyori, just the same, took the precaution to get all his men on the field. Then the fight was fully on. Kumagai Jirō Naozane, Kumagai Kojirō Naoiye, Hirayama Mushadokoro Shigesuye, raged through the battle, to be met by the Taira chiefs Tomomori, Noritsune, and Shigehira. On all sides, in mass and single combat, Minamoto and Taira were engaged in hot battle. "The roaring sound of galloping horses shook the ground, and the light reflected from brandished spears and flashing swords was like the play of lightning." There were floods of gore, the strand was dyed purple, the dead lay in ghastly heaps, and the wounded crawled into the bushes to die or avoid being trampled upon. And yet Benkei's halberd was still idle, and there was no issue (visible) to this mighty strife. How could such things be? As a matter of fact the Minamoto had met with a severe check. The attack had failed.

§ 3.

When he had brought his army to the west of Ichi-no-tani, Yoshitsune had done his part. He had crossed Tamba in half the time allowed. He had fought and put to flight the enemy, driving them across the sea. To him the hardest part of the undertaking was in front of him, that on which depended the success of the whole attack. Ichi-no-tani was so strongly defended on its two land fronts, east and west, that there was little hope of breaking down its defence unless a diversion could be created in the rear by a passage through and over the rough mountain barrier. Doi and the last of the Minamoto banners were hardly out of sight before Yoshitsune turned the head of his horse toward the wooded ranges which, to the south-east, cut him off from Ichi-no-tani and the sea. Close beside him rode Benkei and Hatakeyama, the latter of hard fighting Taira stock, and already a great admirer of the admirable judgment and quick grasp the young general displayed in martial affairs. Behind came Satō Tsuginobu and Tadanobu; and behind them in long line the rest of the little band, all of them *bushi* of great or growing reputation. It was virgin forest that Yoshitsune rode through on this expedition which crossed the Aoyama and Oribeyama ranges by the Tsunashitatoge. The only roads available were the rough trails of the wood-cutters, used for their purpose and then long abandoned, clogged with brambles, and obstructed by huge fallen trees. At places they had literally to take to the woods, over slippery moss-covered boulders, to the great danger of their horses. More than one knight was unwillingly converted to a foot-soldier during the march, which was no handicap to progress. Steep and rugged are these trails to-day through these Japanese mountain districts. They were certainly no better in the twelfth century. Groans the romancer, suffering in turn with his hero and the Minamoto:—"It was like Kōkan and Gekikaku in China, noted for steep and rugged paths." Their objective was the so-called pass to the sea known as the Hiyodorigoye, so little used that nothing could be ascertained of its character except its reputed inaccessibility. Woodcutters or occasional villagers, met on the road, all shook their heads at the idea of undertaking it with horses. At dark they were somewhere near the foot, and stopped to rest. Yoshitsune tried to encourage his down-cast followers, and to inspire them with a little of his own unfailing cheerfulness and confidence. "Come! Take heart, my dear captains. Our undertaking is difficult, but there will be all the more glory, as the battle cannot be won unless we succeed." He laid the whole situation before these practised soldiers, with a lucidity that opened their eyes to the military genius in their midst. Confidence and effort, due alone to this man's personality, were doubled. With such a leader they must win. In the many difficulties which arose later in these Taira campaigns, Wada, Miura, Doi, Hatakeyama, all who served under him, were found in almost blind belief supporting Yoshitsune's judgment.

After their meal the word was again forward. The mere pretence of a trail was all the more difficult, almost impossible in the darkness. Under the slopes of Mikarayama there was no sound of ought but the blowing wind and the chattering of monkeys disturbed by the passing cavalcade. Yoshitsune grew sentimental and lonely. Quoted he:—"'quite dark it grew, so dark that none could discern their way; yet to his dear home the horseman hurried forward.' Plain is it that we must have some aid in the dark. Benkei's torch will not answer here. The glare of burning forest in their rear would betray our presence and plan to the enemy. Who can suggest something." Certainly not Kumai Tarō, heretofore the guide, and who flatly maintained that there was no road. Then Wakebe Tarō Kisata stepped forward. Said he :—" I have heard that an old horse is the most intelligent animal in discovering where any of his kind have gone before him. My father, Shigeyori, when lost in the forest thus found his way out. Let my lord direct that the expedient be tried." "The idea is a good one," mused Yoshitsune. "Thus did Duke Kwan when in sorrow and great trouble* he made his campaign against the northern barbarians. Kanchō his general thus succeeded in finding the right road. Anyhow, let us try it." So an ancient steed, Usugumo, was driven forward, harnessed with white reins and stirrups, as leader of the company. On they went over rocks, boulders, fallen tree-stumps, splashing through mountain brooks, and sliding over the moss covered banks. The hollows in places were still filled with snow, and caused many a wrench and bruise. Thus they went on until the rough path they were following to the eastward split into three at a cross-roads, none of which took the direction they wanted to go. Here their four-footed guide was unsafe to follow, and they stopped to hold counsel. Yoshitsune relieved the situation by a song, which, we are told, ever since has been familiar to the Japanese soldiers when in difficult circumstances :—" The young warrior should turn for counsel to those experienced in the affairs of war and ancient customs " Benkei promptly took it to himself. "Let not your lordship be anxious. Leave the matter to me, and I shall certainly find some way out of our uncertainty. Whether we go east or west, on the right or wrong road, means all the difference between a walk and a fight. The honour and glory of our leader is at stake."

Climbing a huge boulder near the edge of the cliff which overhung the valley, Benkei peered around and down, in every direction. In the sky there was a twinkle of stars. On the earth the dark pines and cedars alone seemed to blur the landscape. But behind, in the distance,

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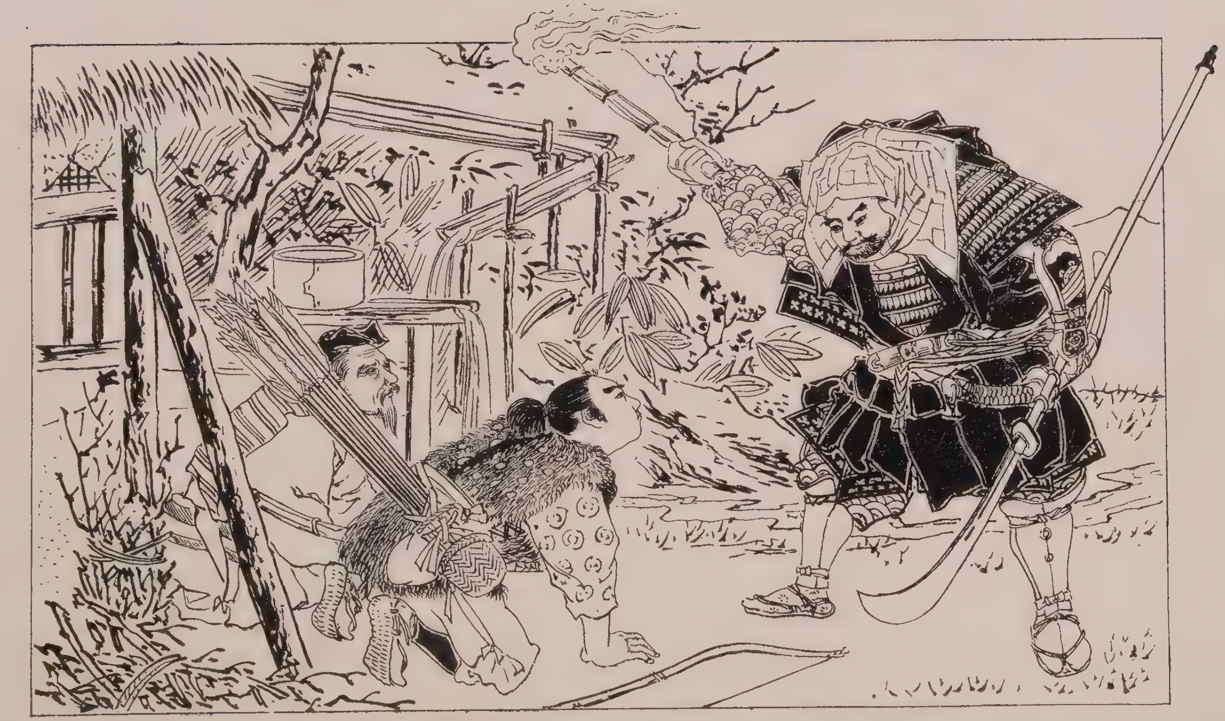
* "Trouble" here means difficulties, material and spiritual—i.e. the *pilikia nui* of the Hawaiian (Legislature)—a most expressive phrase, and a lively political organisation to give it expression.



BENKEI FINDS WASHIWO SABURŌ.

he detected a light so low down that it was unlikely to be anything but a torch or lamp in some hut. Seizing a brand Benkei made off in the darkness. Yoshitsune shrugged his shoulders, and all sheltered themselves from the cold wind as well as they could. They felt satisfied that something was going to result. Benkei was making his best efforts to realize their hopes. Lowering himself down cliffs and again climbing others, meanwhile blessing the dried stalks of vines and creepers and the projecting knobs which gave him valuable assistance, he made his way up and down to the bed of a little side valley in which he had seen the light. It was not so very far off, and he found it to come from an old rough and battered hut, plainly occupied by mountaineers or hunters. A cautious man (in this sense) Benkei first inspected the interior. An old man clad in a leathern waist-coat was squatting before the fire. A young lad of eighteen years stood by his side. Their conversation was about the events of the day, the defeat of Kiso Yoshinaka, and the expedition against Ichi-no-tani. Said the man :—" Moreover, Gen-kurō Yoshitsune, general of the Minamoto, is on the way through Tamba to fall on the Taira rear."—" That he is," replied the youth, " for Rokusaka of Suganemura came across them this morning on the mountain. But I shall carry no news to Ichi-no-tani. The Taira have grievously maltreated the Tennō, and thoroughly deserve the beating they are going to get "—" Ay ! " grunted *Ojisan*, as he looked thoughtfully at the lad. " How I would like to see you a retainer of Lord Yoshitsune, and wearing two swords."—" Ehen ! Ya-a-a ! " came a loud snort from the doorway. Looking up the pair saw the figure of a huge *bushi*, clad in black leather armour, the torch in his hand throwing into relief the white *tokin* which covered head and neck and set off his sombre trappings. " Who are you ? " asked *Ojisan* in surprise. " It is strange for we hunters to find company in this deserted spot." Benkei threw back the *kazusa* (a rustic hinged door), and entered the hut to plant himself in front of the grateful fire. With his eight feet of stature he was a striking figure.

Slowly and carefully he took in his surroundings. Then he began :—" I am Saitō Musashi-bō Benkei, once Shinbutsu-maru of Hieisan, and now a retainer of Kurō Yoshitsune, the Hangwan.* We are on the way to attack the Taira by crossing at Hiyodorigoye. We have lost our way at a cross-roads just below here. We must be prompt to cross the pass before dawn and join in the attack on Ichi-no-tani. If we fail, then my lord will lose much merit which others will secure. Seeing your light I hoped to secure a guide to the pass. You will certainly be well rewarded by my lord and by Kamakura-dono." The *Ojisan's* (old man's) eyes sparkled with joy. " You have done well in coming to us. Our appearance of hunters is all a pretence. I am really a retainer of the Minamoto, and am only too glad to do something in return for what I owe them. I am sixty years of age, and too old to be your guide, but my son can take my place," and he turned toward the youth who was in open admiration of Benkei's soldierly appearance. " That indeed can I," said this latter, in reply to the silent appeal. The mountain to me is like our garden. I know it from one end to the other." Benkei was much struck by the manners of both men, and the grace with which they wore their rough costume. The lad wore a coat of mail, but without *kogusoku* (trunk). A bearskin waist-coat and a hunter's knife completed his simple attire. He was a magnificent fellow, standing a full six feet in stature, with huge muscular frame in proportion. To accompany Benkei he put on a shabby old court hat, in strange contrast with the straw *waraji* on his feet. Then Benkei started with his double prize, by a much better road than he had come to them.

Yoshitsune was a little surprised, but he was too used to Benkei to get uneasy at his long delay. The giant's form again loomed out of the darkness. " Ah ! Here you are at last," said his commander. Said Benkei :— " I think I have secured what you wish, my lord ; a guide to Hiyodorigoye." He presented his companions to Yoshitsune, who at once plunged into the matter in hand. The account given to him was discouraging. It was of deep valleys, steep rough mountain slopes, cliffs, and rocks. "Nothing but a bird can pass there," emphasized the old man, looking decidedly doubtful over the elaborate equipment of the *bushi*. Youth turns to hopeful youth, and Yoshitsune thought he detected respectful dissent in the younger man's face. He was a pleasing sight to this judge of a good soldier. Under his rough corselet "he was clad in skirt and tights of persimmon colour. He carried a bow twisted with vine, and on his back was a monkey-skin quiver stuffed with arrows. He had a manly complexion, his large frame was a mass of well-developed sinew and muscle, and his nose was of excellent contour." Turning to him the Hangwan said:—"Can rabbit or deer pass this place of which we speak?"—"They can and do, my lord," was the brief reply—"Take me there," said Yoshitsune; then he added:—"You are not hunters. I can see that. At some time you have been *samurai*. Tell me something of your lineage." There were tears in the old man's eyes as he knelt in reverence. Benkei looked with admiring approval on his lord's acumen in reading the character of men. The old man bowed his head to the hard ground. "It is so my lord, and great would be my shame at our miserable condition, if it were due to our fault. My father was Shoji no Tsunehisa, a retainer of Rokujō Hangwan Tameyoshi in Settsu. Although poor he had his horse and bow, but in defeat everything fell into the hands of Namba Jirō of the Taira, and death was my father's lot. I took refuge in the mountains, to live the life of a hunter. Glad am I to go through this night's experience. When I join my ancestors under the gravestone I will have much to tell them of their lordships Yoritomo and Yoshitsune, and the vengeance taken upon the Taira"—"To be brave and simple of mind usually includes benevolence and reverence to the past"; thus came the deep voice of Benkei from the dark back-ground. "How old is he, and what is his name?" asked Yoshitsune, pointing to the youth—"He is now eighteen years old, my lord, and his name is Kamawo-maru, or rather Saburō we call him. He had two elder brothers, but both died in childhood. As hunters we no longer have a family name, but living near Mount Washiwo the hunters have named him Washiwo"——"Washiwo Saburō Tsunehisa it shall be," replied Yoshitsune. "You certainly look as if you would willingly become my retainer." Then seeing the joy of father and son, he ordered:—"Give him an equipment." He had hardly ceased speaking when Benkei emerged from the darkness, with beaming face and loaded with the necessary harness of the knight. Silently he had gone to the pack train to be ready to reply to the command he felt sure his lord would give, thus to stand sponsor for this splendid recruit to his lord's service. Aided by the skilful hands of Benkei and Ise Saburō, Washiwo Saburō stood forth the fully equipped knight, in armour of red leather, and with a helmet with a white star frontlet. To these Yoshitsune added a sword decorated with silver rings on the sheath, and mounted him on a fine chestnut stallion. The lad felt "as one who enters heaven." The more hardened warriors smiled as he drew and brandished his new weapon. A hunter's son he was a skilled horseman, and his father had carefully trained him in the duties of a *bushi* and skill with weapons. The disturbed conditions of the country in the past few years gave plenty of opportunity for their exercise. The strength and massiveness of his form, set off by the armour, astonished Yoshitsune himself, so great was the change from the rough hunter's garb.

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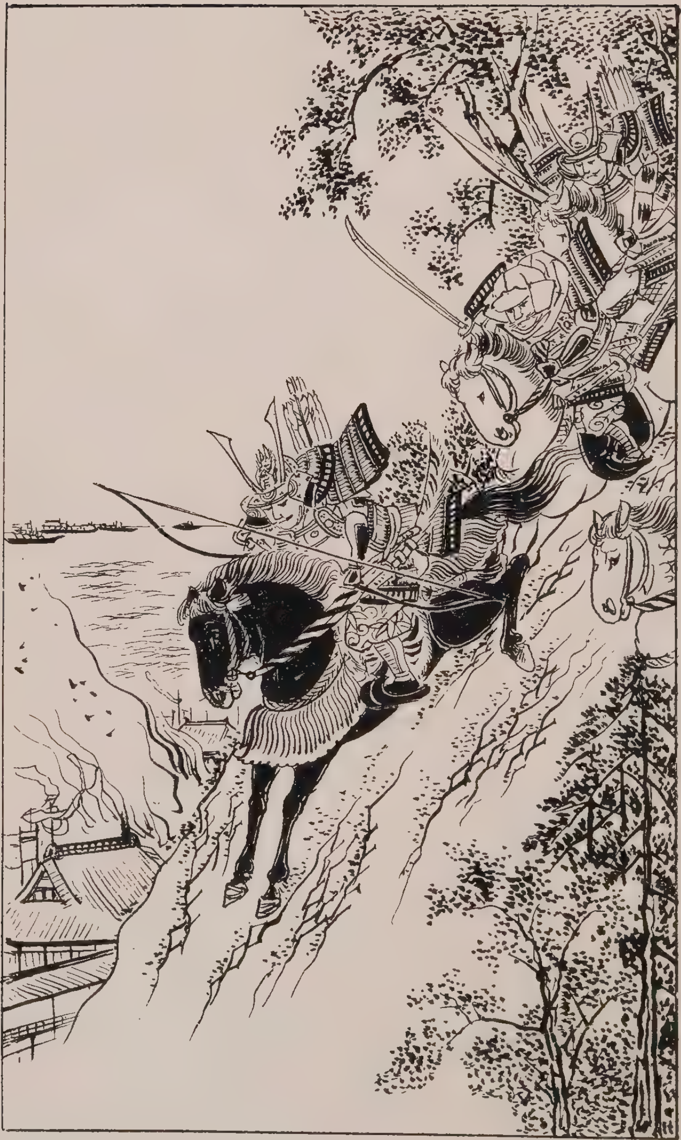
* This term is the designation of an important official (*vice*) to a district governor. But it figures largely as a title. Yoshitsune, in the old romances, is "The Hangwan ;" the usual reference to him, and not under his personal name.

The old man having taken his way home rejoicing, Yoshitsune turned to their new guide. "Now where do these roads find their end?" he asked—Replied Washiwo: "this one to the North leads to Sasayama in Tamba; this to the West leads to Harima; this to the South-west goes to Hiyodorigoye, but it soon gives out. It has been abandoned for many years, and is practically given back to the forest. But it is the way to reach the Taira rear where Etchu Zenji Moritoshi is in command." Benkei, Kumai, Kataoka, grinned a little. Said Benkei, in expla-



THE DESCENT OF HIYODORIGOYE.

nation and answer to Washiwo's inquiring look, "Kumai Tarō has a matter to settle with his lordship, an interrupted conversation to finish." Continued Washiwo:—"He will soon be able to do so. You have not strayed from the road, for it is necessary to come so far from the West in order to begin the ascent. The distance is not great, but the passage is very steep, and there is no road. As the place is not fit for man or beast the Taira are off their guard. They keep nothing but a patrol on the mountain top, and that is somewhat beyond here"—"Let us go forward," said Yoshitsune. And forward it was. As Washiwo had told them, the reminiscence of a path soon gave out. Climbing and clinging to trees and rocks, dragging their horses after them, they finally reached the top of the pass between Hachibuse and Arido. It was early dawn and the birds were greeting the sun, but the surroundings savoured little of spring. The wind blew cold over the broad patches of snow keen as the swords awaiting them. Hands and feet were numb and frozen. What they found at the top was not encouraging. They came out on a bluff, "ragged as the edge of a saw." This fell off into a smooth sandy slope which gave very little foothold. Far below was a sort of shelf, and below this again the rough steep rock strewn slope, covered with forest.*

Yoshitsune rode to the front. "Where deer can go, our horses can go. Keep a tight rein." He started boldly down the mountain. The company followed, the rider's crest touching the head of the horse following behind. Those who lacked a steed put a mat beneath them and slid after the horsemen. Thus they reached the little plateau beneath. From a clearing on the edge Ichi-no-Tani and the palace at Suma could easily be seen. Hot fighting was already going on. "Red and white banners, waving in the wind, looked like cherry blossoms flying through the air. The war shouts raised on both sides by the combatants, the beating of the drums, echoed far and wide over mountain and sea." Meanwhile they had a little battle on their own account as a preliminary. A noise behind them came from a little band of men carrying the Taira banner. They were about a hundred in number, and at first an ambush was suspected. Said Washiwo—"No; it is the guard of which I spoke. Their only retreat is by a long detour to reach Hyōgo-mura. They have been stationed at a hut just above here, but unwatchful and careless the *biwa*, *saké*, and pleasure have been their main occupation. Allow me to try my sword on them, and kill them for you"—"Very well," said Yoshitsune, with a little sign apart to Benkei, Ise Yoshimori, the Satō, and others. "Sacrifice them to Hachiman for success in our coming battle." Washiwo rode forward toward the new-comers, hesitating and astonished at the edge of the clearing. Benkei and Ise disappeared into the wood. Shouted the young knight:—"Come, you Taira cowards. I am Washiwo Saburō, retainer of Gen Kurō Hangwan Yoshitsune. You have only known me as huntsman. Now I shall have the pleasure of dealing you deadly blows. Get ready and submit your necks to my sword." The Taira men were more astonished than frightened. Their fright was confined to the unexpected appearance of an enemy in such a place. Washiwo was greeted in scurrilous terms. "You mosquito! Hovering near the flame you are certain to perish." Thus the Taira leader spoke. But a match was found in Washiwo, who displayed an extraordinary activity and skill in fencing, appearing and disappearing almost at will. The careful training of the old *samurai*, the rough and tumble sports and quarrels of the mountaineers, had made this youth a finished soldier. "Like a lion in a ferocious rage he tore here and there through their ranks." Their blows fell on each other, not on him. Thirty-six of them he killed and beheaded, while they squabbled as to who had struck them. The rest fled "like spiders," only to find Benkei and Ise established on the only line of retreat. Their long swords mowed the Taira down, cutting off heads like ripe ears in autumn. Few escaped to tell the tale. Then Benkei came up to embrace the energetic youth, his own discovery. "You are indeed a true *bushi.*" It was the verdict of all. Thus did Washiwo Saburō begin his knight's service to his dear lord Yoshitsune—to be at his side through all the critical period of the ensuing years, until both fell together in Mutsu.

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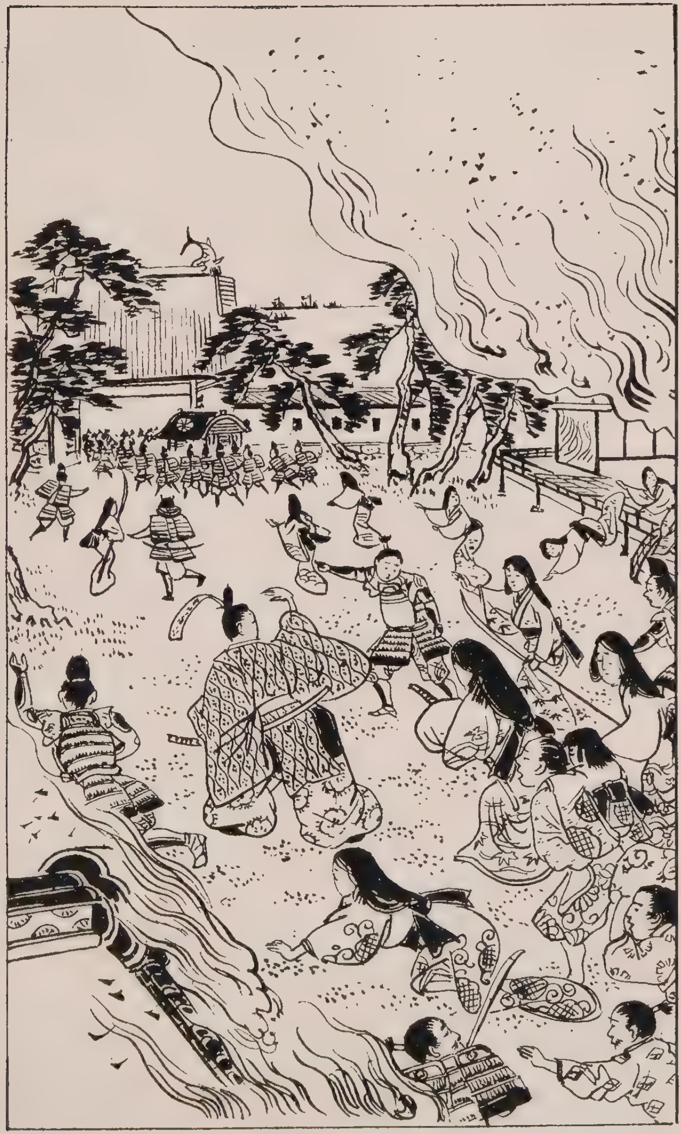
* To one familiar with the Japanese mountain structure, its sharp serrated outline and steep pitch, this is easily understood. There is such a slope just behind Nikkō Yumoto crossed by the Toyotōge, and the Konseitōge presents much the same features. There is an impression that the Konseitōge is not crossed by horses, but the writer has seen horse droppings near the top on both sides of the pass, and in 1904 met a train of horses so near the top of the pass that they had no business there except to cross it. It would not be a comfortable passage for the rider. Ichi-no-tani now is quite mild. As is the "Moon" mountain behind Kōbe.

§ 4.

To follow the trail of the fugitives was out of the question. As Washiwo pointed out, it meant a detour of nearly half a day to reach Ichi-no-tani. The battle was already on, and they must be there within the next hour. But all hesitated before the rough steep surface of the slope! They were eager and willing to die fighting, but had no particular appetite for the inglorious broken neck. Yoshitsune paid no attention to hesitation or murmurs. "'The king of T'sin, when at war with Yen, told his soldiers that when in the field they must fight. All the food and cooking utensils were thrown away, and in desperation they were compelled to win or lose the battle. The Yen were defeated before the vigorous onset [in this battle of the frying-pan]. We must go forward. Put your trust in Hachiman Daibosatsu and the Lord Buddha.'" Then he summoned Benkei. "Bring here a white horse in full war harness (Minamoto), and a brown horse free and untrammeled (Taira), and run them down the slope." This was done. The Minamoto horse reached the bottom and the camp of Etchu Zenji, to the great astonishment of the latter who thought it must have fallen from the sky. The Taira horse stumbled, and fell with a broken leg into a hollow. Now, as our romancer is careful to state, all this was plain buncombe on Yoshitsune's part. He knew that the free unsaddled horse would step carelessly, and would probably be killed in its descent, whereas the burdened animal would pick its way with care. But he wanted to encourage his men, and in this he was successful. All the Minamoto warriors considered the omen a good one, and were ready to risk the descent. "Be careful, and follow me," shouted Yoshitsune. The bell was beaten as signal. Mounted on his favourite steed Tayukuro he rode forward down the dangerous rocky slope. Benkei and Hitachi-bō Kaison came close behind him. Then followed Kumai Tarō, Kataoka Hachirō, Ise Saburō, Suruga Jirō, Satō Tsuginobu and Tadanobu. Behind the other captains came their particular retainers. All competed as to who should first reach the bottom. Hatakeyama, clad in his armour, with his huge quiver full of eagle-feathered arrows, injured his horse in the descent. Feeling dishonoured by the untoward occurrence he dismounted, found the injury to be slight, shouldered the beast himself, and with a sapling torn from its roots as staff, took his way down the mountain. "Thus he acted in this unheard of manner; he who had crossed the Ujikawa with Oguchi Tarō clinging to his helmet, and swimming for both of them."

In this manner, by the aid of Hachiman the War God (and Yoshitsune's wits), they reached the bottom, to burst like a storm into this undefended side of the Taira fortifications. Taking one of the huge bundles of straw brought along for the purpose, Benkei set fire to it, and threw it into the nearest of the collection of straw-thatched huts built to shelter the Taira men at arms. Others followed his example, and the thick smoke rising concealed their scanty numbers. Etchū Zenji, still conjecturing as to his equine visitor, had his doubts solved by the apparitions of Benkei and Kumai. His head was deftly removed by the former, and appropriated by the latter, before he well knew what was going forward. Confused by this sudden attack in force and in an unexpected quarter, hampered by the women and children running and crying amid the flames and smoke, the Taira began to give way. Noriyori and Doi Jirō, at the sight of the



THE CAPTURE OF ICHI-NO-TANI CASTLE.

flames and confusion in the opposite ranks knew that Yoshitsune was on the ground. They rallied their men, defeated and discouraged by the obstinate defence against which they had been contending. Much encouraged efforts were redoubled. With an enemy in their midst the Taira gave way on all sides. The only aim now was to escape to the boats, regardless of duty to father or lord. The Minamoto poured into the camp from all the land sides. Only the sea was left open. A few stood their ground. Thus Noto-no-Kami Kadowaki Noritsune, the great captain and noted archer, brave and of wondrous strength, stationed himself on a little sand dune and kept the enemy at bay. Four or five of the closely ranked Minamoto were pierced at every shaft from his formidable bow. To his triumphant war cry answered the shout of his faithful retainer Sanuki Rokurō. The latter, however, watched the scene with anxiety. The Taira were fast escaping, and but few remained to embark. He advised his master to escape in his turn. "Your life is everything to the clan, and here nothing more can be done. Give me your helmet and upper armour. Taking your place I will hold the enemy at bay." It took much argument to make Noritsune accept the sacrifice. His duty to the clan, and the accepted duty of the retainer to his chief, finally had its way. The exchange was effected, and Rokurō standing forth in the thickening smoke once more defied the enemy. "Come, you cowards! Here I am; Noto-no-Kami Noritsune in person." The Minamoto were afraid to advance as long as the formidable chief had an arrow left in his quiver. Thus Noritsune had plenty of time to ride off on his horse Uzu-umi. Reaching the beach he embarked, as had others before him, for Shikoku. The few that were left followed this bravest of the brave; the Hector, or rather Ajax, of the Taira clan. Some boats were overloaded and upset, and those within, men and leaders, were drowned. Many could find no room, and were made prisoners or killed. On the edge of the battle Kumagai Naozane noted a warrior trying to make off through the water. Driving his steed into the shallows he soon reached him. The knight was no match for the hardy Kwantō soldier. Dragging him off his horse Kumagai rode to land, and casting him to the ground leaped on him to tear off the helmet, then and there to decapitate him. It was the youthful face of Taira Atsumori, a slender sickly boy of nineteen years, rare among this fierce clan of warriors and noted for his generous amiable temperament. Kumagai hesitated. The face of his own young son interposed between him and his victim. It was a cowardice for such a mighty warrior as himself to find an opponent in this youth. Atsumori calmly begged him to hasten his task, and give his body decent burial. No matter how good his intentions Kumagai was caught by the iron necessity of his trade. Atsumori, if allowed to live, would fall into more cruel hands than his, and die under the stroke of the executioner. So he dealt the deadly blow, and cut off the boy's head. Then he rode off from the victor's camp and the world, to hide himself under a monk's robe in the monastery of Kurodani at Miyako, disgusted with life and its incongruities.*

The Taira suffered heavy loss of leaders in this battle. Michimori, Tadanori, Tsunemasa, Atsumori, Tomoaki, Tsunetoshi, Narimori, Moritoshi, Morimori, were killed on the battle-field. Sakon Chūjō Shigehira, son of Kiyomori and one of their most capable captains, was made a prisoner, a most unfortunate occurrence for him as the burning of the Tōdaiji at Nara made him most obnoxious

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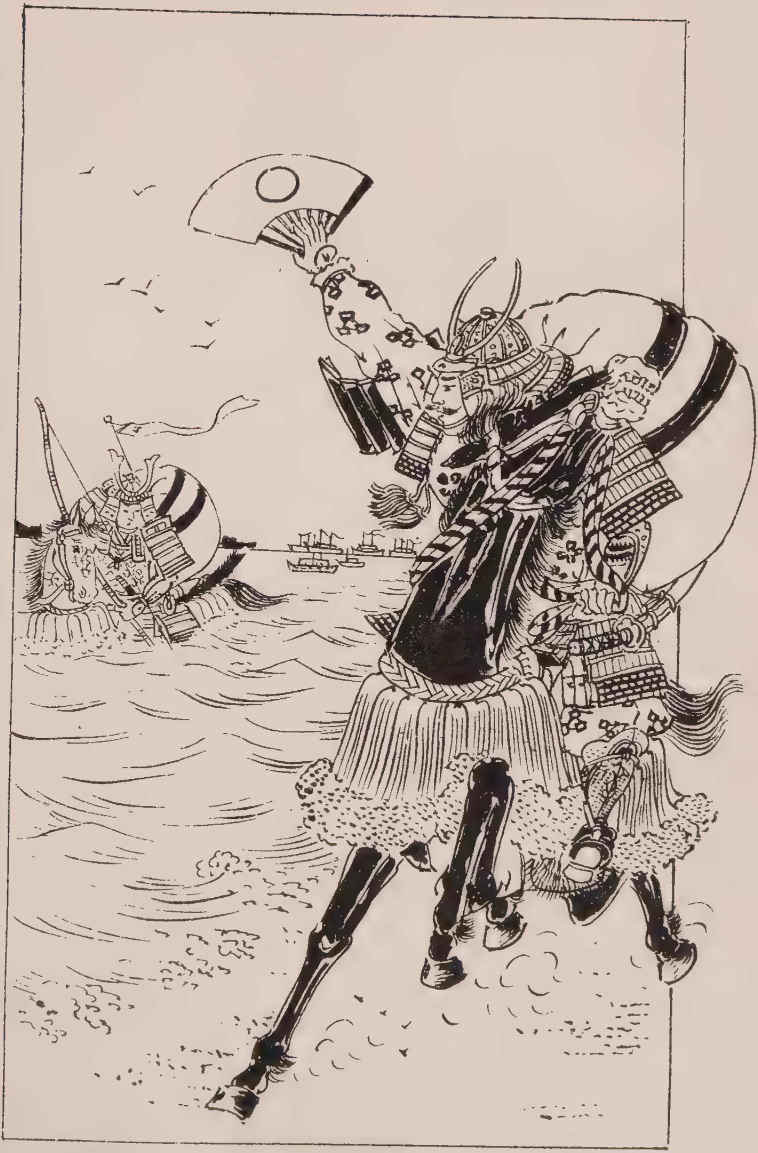
* This is not an appropriate ending to the legend of Atsumori and Kumagai Naozane. The latter is a prominent figure in the Yashima campaign a year later, and was one of the few of Yoritomo's captains who braved the stormy water in the train of the Hangwan (Yoshitsune). A more vulgar version of his becoming a priest is that he had a quarrel over boundary lines with Kuge Naomitsu (in 1192 A.D.), and the decision was against him. In disgust he entered Kurodani, shaved his head, took the name of Renshō, and studied the law (theological) with Genkū Shōnin. The Japanese prefer this gruesome tale:—when it came to the count of heads Kumagai's old feeling for his Taira allegiance was too strong for him. He sacrificed his own youngest son, and allowed Atsumori to escape and live in concealment. This tale has a suspicious connection with the similar one of Genzō vassal of Michizane (Sugawara-ninth century). The Japanese consider this a fine example and exhibition of loyalty as taught according to the gospel of Bushidō!



NAOZANE SUMMONS ATSUMORI TO SINGLE COMBAT.

to court and clerical circles. A wide swathe was made in court ranks, and the new Minamoto holders for the time being had no rivals. Of the humbler combatants Sanuki Rokurō, after leaving a pile of dead before him, exhausted his arrows and had to take to the sword. He was finally killed by Tōtōmi no Kami Yoshisada,* and thus the name of Noto-no-Kami Noritsune appeared in the list of dead forwarded to the Hōō at Miyako. The old chroniclers, and their copyists the romancers, drone on for pages, keeping a religious and partisan silence as to the severe losses of the Minamoto in this stubbornly fought battle. Many of the Taira, not finding death by the sword, leaped into the flames.† The battle-field had stretched over the long front from Ikuta ‡ to Ichi-no-tani at Suma. Minamoto and Taira dead by thousands lay in heaps at the East and West gates, and before the barriers. The white sand of the beach was discoloured by the pools of blood.

Noriyori and Doi had so nearly met defeat that there was no doubt in men's minds as to who was the victor of Ichi-no-tani. Yoritomo unwillingly recognized it when later he finally allowed the campaign against the Taira host to be conducted by Yoshitsune, and only then after the conspicuous failure of the well-meaning Noriyori. Yoshitsune henceforth "was regarded as heaven's messenger, sent down to mete out retribution for the deeds of the cruel Kiyomori. His courage and skill in strategy had reduced all this stone and iron to a mass of shapeless ruins." The battle over Yoshitsune acted just as if it was yet in progress. Seating himself on a little hill he assembled his chief captains and knights in a circle around him. Thus the company were grouped or on guard. Doi and Okazaki with a thousand men were stationed a hundred yards away, as if ready for battle. Then Hori Yatarō, Musashi-bō Benkei, and Sashi Tōhachi were made secretaries to note down the booty and the heads obtained. Noriyori, who rode by, jibed and jested to his captains at this "over-strained carefulness. He does not seem to know that the battle is over." When it came to the ears of Yoshitsune and his men the latter were very angry. Even Benkei looked quizzically at his lord, as if expecting some expression of anger leading to vengeance, perhaps to a little neck and buttock-clutching on his part. Yoshitsune only laughed. The feeling between these two half-brothers was really very good, as time was to show. Noriyori was suffering from a little temporary spleen. "Noriyori does not seem to be well up on tactics," was his only comment. "'Many battles have been lost by the rallying of the defeated. 'The conqueror should act as if conquered' says an old military book. A small force can bring disaster on the careless victors. As we should never get discouraged at defeat, so victory should not bring over-encouragement. My little circle kept us in safe guard. A victor must tighten the cord of his helmet, not loosen it. Thus did Kōbu of Han, whose hair turned white from his anxious care after a victorious engagement. Gama-dono (Noriyori) is not too careful. Through carelessness he lost the insignia of his helmet when Tomomori so severely checked him when engaged with Yukiiye. Since leaving the Kwantō he has done nothing but ride on horseback and talk. Our defeat of Yoshinaka at Uji enabled him to pass the Setagawa, and our small band of men at Ichi-no-tani has saved his reputation (and bacon). He would be still knocking at the gate, if we had not succeeded in traversing a path fit only for birds.'" Thus did Yoshitsune in his turn laugh at Noriyori. But they were brothers in blood, and brothers in fate—something which neither could or did realize.*

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* *Kami* here means "lord." Noto no K: Wakasa no K: Yamato no K: etc.

† It can well be asked what kind of savage warfare was this, where women and children preferred death to falling into the enemy's hands? As was the case when in the summer of 1615 A.D. Iyeyasu took by storm Osaka Castle, the last defence of Hideyori, son of Hideyoshi the Taikō. What kind of treatment was meted out to the conquered? It is best not to ask. And this Red Indian warfare was the accepted and boasted code of 1867 A.D. Shades of Bushidō! Away with it.

‡ The Ikuta temple is at the base of the hill, just behind the Kōbe foreign settlement.

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* Klaproth notes in the original the use of 火. "Sous un feu terrible" can be translated "under cover of," etc. Cf. his note, Ō-Dai-Ichiran p. 210. Modern Japanese has translated the term "fire-arm"

as sufficiently descriptive, 火器. Fire (火) has been used in many forms in war. The Japanese used flaming arrows. The Greeks used naptha when Saracens and Turks attacked Constantinople. And so with Yoshitsune, who, at Ichi-no-tani and elsewhere, resorted to this method of warfare, approved by Chinese writers on military subjects, and adopted by the Japanese if not original with them, as some of the earliest tales of the Kojiki and Nihongi indicate (as far as they are not cribbed from Chinese history). When fire-arms were introduced by the Dutch and Portuguese in the sixteenth century they were new to the Japanese, and so clumsy that they made little change in the methods of warfare. The criminal closing of the country by Iemitsu prevented the Japanese keeping abreast of western development. Therefore in 1867 A.D. we have the seventeenth century *bushi* confronting nineteenth century armament: an impossible position. I have seen the statement somewhere, that in Cromwell's time (1642 A.D.) artillery fire was only efficient at a distance of 700 yards (half a mile), and the slow process of reloading did not then give it great efficiency. Which accounts for the importance, long retained, of cavalry as the efficient arm of the service, a point quickly grasped by Cromwell and his captains. The value of the infantry man depends on the range and accuracy of his weapon, as soon as this passes beyond the stage of physical encounter. Prof. Fiske, (Dicovery of America I. p. 216) has noted the importance of weapons in the history of colonization. The Northmen in the America of the 10th century did not have fire-arms. The European of the 15th century did have them. In fact the history of all time has shown that conquest lies quite as much in the weapon as in "the man behind the gun." Even discipline is secondary. The sharpshooters of Jackson's army put to flight at New Orleans the British veterans of the Peninsular (Spain) war.

As to the numbers engaged we have one positive indication. Twelve hundred heads was the tally of the Taira *dead*. This hardly allows for 100000 engaged on *their* side alone. Besides, in face of the difficulty of embarking such a host the slaughter should have been much greater. As to head counting, the Mimi-zuka of Kyōto, erected over the ears and noses of dead Koreans, is a standing memorial of the way of counting noses. Hideyoshi (1596 A.D.) found noses and ears less costly to transfer in bulk for such a long haul.

CHAPTER X.

THE BATTLE OF YASHIMA.

"Falstaff—Thou knowest my old ward:—here I lay, and thus I
bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive
at me,—
"Prince Henry—What, four? thou saidst but two even now.
"Falstaff—Four, Hal; I told thee four.
"Poins—Ay, Ay, he said four.
"Falstaff—These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at
me. I made me no more ado, but took all their
seven points in my target, thus.
"Prince Henry—Seven? Why, there were but four even now.
"Falstaff—In buckram?
"Poins—Ay, four, in buckram suits.
"Falstaff—Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villian else.

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"Prince Henry—O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out
of two.

§ 1.

Noriyori and Yoshitsune lost no time on the field of battle. An open sea, bare of any means to cross it, confronted them, apart from the fact that the rough handling they had received from the Taira defence necessitated reorganization, if further action against the enemy was to be effected. The army was at once started on its march to Miyako, which city the two chiefs entered on the second day after the battle, 23rd March. A report was at once sent to Kamakura. The escape of Munemori with the rival Tennō was a great disappointment, but the Taira had lost at least ten thousand men, and among them was believed to be the dreaded Noritsune. This at least was showing some results for the efforts made, and as long as the Taira retained control of the sea, to go to any point they wished, little more could be expected. The vindictive old Hōō rejoiced as only one theologically clad can rejoice. The rewards within his reach cost little in anything but good will and good nature, and at this general cleaning of the slate of his pet aversions his spirit was willing, if his resources meagre in the distribution. On March 24th, the two captains, Noriyori and Yoshitsune were received in state by the Hōō. This pleasant and gorgeous ceremony over they got down to the disagreeables.

Now Yoshitsune proposed that the heads of the Taira chiefs should be exposed in the streets of the capital. This afforded interest to all, amusement to many, and a pleasing horror to some few of the elders of the garrulous and frivolous inhabitants of the capital and to all the children, who swarmed then as they do now, safer than any other human creatures in wandering streets and roads among the sword blades of the *samurai*. Besides, such an exposure put the Court on record, and on the Minamoto side in an official way such as nothing else could. It was a wiping out of the old ban published against them. Therefore there were decided objections to it. The Court officials were deeply permeated by the Taira clan. Relation by marriage made it disagreeable to sisters and cousins and aunts that their male relations should thus grin and dangle in the streets in which formerly they rode in sour and sullen pride. The Hōō had no particular objection on that line. As to relationship, Minamoto and Taira were Tweedledum and Tweedledee. This was the finish of another round of their classic battle. He felt that if Tweedledee was now the under-dog, it soon might be Tweedledum. In a spirit of conservatism and past exciting experiences he therefore backed up his courtiers. This young man Yoshitsune was going entirely too fast. The administration of the Taira officials had, in its way, not been altogether bad. It had collected the taxes regularly—and spent them; but still it had cellected them, and deserved credit for keeping up the good habit among the plebeians of paying them, in full measure and running over.* Its *karma* had not been entirely devoid of acquiring merit. Peace be to their ashes—and their heads. Now this was a matter of keen regret to Yoshitsune and Noriyori. The heads of Tameyoshi and Yoshitomo and their numerous issue called for vengeance. They had gone through their bad quarter of an hour in the streets of Miyako, exposed to the comments of the many-headed. Let the other fellows take their turn. If "no go, no play." The Minamoto had worked hard, relieved the Court of all (past) anxieties. It had its mission of vengeance. If this was not satisfied, then they must retire from the capital, the scene of their enemies' triumph, and let the Court take its chances in the future. With Munemori still extant and uncrushed across the bay at Yashima the reply was effective. They all sat down, *more Japonico*, to haggle, eat *kwashi* (cakes) and drink hot water or sake (tea being known but not much used).† "Two eggs and no bacon; or one egg and a slice of bacon?" All the heads or how many? The Court held out for a decent minimum. They were much annoyed at still feeling the iron hand of the military. They ought to have been used to it, but still there remained memories in these worthless *kugé* of having played both games themselves in former days. An agreement was reached on ten heads, and the Minamoto chiefs saw that the selection was a good one. The heads covered a wide membership of relation in the highest circles, and they were favoured with a special grand-stand, where they could be seen, if not see. This little diplomatic arrangement effected Noriyori returned to Kamakura. Here Yoritomo was balancing his own little ledger. On a fine May day the head of Shimidzu no Kwanja Yoritaka, son of the late Kiso Yoshinaka and son-in-law of the present Kamakura-dono, was removed from his shoulders. His wife did not approve of this belated collection of an outlawed debt. The young man must have left some savoury record in her heart. She shaved her head and turned nun. Thus adding to Yoritomo's little surplus of merit, for he was a religious man, and sought recruits for the service of the Lord Buddha.

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* For "plebeian" we cannot use the term "unwashed." Natural hot water is so abundant in the country that the people have been trained into personal cleanliness through that *agreeable* form of tubbing. But—it would take horses to get a Japanese into cold water—especially in winter. In the heat of summer there is a little bathing in sea and river.

† Tea: "believed to have been introduced" from China in 805 A.D. by Dengyō Daishi. Its culture made little progress until the end of the 12th century. Its use by the lower classes dates from the end of the 17th century—thus Prof. Chamberlain, in "Things Japanese." Latter day romances have Benkei et Al swigging tea all day long. The mention of inns I think is justified. So far back as in the Manyōshū there is reference to an inn at a ferry station.

At this point comes in one of those little pieces of diplomacy of the Hōō, concerning which Yoritomo was not ignorant, for it was all open and above board, and on which his real opinion would be interesting to know. Not being a party to it, the Minamoto were in no way compromised, which perhaps accounts for Munemori's answer. Confused as the accounts are the result is plain enough. Now it was well enough known that a Tennō without the Sacred Three Treasures was next door to no Tennō at all. Fujiwara Kanezane, the court stickler for proprieties, laid this down in the flattest sense. "We can call Go-Toba the Tennō, but there can be no proper coronation without the regalia." Thus spoke Grummer to his Japanese Nupkins.* Now the Hōō had Taira Shigehira, bagged at Ichi-no-tani, with his head still on his shoulders and in talking order. He offered him his life in exchange for the Three Treasures. He made proclamation to that effect; and the proclamation, with a letter from Shigehira, was placed in Munemori's hands. The reply, given in three sources (by Dr. Ariga),† shows that Munemori knew that Shigehira was safe as long as he held the regalia, and that none of them were safe as soon as they passed from his hands. The first variation (Adzuma Kagami) makes Munemori speak of the importance of peace between Minamoto and Taira, but as long as the Hōō's attitude was hostile to the Taira this could not take place. Let the Minamoto army disband, and thus enable the Tennō to return to Miyako. Thus he stiffly maintained the right of little Antoku to the throne, and he laid his finger on the bald hypocrisy of the Hōō's offer. His reply (in the Gempei Seisuiki) is not inconsistent with this, for he is made to point out the vital connection between the regalia and the Tennō's person. Where one is there is the other. That most of his family had perished at Ichi-no-tani, and that he had no wish to survive them, simply reads as a veiled threat in regard to the safety of the treasures if the Taira were pressed too hard. All shall perish together. The third variation by Dr. Ariga is from the "Tama-no-Umi." Here Munemori is made to bargain for Sanuki as his fief. He clings to the rights of Antoku, and is made to read the proposition as a treaty of peace. Munekiyo, his son, will return to Miyako with the Tennō, the *nyoin* (Kenrei-mon-in), and the Three Treasures. He himself will not return to the city. Throughout all three versions Munemori clings to the right of the little Tennō to rule. The last variation simply accentuates the not very reasonable position that Munemori was the bone of contention, and that his abdication as prime-minister removed all difficulties. This view, however, is possible, for the new idea of Taira to the exclusion of Minamoto was only a quarter of a century old; and it is not out of reason to attribute to him the suggestion of a return to the former joint-share company existing before Kiyomori's day. But in such case Munemori knew little of Yoritomo, in whom the one family idea was firmly fixed, to the extermination of all else. Nothing came of the matter; and as Munemori could know, Shigehira's head remained on his shoulders until the final settlement of the question.

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* Ariga, Dai-Nihon-Rekishi p. 84. † Dai-Nihon-Rekishi II pp. 84, 85.

It was much more efficacious to be in the good books of Kamakura than in those of the *gōshō* at Miyako. In July (1184 A.D.) Noriyori was created Mikawa-no-Kami.

In October he was made commander-in-chief of Yoritomo's army, and was sent to the West to wrest Chūgoku (West Hondo) and the Nankaidō (Kyūshū) from the hands of the Taira. Shikoku was then to be the final trap in which to catch the Taira rat. Antoku was again safely lodged in Yashima under the care of Munemori and Noritsune. Tomomori was operating to great effect in Northern Kyūshū and Nagato. He built a stronghold on the island of Hikōshima at the outer end of the Shimono-Seki straits. Noriyori had the most capable captains with him, Hōjō, Ashikaga, Takeda, Chiba, Miura, Sasaki. It was well he had. Hearing of his forward movement Komatsu Shigemori, Komatsu Shōshō Arimori, Tango Jijū Tadafusa, with five hundred boats crossed the Inland Sea and fortified themselves at Kojimashiro in Bizen. Every boat for miles around was destroyed or removed. Noriyori, not knowing this, reached Fujito in Bizen at the mouth of the Nishikawa, and then sat down, helplessly watching the enemy on the other side of the narrow inlet, and eating out his heart and eating up his provisions. Fortunately for him he had with him a resourceful captain in Sasaki Moritsune, one possessed of brains as well as guts. Sasaki had a wholesome reverence and fear of Yoritomo, whose fraternal views had not yet shown themselves, but who was notably severe to smaller fry. His mind turned from fish to fishermen. One of the latter told him that at low tide it was an easy matter to wade across the shallows and attack Kojima-shiro (castle). At daylight next day he lead the way. Wada and Miura followed him. The Taira (as usual) were taken by surprise and at breakfast. Sama-no-Kami Yukimori, the best man the Taira had apart from Tomomori and Noritsune, and perhaps a better strategist than either, was killed. Noriyori, as usual when he did not have Yoshitsune with him, took his time and most of the Taira were able to escape before the attack could be made in full force. Noriyori was easily pleased with this superficial triumph. Widely heralded, it was to show how incomplete the whole campaign was with the real captain of the Minamoto left out. As he had no boats with which to attack

Yashima, Noriyori did the next best thing—for himself. He sat down at Muro-no-usu, ringing the changes on eating, drinking, and sleeping, and writing letters to Kamakura asking that boats and belly-timber be forwarded from that distant place. Perhaps he thought that Yoritomo himself was a slow moving man, unwilling to move from the ecclesiastical surroundings of the northern city, comforting to mind and body in its good cheer for both. In a choice between Noriyori and Yoshitsune he was quite likely to suffer the former rather than fall back on the latter. So no answer from Kamakura aroused no anxiety. Fortunately for him Yoshitsune never lost sight of him, and the difficulties he would have to face. This great military brain apparently was the only one to grasp them, and to see in what direction lay the solution.

Gensōshi Yoshitsune had been decidedly side-tracked at Miyako.* Here he was now living entirely on his own account, for Kamakura paid not the slightest attention to his existence. The cause of Yoritomo's irritation at this time was trivial. Yoshitsune had been the inspiring source of the Ichi-no-tani campaign. While this was not against orders, in the public eye it had been made under a commission of the Court. The captain's stiff action in council lost nothing in the telling by such hostile lips as those of Hōjō Tokimasa and Kajiwara Kagetoki. Then, unlike Noriyori, instead of reporting in person at Kamakura, he had remained in Miyako, basking in the smiles of the Hōō and his courtiers. Hence this disfavour at Kamakura, tinged perhaps for the first time with the thought that in this younger brother lay a possible stumbling block to his own plans and a rival in power. Ichi-no-tani was too startling and dramatic in its issue not to attract attention. All this neglect made Yoshitsune feel badly. He really meant so well, was so unsuspicious as to the feelings his youthful openness and undoubted ability aroused, that what envy, hatred, and malice there was he attributed, not to his brother, but to those surrounding Kamakura-dono. The Hōō too thought the silence very strange. However, in the general rejoicing he felt that he might venture in a small way, and meet the influences which Yoshitsune set to work in his own behalf, and to which his mother's family contributed. So in September the young captain was created Sayemon-no-jō, and a month later he was given fifth rank of the lower grade at court and made Kebiishi. This post made him guardian of the city under the Tennō's seal. He was also granted the right of attendance at court; Yorimasa *redivivus.* This in no way pleased Yoritomo when he received notice of it from Yoshitsune. He raised no objection to his accepting these favours from the Court, but sourly wrote in return that the recipient should keep in mind the duties required of him in his new position. The tone of the letter was harsh and unpleasant, but Yoritomo was much in the position of the Hōō. As long as the Taira were extant, there was no telling how badly he might need Yoshitsune. The disfavour expressed in the letter soon passed from Yoshitsune's mind in his pleasure over an audience granted to him, rather ostentatiously. The Hōō had small faith in the young man who had just led a large army to the West. Indeed he had not fairly been started when the news reached Miyako that the Taira had slipped like quick-silver from under his fingers. The Hōō only had trust in the soldier genius under his eyes. He also had something more to ask of him. So on the 16th November, 1184 A.D., Yoshitsune proceeded to the palace, "riding in an octagonal carriage and followed by three pages and twenty retainers, on horseback. In the court-yard, a ceremonial dance was performed, and then Yoshitsune holding a sword and a *shaku* (flat wand) in his hand mounted the steps to the audience hall in a graceful manner," or as graceful as his unwieldy court costume would permit. He did waddle a bit, and looked something like a Neapolitan jelly in motion, but that made no difference to those who likewise were in fashion at the resuscitated Court. Go-Toba had been crowned in August, with mutilated rites and amid the croaking of

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* He had been deprived of his command by Yoritomo after the battle of Ichi-no-tani. Cf. Ariga, loc. cit. pp. 85, 95.

Fujiwara Kanezane. Go-Shirakawa put him kindly and firmly aside, as he had done with Michinori in the days of Hōgen. But Antoku possessed the Three Treasures, and (says our romancer) "it was the first coronation without them."* It was the Hōō's modest request that Yoritomo should get these Three Treasures for him. His favourite choice was Yoshitsune, the only man able to meet these slippery Taira at their own game. To this Yoshitsune could only protest his own good will and desire for vengeance—and the certainty that he could restore the Three Treasures and peace of mind within the curtain if he was given the chance.

The opportunity came in this way. All stood watching Noriyori muddle his campaign during the winter of 1184-5 A.D. Munemori and his captains were at Yashima and controlled Kyūshū.† Tomomori, in February, 1185 A.D, fortified Hikōshima (Ama-ga-seki), and held the straits at Moji. They thus controlled the sea route, and the Governments of Kamakura and Miyako were having a rough and slow time of it in their land communications, raided at will by the Taira. Finally, somehow, Noriyori slipped by the straits in March, to find northern Kyūshū in arms against himself. The old Minamoto sentiment, which had driven Antoku from Dazaifu, seemed extinct. He was in genuine difficulties, and no one realized it better than his brother in Miyako. What Yoritomo thought of the matter is hard to tell. That he would take charge himself of the war was out of the question. It was his settled policy not to leave the Kwantō as long as the Taira could raise a head. His position was too insecure to leave Kamakura, where his presence kept in check discordant elements, for even his own nearest supporters—Hōjō, Miura, Chiba, Hatakeyama—were of Taira blood. He was beginning to realize that in Yoshitsune he had a military genius, and did not like to encourage it. Tacitly he allowed him to take charge of the war, but the commission was not to be from him. In February twenty thousand men were sent from Kamakura under general orders. Yoshitsune and the Hōō snapped at the chance. Yoshitsune, through the medium of Yasutsune Ason, minister of the Great Treasure, conveyed the good news to the palace and the Hōō's ears. The commission under the Tennō's seal was issued at once.

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* Shades of Temmu! Unless we admit an interregnum which the Nihongi does not, and which official chronology did not until 1878 A.D.

† A castle was said to have existed at Yashima as early as 667 A.D. under Tenchi-Tennō. The one to which the Taira retreated had been built for them years before by Taguchi Shigeyoshi. It was much decayed. No levies had been made in Shikoku since Heiji, 1160 A.D.

There was a tempest in the tea-pot. The Hōō and Yoshitsune had to stand by their guns—or rather bows and arrows. The Taira interests among the *kugé* were afraid that Yoshitsune would finally and forever break all the eggs in the Taira basket. Let him stay as guard in Miyako, under him alone we "feel safe." Let anybody else lead this expedition; until all being wearied out, some terms of cohabitation can be arranged between the warring houses. The argument was good, and in accordance with old palace policy. More important was the unwillingness of some of the Kamakura captains, notably Kajiwara, to take orders from Yoshitsune. Others were enthusiastic at the idea of service under such a captain. Such were Hatakeyama, Kumagai, his son Hirayama, Doi, and Takeda, the men who finally did follow him through thick and thin. Most important, the Hōō was against the opposition. He wanted the Three Treasures (the regalia). No old Hottentot, or King Kamehameha, was hotter on the trail of such baubles. So he took the shortest route to get them. To the great joy of Yoshitsune the opposition was broken down, and the order to advance peremptorily issued. His thanks came from the heart. Musashi-bō Benkei, Hitachi-bō Kaison, Ise Saburō, Kamei Rokurō, Kumai Tarō, were ordered to Ohoye-wan (bay) to collect boats for the passage to Awa in Shikoku. They lost no time in taking the road to Settsu.

§ 2.

The whole war game lay in the hands of a capable captain. Noriyori could be smashed in Kyūshū, or he could be the pocket into which the Taira could be driven and annihilated. Yoshitsune was prepared to finish the contest, and to save his brother. But there were many waverers. The longer the delay the more obstinately the Taira interests held their own in the Court. Yoshitsune lost no time. He departed at once for Watanabe in Settsu where the fleet under Kajiwara was gathered. Here he found things not at all to his taste. It was the middle of March, the dreaded "Higan" (*tera-no-hi*), a season of notoriously bad (equinoctial) weather. A stiff gale had been in progress for several days, and the boats collected were more or less damaged. The army, from its camp, eyed the waves piling on to the shore with much misgiving, and the commander with more, for something was known of his exacting temper in all things military. It was not long before the Kwantō captains sought an interview. Riding down steep mountain slopes was within their comprehension; this unstable salt water was another matter. Yoshitsune patiently heard them out. They said in the frankest manner that they were no sailors. On land, fight they could and would. Even in calmer waters they felt sure of holding their own. But in starting against these Taira, familiar with the sea and fighting thereon, they would ask if he, the Hangwan, knew any more about it than they did. The mountain heights of Shikoku were as far off to their eyes as Sumeru itself.

Yoshitsune's answer was firm, kind, and complete. He took no notice of the more than half rebellious tone of the inquiry. Said he:—"'In naval warfare we must study wind and tide. The wind should be behind and favour one's progress. The tide must assist our course, save the strength and add to the impetus given by our rowers. Large vessels are like infantry. Small ones are as cavalry. The five ways and the eight restraints are to be observed in naval battles as well as on land. Arrows and javelins were the missiles to use, and shields were the defence of the bowmen. To gain a sure support in a rocking boat the archers should fire kneeling. In the larger ships wooden shields, cloth covers, wooden covers, fire buckets, fire balls, grasping hooks, lances, rake-like implements (*kumade*), formed the equipment. These different weapons and objects of offense and defense should be in the hands of those best qualified to use them. As to strategy, he shrugged his shoulders. Everywhere and anywhere that depended on the occasion. Generally speaking there were three modes and four manners. And what were the three modes? First, that words alone cannot give us an insight into the matter. Second, that soldiers alone cannot carry out a plan. Third, that wealth and resources do not always carry the day. And what were the four manners? First, application of strategics. Second, discernment of the situation in its positive and negative sense. Third, use of tactics. Fourth, skill in the art of war. As to the dispositions, there were two to observe. First, the circular, which explained itself. Second, that of the bird cloud. As to tactics these were the best. Seeing a little cloud of doubt on the faces of his hearers he explained. 'This is what Taikōbō teaches us in the famous Rikutō. By bird cloud I mean a formation which allows of division and closure as quickly as birds fly, first in widely scattered formation, quickly condensing into a mass. Thus do clouds pile mountain high to condense into threatening bulk. Obey me,' he concluded. 'Let merriment and the wine cup circulate freely to-night. Thus all will start in a happy frame of mind—at dawn.'"*

The clouds had disappeared from the faces of most of the assembled captains. They had confidence in the victor of Ichi-no-tani. Old Kajiwara Kagetoki, who had been listening to this long and technical address with impatience, pushed himself forward at once in obvious and impertinent opposition. " We are all ready to follow and obey you, but as has been said our Kwantō contingents are unused to fighting on the water. Give them therefore a means to retire if the necessity arises. Let the boats be fitted with oars so that they can be moved forward or backward, to the bow-hand (left) or to the horse-hand (right) without turning.* In naval battles to advance or retreat is both necessary and convenient." He looked around on the other captains, to find, it must be confessed, approbation on the countenances of the majority. Yoshitsune spent a few moments in thought. Then he motioned Kagetoki to move closer to him. Kajiwara was anything but modest. He did not have to be asked twice, and promptly advanced his black bearskin rug into prominence. The Hangwan asked :—" Is your reverse oar used to advance or to run away "—" To retreat," replied Kajiwara unequivocally. " A ship should be furnished with both. It is under favourable conditions that a general should go into action, prepared for retreat or attack. Prudence and foresight are part of a leader's equipment. If he has them not, then he is what we call a mere ' wild-boar warrior.' Excess of courage with rashness spells failure. In your failing to provide any such means of retiring you are not as fit to command as I am." Thus spoke with the confident conceit of his disposition and the fixity of years Kajiwara Kagetoki. Naturally Yoshitsune was in a high rage at such open insolence. " Be silent ! You speak of advance, when in heart you are ready to run away. A general is not seeking safety and his home-coming, nor does he want his men to be thinking of retreat. In the many battles fought in Japan and China such a contrivance as your reverse oar has never been heard of. A coward like you needs such a thing : not I. What a general should know is the disposition and character of his men and captains, and adapt

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* An interesting passage from Yamada's "Kunkō Zūe" p 168 seq. of Takahashi's edition. It is an old book. I have an edition printed in the 9th year of Bunsei (1826 A.D.). Volume I of Part II is a more catholic reference. The above is condensed from Mr. Minakami's translation, as Yamada rambles with some superfluity.

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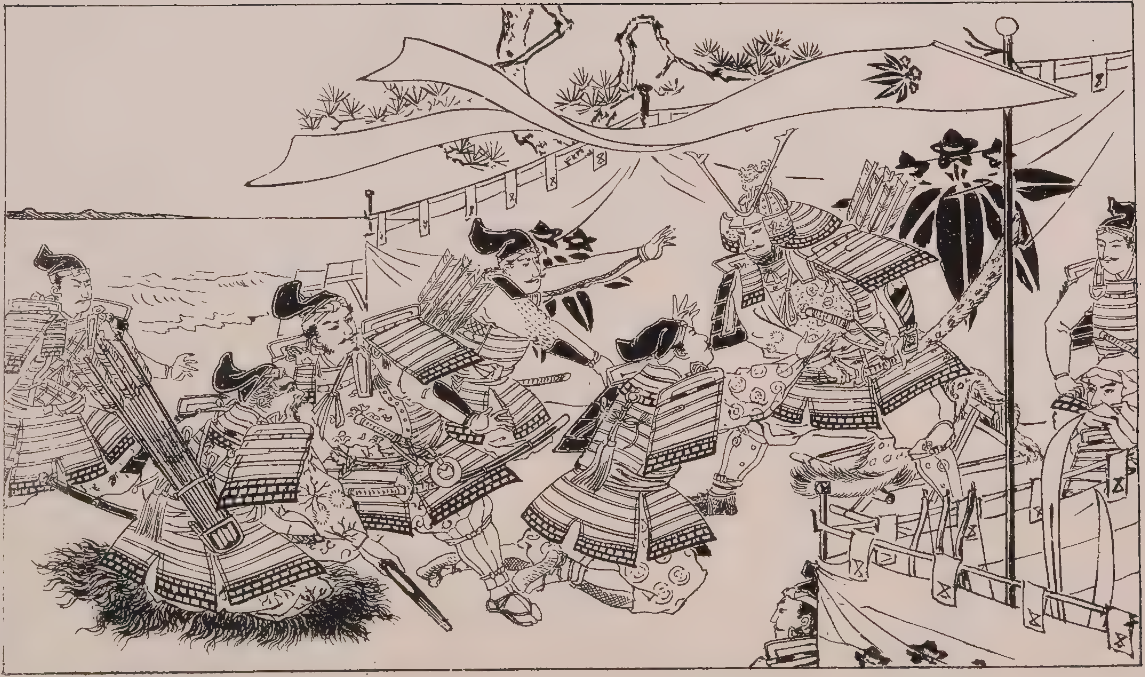
* **Kajiwara is unmistakeably a " land-lubber."**



THE QUARREL WITH KAJIWARA KAGETOKI.

them to the resources Nature furnishes to him. What is required of him is clearness of thought, and he punishes or rewards according as his plans are carried out. I am fighting for our Tennō and righteousness. My plan of campaign will be an effective one with proper agents. Men that will fight are what I want. Your reverse oar is simply to run away with or keep out of sight. I do not want my men to be discouraged. When in a tight place they will fight all the better, and I expect them to trust to the resourcefulness of their commander. Such a fellow as you is worse than worthless. You intimidate and discourage the rest. Get yourself hence to Kamakura, and do not afford us the spectacle of your cowardice. You are not wanted here. As for the rest—let anyone who wishes accompany him."

There was no such movement. The Hangwan's cutting reference to the run-away oar turned the laugh on Kagetoki. Grumbling *sub voce* Kajiwara said to his neighbour in the council:—"Yoshitsune is not fit to command. A pretty fighter is one who cannot understand, and who fights against reason." Yoshitsune overheard him. Waving his hand he said:—"get you hence, and without delay. I am here as commander-in-chief, acting under the Tennō's commission. You are an insolent fellow." Benkei, Washiwo, Ise, Kumai, the Satō, "none of whom would hesitate to lay hands on a demon" rose in a threatening manner to lay hands on Kajiwara and cast him forth. Murmurs went up. "Get you hence, or leave your head here." There was every promise of a pretty fight. Kajiwara was not in the least frightened. "As a councillor I have a right to express my opinion. I speak for the rest. Our master, Kamakura-dono, he alone is commander. He has appointed me as head examiner [*quaesitor capitum* not *primus*]. Who will listen to this wild boar general?" He slowly rose. Kajiwara Genda Kagesuye and Kagetake, his sons, ranged themselves by his side to protect him. Hands were on sword hilts ready to draw. The Hangwan loosened his sword in the scabbard. "When Gō and Yetsu warred against Tsu the commander punished with death a knight who without orders beheaded two of the enemy. If this fellow goes free the men will suffer from his disobedience and cowardice." He rose and drew forth the weapon, but before he could advance Miura Yoshitsura* seized the hilt and spoke:—"Your lordship's mission from the Tennō and Kamakura-dono is far too important to let Kagetoki be an object of anger and perhaps an obstacle in the successful operation of your plan." On the other side Doi and Hatakeyama interposed between the Kajiwara and the other group. They severely admonished the old man for his rough insolence of speech and manner. Thus both parties to the quarrel were separated, and the Kajiwara were induced to withdraw. The incident afforded the wag his opportunity:

"In a fight at sea, with his oar reversed, and
fastened to his craft,
"Kagetoki thinks, like a shadow dim, quickly
to escape."†

§ 3.

Yoshitsune stood gloomily on the strand looking across the waste of wild water beyond which rose the outlines of Awaji concealing the more distant shores he desired to reach. The quarrel with Kajiwara weighed little on his mind. It was not the old man's advice which angered him. It was the animus behind it, and which already had tied him up for months at Miyako, and was now endeavouring to put obstacles in his way, and defeat his plans so dependent on swift movement. But if he had no fear of men, he had great respect for Nature. Like all great captains he was ready to adapt means to end, but they must be possible to handle. On this seventeenth day of the second month (20 March 1185 A.D.) the sea was pitching and tossing so tumultuously that the sailors had all gone below in their ships, not even considering the possibility of a passage. Now it was on the unpreparedness of the enemy that he counted much for an easy victory. In the council to timid objections he had rejoiced over the storm. They would fall on the Taira from the sky. The present sample of weather was a little too much, and besides the wind was from the wrong direction. It was piling the water on the Settsu shore. Yoshitsune folded his hands and prayed to the great divinity of Ise in general, and to the sea-god of Naniwa in particular. He ventured to recall to the minds of these deities that the Tennō, he who was ruler of sixty provinces and lord among the myriads of deities, fair and just, the omnipresent and omniscient influence in all affairs, human and divine, had entrusted him with the task of recovering the Three Sacred Treasures, and of punishing the disloyalty of the Taira. For years these Taira had ruled and roistered in the land, abusing their power and causing distress to the ruler. Now they withheld from him the regalia, these Sacred Treasures. Much had been done by him, Yoshitsune. The generals were brave and skilful, the soldiers ready and willing. [Kajiwara must have stuck a little here]. Now it is only this boisterous wind that holds back the expedition. "At least let it moderate somewhat, or blow from the right direction. Thus can I annihilate the hated foe, and once more secure the Three Sacred Treasures." Calling forward Benkei, standing close behind him, he ordered him to write out this prayer. This Benkei did in most priestly style. Duly dated and stamped with the Hangwan's seal, the war chief fastened it to an arrow and shot it far out into the sea. Wondrous to say great results followed. The wind changed its direction, and was plainly moderated. All rejoiced greatly at this sign of divine favour to their lord, and the vulgar were set to work as in sign of practical appreciation to erect a shrine on the bank of the Watanabegawa.*

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* This member of a fighting family was "seven and a half feet in height and of herculean strength"—Cf. Papinot's "Dictionnaire."

† "Funa ikusa,
"Toru Kajiwara ni,
"Sakaro nite
"Kage toki mekete,
"Niguru Heizō.

There is a play on the words *kajiwara* (an oar fastened on) and *kagetoki* (like a shadow) *versus* Kajiwara Kagetoki.

But if the others saw "signs," the sailors considered these to be "visions." The rain was still pouring in sheets, the wind lashing the sea into a white foam, and the waves were running full on shore. As sailor men they knew more of weather than of theology, and they refused to budge. Yoshitsune sent their leaders a message couched in positive terms. "Your conduct is the worst kind of disloyalty. Kamakura-dono, acting under orders from the Gōshō, has told us to embark for Shikoku. True the wind is strong, but it is now on our backs, and the gods plainly favour us. If we wait for the wind to fall and for good weather the enemy will expect us. They are now at ease, careless, and anticipating no descent upon them during stormy weather. You must go, or suffer the consequences of a refusal. There shall be no further paltering with your obstinacy." This message was backed up by the threatening attitude of the bearers. Benkei, who carried it to the *senchō* (head, or *kashira*, of the assembled boatmen), had with him the Satō *kyōdai* (brothers), Yada, Kumai, Washiwo, Ise Saburō, and others—"all giants fit to eat a demon." More to the point, apart from their weapons which they did not consider it out of order to test on plebeian heads, they carried for more immediate purposes stout staves. More afraid of them than of the stormy sea the sailors made ready. Better the possibility of drowning than the certainty of death by being reduced to a pulp. The messengers in their turn rejoiced, for they had no wish to spoil good cattle which would not be easy to replace. At midnight all was ready in the little squadron, for Kajiwara sulked in his tent, and refused to let an oar under his command be moved, and most of the captains did not dare to brave the malignity of one so close in the counsel of Kamakura-dono. By Yoshitsune's

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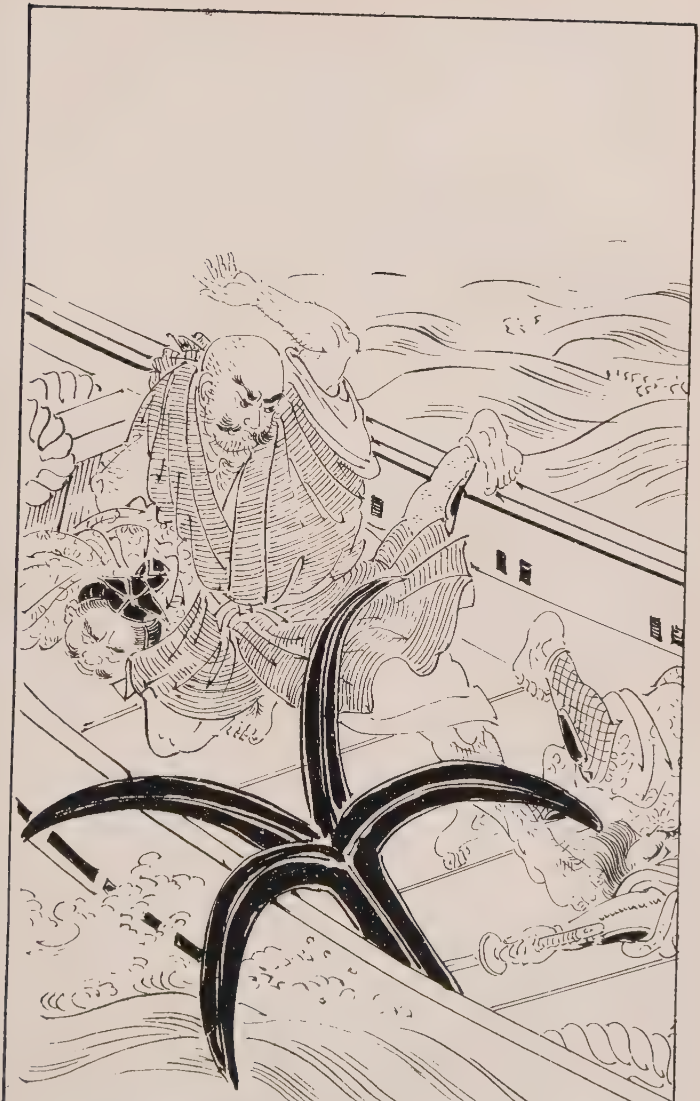
* Now at Kitaura, Matsuyachō, Osaka; and called Asahi Myōjin. So Yamada adds to his account of this episode.



TO YASHIMA: BENKEI PERSUADES THE SENCHŌ.

orders no lights were to be carried. The others were to follow closely his vessel. Of the little band few succeeded in doing so. Some failed to get launched successfully through the breakers. Others were driven back by the force of the huge waves. Hatakeyama Shigetada, Kwanja Toshirō, Kameko and his brother, with a hundred others determined to get through. Turning in with a "hei! hei!" to aid the sailors they were finally ploughing through the waves in the wake of Yoshitsune's boat, a little squadron with a total of five boats—one hundred and fifty men in all. Besides those mentioned, of the captains Kumagai, his son Hirayama, Doi, and Takeda joined the Hangwan on this desperate expedition. To follow him was no small task, first hidden out of sight in the trough of huge waves, and then balanced on their crest. It was difficult to keep the right direction, except on the principle that misery loves company, and in this enterprise it was absolutely necessary. All were encouraged by the pertinacity of their leader, himself trusting in his divine mission, and they doggedly held on their way after him. At the hour of the hare (6 a.m) on March 21st they were in sight of Amako-no-ura in Toba of Awa province. In the few hours, running before the fierce gale, they had accomplished a journey of two days. The prospects of a fight before breakfast were more than encouraging. Camped on a little hill was a patrol flying the red banner of the Taira. Yoshitsune ordered that the horses should be pushed overboard, and swum ashore to limber them out after the long passage in a cramped position. In shallow water they were to be saddled. Thus with his one hundred and fifty men he landed. Sakura Uma-no-Suke Yoshitō, brother of Yoshinari, was supporting on this hostile soil the Taira interest. He had three hundred men with him. Kawagoye Kotarō, Hori Yatarō, Kumai Tarō, Yada Genzō, and others at once attacked the enemy's camp. These never dreamed of a descent, and were totally unprepared. Leaping on their unsaddled horses they rode off as fast as they could, leaving armour, weapons, equipment, and breakfast behind them. At headquarters they were laughed at. At worst it was regarded as some stray party of the enemy, cast ashore by the storm and already on their way to safety. They were soon to learn their mistake.

§ 4.

Yoshitsune, pleased with this good beginning, had the further encouragement of an unexpected recruit. A knight with one hundred men at arms rode up to the camp. He was a man no longer young. Ise Saburō went out to challenge him. He turned out to be one Kondō Rokurō Chikaiye, another Minamoto retainer who had long had to keep down his real inclination.* A man of influence the country gentry had flocked behind him. "What is the name of this place," asked Yoshitsune. "Katsuura" (victory strand) was the reply. Once more Yoshitsune and his little band had to rejoice at the good omen. Besides, Kondō knew Awa and Sanuki as he did his own house. He was to guide them against Yashima. Then came Suzuki Iyeshige, the Hangwan's lieutenant in Shikoku to report. This was equally favourable. He had been able to collect a number of *rōnin*, desperate fellows looking to plunder the Taira. These latter were confident and careless. It was no difficult matter suddenly to fall on them. If Mure and Takamatsu were fired the castle would go with them. Asked the Hangwan:—"how many are they?"—"About ten thousand," was the reply.† "Taguchi Sayemon Nariyoshi is fighting in Iyo against Kōno Shirō Michinobu. Others are scattered in different places. There cannot be more than a thousand men in regular garrison." At this Yoshitsune rejoiced. "Taisō of Kin, when subjecting Kongō made a forced march of two hundred *li* (sixty miles), and his men had no rest or food for a period of three days. Thus by surprising the enemy he annihilated them. Let Kondō and Iyeshige, with the *rōnin*, occupy the hills surrounding Yashima. Building many fires they will make the Taira think that a huge host is upon them." Thus these new and untried allies were disposed of usefully. The most pressing matter was to be free of the forces immediately in front of them.

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* I follow the Gempei Seisuiki and the Heike Monogatari (they differ slightly); and at times Yamada, who draws on other Monogatari. Kondō here as friend plays a more efficient rôle than as prisoner.

† The Heike Monogatari has Kondō answer this question. In the Gempei Seisuiki it is answered by a fisherman brought before the Hangwan on landing.

Kondō informed Yoshitsune that these belonged to a force under Sakura Uma-no-Suke Yoshitō, the younger brother of Awa-no-Mimbu Shigeyoshi. His castle was at a short distance on their two days march to Yashima. The little force set off at once. On approaching Yoshitō *shiro* (castle) they found it to be situated in a marsh, with natural protection on three sides and a moat on the land side. The arrival of the fugitives had in a way put the garrison on their guard. The assailants made small matter of the arrows rained upon them. Led by Hatakeyama, Kumagae, Ise Saburō, the Satō Kyōdai, Benkei, Hitachi-bō, the Minamoto *bushi* crossed the moat and forced their way within the castle. His men threw themselves as a screen between Yoshitō and the enemy. Thus he succeeded in getting on horseback and making off. The rest were not slow to follow his example. Twenty heads were secured, and duly poled as offering to Hachiman Daibosatsu.*

There was nothing now to impede their march, and every reason to hasten it. However, in a bamboo grove about two chō (a furlong) from the road at Nakayama was the temple of Konsenji, dedicated to Kwannon. The venerated shrine, lavishly endowed by his Taira enemies, was turned to his own purposes by the Minamoto prince. Benkei was commissioned to make offering, and sonorous was the invocation of the black armoured knight. Then they marched on. In the night they were passing the Osaka-tōge which marks the boundary of Awa and Sanuki. They were now well on their way to their game. Yoshitsune noticed a man on the road ahead of them. Urging his horse he was soon beside him. He was a messenger on his way to Yashima, and entirely unsuspicious, for the presence of the Minamoto was the last thing thought of; indeed he took them for *bushi* on their way to reinforce the castle. They expressed themselves as glad to have a guide, and he boasted of his ability as a messenger between Miyako and the Island. Said Yoshitsune:—"Oh! you carry letters. For whom is that in your hand?" He pointed to a "*tate*" letter.* Replied the man:—"This is for the Yashima no Daijin (Munemori) from his sister who lives in Miyako and regularly communicates the news of the capital to her brother. It is said that the Minamoto intend to move against the Taira. This letter probably has some reference to them, and will be of interest at the castle." Yoshitsune pulled Benkei's armour sleeves to give him the tip. Benkei grasped the idea and tipped the man, and Yoshitsune was soon reading the letter from the Kita-no-mandokoro, to her brother Munemori. It lamented the writer's wretched condition, and coming to the main point gave a full account of all Yoshitsune's movements. He had left Miyako, but it was still doubtful if he would be allowed to proceed. There were strong influences at work against him in the capital, nor was he liked in Kamakura. However, a fleet was assembled in the Yodo river at Kawajiri, and the letter warned them in Yashima not to trust to storm to prevent a descent, but to be always on guard. If couched in terms very complimentary to the young leader's energy, the same could not be said of his cause. Commented Yoshitsune, as he folded it:—"Alas! Even the women are intriguing against us. I shall keep this for Kamakura-dono, and as a reminder:" (for future operations when I get back to Miyako, and clean out that nest of vipers, was the unspoken thought). "One day more and the enemy would have been ready for us." Benkei and Washiwo lashed the messenger fast to a neighbouring tree. He had talked too much, and now he knew too much to go further on his journey.

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* This exposure of heads after battle, and the offering as *sacrifice* to the war god (*nota bene*) was customary. The religious touch in Yoshitsune is notable.

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* Wrapped in a sheet of paper, both ends turned diagonally and tied with twisted paper cord: in contrast to a musubi (tied) letter—Note to the Heike Monogatari.

At three o'clock in the morning of March 23rd they reached Hikeda in Sanuki. After a few hours rest they pressed on to the still distant Yashima by way of Shiratori and Nifuya. As in the afternoon they neared Yashima the Hangwan summoned to him Kondō Chikaiye. Before they parted on their separate missions he wanted to hear once more the details of the castle situation. This was by no means difficult from the assailants' point of view. Kondō said :—"the sea at Yashima looks deep to those who do not know the ground, but at the ebb tide it is easy to wade over to the island as the water does not come above a horse's belly." Then Yoshitsune called up Benkei. "How shall we appear to be double or triple our number?" he asked—"Follow Iyeshige's advice. Nothing blinds like smoke," grimly replied Benkei—"And there is plenty of material at hand. It is also my idea," said Yoshitsune. "Tell the Satō and their men to lay an ambush on the road to the castle. Let others fire Mure and Takamatsu." This was done forthwith, and the farmers' huts were soon ablaze. Kondō and Iyeshige in position answered with their fires lighted on the encircling hills. The brisk wind tossed the flames furiously high in the air, and the figures of the men and of the frantic villagers seemed multiplied in numbers as they darted hither and thither in the thick smoke. Now a Taira expedition had returned from Iyo, and the count of noses (or heads) was already going on in the castle. They had not been exactly successful, for Kono Michinobu had escaped. Taguchi Nariyoshi had therefore remained in Iyo with three thousand men, and was to continue the campaign to bring that important district into the Taira line. But on their own ground they were making a bold face, and there was no one to dispute the returns ; except —Munemori was fingering a despatch just received stating that Yoshitsune had landed at Amako-no-ura in

Awa. He hardly believed it, but sent Kiyomoto to Noritsune, who had remained with the fleet, telling him to try and flank this party on their march. Noto-no-kami did not get a chance to start, except with his worthy cousin and house-head in company and command. During the census operations a frightened messenger brought the news that the enemy were at hand in large force. Their own heads were at stake. A party was sent out to Takamatsu, only to fall into the ambuscade under the Satō and their Mutsu warriors. The few survivors returned to report that the enemy were present in enormous numbers. The hills on all sides swarmed with the Kwantō army. The whole force of the Minamoto, a hundred thousand men, was at hand. Fear and fire were too much for the cowards, and they happened to be in the majority at the census board. The Tennō, his mother Kenrei-mon-in, his grand-mother the Ni-i-no-ama (Kiyomori's wife), the Kita-no-mandokoro,* all the court ladies and court attendants of higher (*taifu*) rank, were bundled on a ship and taken out to sea. The palace was set on fire and orders given to embark. The little band of Minamoto and *rōnin*, under cover of the smoke and flames came boldly forward to the attack. Trying to flee and fight the Taira could do neither to any effect. Many were drowned even in shallow water. In derision the Minamoto rode into the sea. The waves tossing the little craft, the clouds of smoke covering the shore, prevented any estimation of this scanty attacking force riding in and out from behind the sand dunes and clumps of pine. The Hangwan ordered his men to ride in small groups of eight or ten men, which made it difficult for the enemy to count them.

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* A title given to the wife of the *kwampaku* or *sesshō* (regent), and it would seem to the *sekke* generally. The five noble houses (*sekke*), from whom it was necessary to choose the *kwampaku* and *sessho*, were Konoe, Kujō, Nijō, Ichijō, Takatsukasa. But Mr. Murdoch tells us that "this regulation is said to have been established in Hōjō Sadatoki's time." (History of Japan I 493). Sadatoki lived 1270-1311 A.D. The Heike Monogatari says the letter was to Munemori's wife. The Gempei Seisuiki says:—"Rokujō Sessho no Kita-no-mandokoro yori," and she is described earlier as Kiyomori's 3rd daughter. The Kita-no-mandokoro figures a little later as a witness of the archery of Yoichi Munetaka with the fan of the Lady Tamamushi as a target. The office may have had as wide a range as later. Thus Kiyomori's 4th daughter also, wife of Fugenji-dono. Fujiwara Motomichi had been restored as regent on the downfall of Yoshinaka. With two courts titles would be duplicated.

Of course as Yoshitsune rode on to the beach the veracious chronicler must describe his bathing suit. "The Hangwan wore a court robe of red brocade, and armour sewn with red thread (and righteousness). His skirt also was scarlet. His helmet had five divisions (*go-yō-jiro*), and was decorated with a *shishi*, and carried a spade-shaped frontlet. He had on his back a red checked *hōrō* (arrow shield). His quiver was filled with twenty-four arrows tipped with white feathers carrying a black spot in the centre. A gold ornamented sword in a tiger's skin sheath was stuck in his girdle, and he held his bow in his hand. He bestrode his faithful charger Tayakuro, on whose back was fitted a saddle with a white rim." Thus arrayed as any sea-shore beauty, Yoshitsune stuck as firmly to dry land and roared defiance at the enemy. The sight was despairing if we consider his mission in search of the Three Treasures. Never did Tom Wellhung of Gravot bawl more desperately after his hatchet. For the first and last time in his life Yoshitsune offered terms to the Taira. "I am Sayemon-no-jō Minamoto Yoshitsune, of the fifth court rank, and Hangwan and just at this juncture Ichi-in.* Surrender yourselves; turn over to me the Tennō, the Nyoin, and the Three Sacred Treasures, and your lives shall be spared." From what we know now of Yoritomo he was promising more than he could deliver; "but all admired his great generalship when they heard him make proclamation so solemnly and with such dignified presence."

The opening scene of the battle was to be dramatic in its way. Before a real contest was to begin the Taira had their spirits dashed by an ill omen which had its source in one of the beauty spots of Nippon. When Kiyomori was Aki-no-Kami he had built a high pagoda as contribution to the beauty and cult of the famous monastery on Koyasan in Kii. In this expansive frame of mind he was "button-holed" by an old priest, who pointed out to him the dilapidated condition of the famous shrine at Itsukushima, better known to foreigners as Miyajima. This shrine was dedicated to three daughters of the feared and disfavoured Susa-no-wo, the island taking its name from the eldest, Ichika-shima-hime. It was said that as far back as the days of Suiko Tennō (593-628 A.D.) there had been a shrine on the island, perhaps established by that lady, earnest in things heavenly and mundane, and with a great penchant for things monastical in the flesh and spirit. However, that was, at the present period things were in such a disastrously shabby condition that people did not know whether they ever had existed. Here was Kiyomori's chance to do things, and acquire great merit. According to the old monk the shrine had once been a great centre from which flowed the light of the Kongō and Taizō (doctrines of the Shingon Sect, and about as apocryphal as his tale). It remained for Kiyomori to make it a source of glory, wealth, and happiness to himself. Kiyomori, soon in power, grasped all the opportunities for these desirables; and the shrine was resuscitated without regard to expense—seeing that the Tennō's revenues paid the bills. Kiyomori himself contributed a copy of a Sutra (Buddhist scripture), painted with gold dust on a blue ground and enclosed in a magnificent lacquered case, which the idler can see to this day. Kiyomori was rather maligned as a public man. We have seen him making great reclamation improvements at Kyō-ga-shima in Wada bay, practically establishing the site of the present Hyōgo and Kōbe, to the great benefit of those who came after him. Thus also, Dr. Ariga tells us, he widened and deepened the channel between Aki and Bizen, making navigation safer and easier, and known at this day as Ondo-no-Seto. As far as Miyajima was concerned, it was in great favour with the Hōō and Tennō, to keep in favour with the dreaded Jōkai Nyūdō (Kiyomori). Thus they paid it several visits. We have seen that Takakura Tennō made the last of these in 1180 A.D., on which occasion he presented several folding fans (*ogi*) to the shrine, on which was painted "the sun in splendour"—in the Japanese sense; which means, not a golden radiant orb with its spears of light shooting in every direction, but the round red ball of the luminary sinking to the horizon.* Dragged hither and thither, the little Antoku Tennō had received one of these fans, with the information that in it dwelt his father's spirit. This fan was now to be the source of Taira woe.

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* Imperial messenger. The term is used by the Heike Monogatari-I follow the order of events given by the Gempei Seisuiki, and by preference usually also its description.

On the vessel which contained the train of Kenrei-mon-in, the Taira *nyōin*, was the Lady Tamamushi.† Nineteen years of age and a beauty it came into her head to tempt Providence and put up the sacred fan in defiance of the Genji marksmen, and to the encouragement of the Taira soldiery. Her suggestion was followed. In the light of late afternoon‡ the Minamoto saw a small vessel detach itself from the Taira fleet. Fastened to a staff attached to the gunwale was the sun-marked fan, and the fair challenger stood forth and taunted the foe to show their marksmanship. The Hangwan, making his own comments on the woman-like Taira with the meddling of women in matters of war, realized the importance of downing this pernicious emblem First he called upon Hatakeyama Shigetada, but this latter had been wounded in the leg, and could hardly control his steed. The fan was not for him, and it would not do to make a miss. The Hangwan looked quizzically around on his company, seeking a suitable marksman. The man pitched on was Nasu no Jūrō, son of Nasu no Tarō Sukemune, a native of Shimotsuke. But at Ichi-no-tani his horse had stumbled, and an arm injured in the fall made his rider at this time doubtful as to undertaking the feat. He summoned his younger brother, and Nasu no Yoichi Munetaka was brought before the Hangwan. He found Yoshitsune surrounded by Ise Saburō, Sanemoto, his brother, and other captains, all of whom had spread themselves as a shield before their leader. Hot was the argument and many were the objections to answering the challenge. The sun was low in the horizon. Yoshitsune settled the matter in favour of the attempt. Said Nasu Jurō to his brother :—"get quickly to work, or it will be more difficult." Yoichi took off his helmet. About his head he twisted a *tokin.* All the Taira women fearlessly appeared to see the feat attempted. There seemed to be a sort of truce imposed on both sides. The chiefs gathered in full sight: The Hangwan, surrounded by Hatakeyama, Wada, Doi, Kumagai, Ise Saburō, and other leaders; Norimori, Noritsune, Etchū Jirōbei Moritsune, Shō-Yashima Daijin and his son Uyemon Kiyotsune, Tomomori,* on the Taira side. The feat was a more than difficult one. The fan was whirling in the wind, at times offering no better mark than an edge. Yoichi rode far out into the water. Shutting his eyes he prayed to the Utsunomiya myōjin of Nikkō. Something was effected, for when he opened his eyes the fan had stopped whirling. Then fitting a *kaburaya* (singing arrow) to his bow-string he took careful aim. Straight went the bolt to its mark, to strike the rivet of the fan. The handle fell to the deck of the craft, but sad to say the upper part with the *hi-no-maru* fell into the water. Sad were the hearts of the Heike :—

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* The *hi-no-maru* in the terms of the Gempei Seisuiki.

† The Gempei Seisuiki puts this incident first; the Heike Monogatari makes it at six o'clock at night, and it follows Satō's death.

‡ Cf. Ariga—Dai-Nihon-Rekishi, p. 59, 60.

"From foot to peak,
"The slopes of Hase-Yoshino,
"What time are not ablaze,
"With flowers and maple red !†

Curiosity was fatal to Iyekazu, this promising branch of Taira stock. With amazement he gesticulated and danced upon the deck of his vessel. The battle was on again, the

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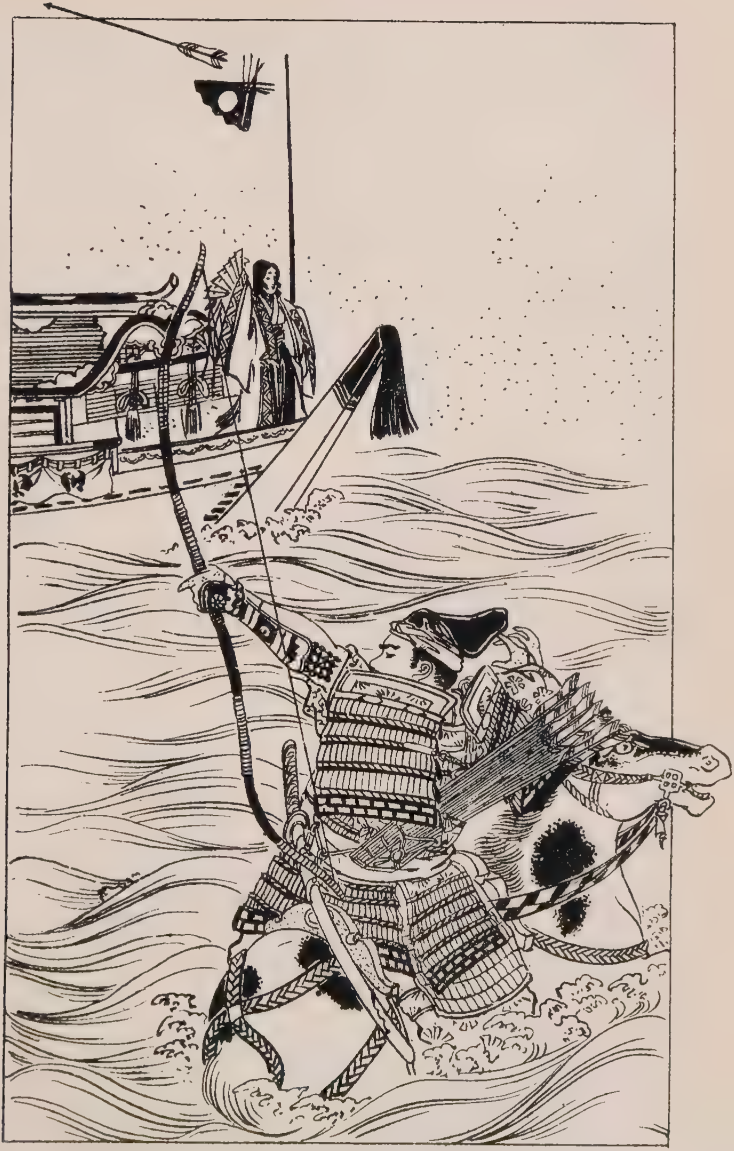
* He should be found operating at the straits (Shimo-no-Seki). The Gempei Seisuiki gives his name; and his presence may account for the fact that Noriyori, a couple of weeks before, had slipped over the straits into Kyūshū.

† "Toki naranu,
"Hana ya momiji wo,
"Mitsuru kana!
"Yoshino Hatsuse no,
"Fumoto nara ne do."



YOICHI ANSWERS LADY TAMAMUSHI'S CHALLENGE.

tacit truce was over, but he wished to see what had become of the fan thus brought down by this strange shot. Yoichi secured thereby more than a fan. Fitting another arrow to his bow-string he brought down Iyekazu by a bolt through the neck ; and he fell into the sea, to be on much closer terms and in closer company with the fan. Yoichi reached land, to be brought into the presence of the Hangwan. For his double feat the latter bestowed on the youth a fine charger. Munemori, with the Tennō, the Nyoin, Nii-dono, and the bulk of the Taira fleet incontinently took to flight eastward to Shido bay. The rest of the day was left to the fighting men. But the feat of Nasu no Yoichi was embalmed in song:

" Alas, the fan !
" Now drift wood on the sea.
" The lord Nasu,
" Skilful with the bow,
" Yoichi's fame is spread.[*]

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[*] "Ogi wo ba
"Umi no mikutsu to
"Nasu no dono
"Yumi no jozu wa
"Yoichi to zo kiku."

The Lady Tamamushi was "the younger sister of Hanaya-no-Hachirō Kiyobara, youngest son of Hanami-no-Tayu, native of Kyūshū, and her other name was Omu-no-Maye. Once when the *kōgō* held a flower party at Kitayama the Lady Tamamushi is said to have composed a hundred songs and presented them to her majesty. She was as beautiful as the Lady Tokiwa." (Shin-Gunshō-Ruishū). There are slight variations in the story. In this Yoichi is make to shoot at the *kumade* (ribs), and from a boat. His father is given as "Ina-no-Shōji, remote descendant of Kanamura-no-Tayu. The Dai-Nihon-Jimmei-Jiten gives the father's name as Tarō Suketaka. He strikes the *kōshi* (rivet), and gets as his reward manors in Tamba, Shinano, Wakasa, Etchu, and Musashi [a difficult and scattered property to manage] and is made governor of Nasu district in Shimotsuke. It goes on to say that later he became a Buddhist priest, and went to live in Miyako at the Sokusei-in temple of Fushimi, in fulfillment of a long postponed wish. [He must have been much older, for he is now only eighteen years]. Yorisuke, his eldest son, was brought up by his uncle Sukeyuki, Munetaka's elder brother, the father having died when the boy was young. Yorisuke erected a shrine to his father's memory at Nasu, and called it Goryō-no-miya. So far the Heike-Monogatari. "Goryo-no-Miya is in Onda village, Nasu district [just north of Utsunomiya] three *ri* north of Toriyama."

Noritsune and the fighting men of the Taira were still prepared to make things hot for the enemy. Fans as yet were by no means to be discounted. They rowed close in to shore to exchange compliments, verbal and other kinds, with the Genji calling to them from the shore.* After Yoshitsune, came Nobutsuna. "I am Tashirō-no-Kwanja Nobutsuna of Izu no kuni."—"I am Kaneko-no-Jurō Iyetada of Musashi—"I am Yoichi Chikanori"—"I am Ise Saburo Yoshimori." Others who announced their names "were Goto Hyoye Sanemoto, his son Shin-Hyoye-no-jō Motokiyo, Satō Saburō Hyoye Tsuginobu, Satō Shirō Hyoye Tadanobu, Yada Genzō, Kumai Tarō, Musashi-bō Benkei, each of them a match for a thousand men." At them the Taira shot *tōya* and *sashiya*. As they rowed in closer to the shore Etchū no Jirō Moritsugi challenged their enemy. "Your general a little while ago told us his name, but his voice is weak. Who is he anyhow?"—Replied Ise Saburo:—"You are a fool not to know. He is His Highness the Hangwan, younger brother of Kamakura-dono"—"Ah! That boy orphaned after Heiji, and a *chigo* (page) at Kuramayama; later he was a servant of a gold-dealer, and acted as coolie to carry stuff down to Mutsu. Do you mean that wretched little fellow?"—Ise got in a great rage at such contemptuous treatment. "Your tongue is too flabby to call anyone names, least of all such a great lord. Why, when you were beaten at Tonamiyama by Kiso you scuttled back to the capital, and no one could have told you from a beggar"—Said Moritsugi:—"What kind of a judge are you? I have been faithful to my lord and have received the marks of his favour. You, I have heard, led the life of a highwayman on Suzukasan in Ise, and kept your family alive on what you stole." Kaneko Jūrō rode forward. Said he:—"We can abuse each other to the end of time. But you must admit the thorough trouncing our captain gave you at Ichi-no-tani." His younger brother put a more practical end to the exchange of words. With a war arrow from his bow he pierced the corselet of Jirō Hyoye. Then Noto-no-Kami Noritsune, took his hand in the fray. "Said he :—'In a naval engagement fighting is thus to be conducted.' He took off his armour and court robes, and appeared still retaining his ordinary brilliantly coloured costume and with armour of folded Chinese silk (Kara-aya odoshi no yoroi). He wore at his girdle a gorgeously decorated sword. His quiver contained twenty four arrows with hawk's tail feathers, and he held in his hand his bow of twisted rattan. The bravest warrior and most skilful archer of Miyako his shafts meant death to any whom they reached."

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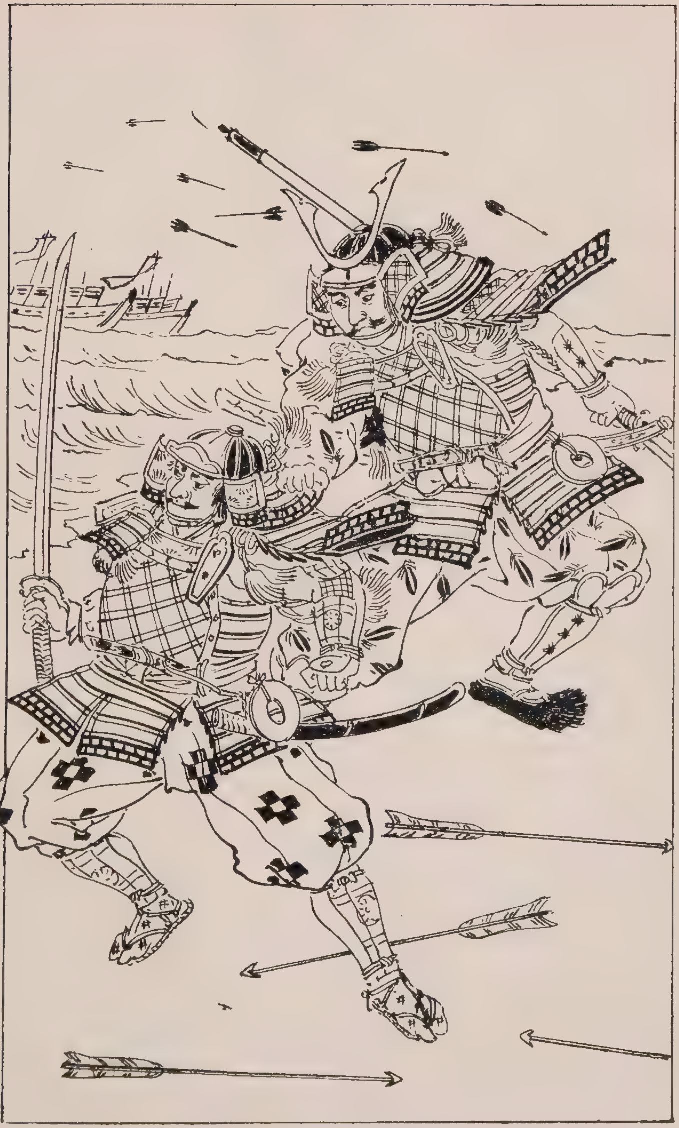
* What follows—the calling of names (in the patronymic and billingsgate sense) is taken from the old Heike Monogatari. It is interesting as illustrating Japanese warfare. A note to the Heike Mong. says of *tōya* and *sashiya*—distant and quick shooting arrows. Another note cites the Hōgen Monogatari as defining them as for use at 8 *cho* and 3 *cho* respectively. Perhaps it can be assumed that rapid fire would be more effective and necessary at short range.

The Genji came forward to meet the enemy's battle line which now came near the shore. They did not confine themselves to dry land, but rode their horses far into the sea. A hot battle then ensued between not uneven forces: some two hundred Heike in their boats; three hundred Minamoto on the land. They better would have stayed where they were. The Genji in their excursions into the sea ran no little risk. The Hangwan himself was not an example of prudence. Tomono Rokurō, who brought some sixty retainers into the battle, noted this and determined to get him or the reckless Nasu-no-Yoichi delighted with his first successful plunge. But while he was engaged on the hunt for these elusive characters he came into the eye of Okono Kokyota, a retainer of Ise Saburō Yoshimori. This man, born at Tago-no-ura in Suruga, had learned to swim in the swift waters of the Fujikawa. What were his capabilities are indicated by the fact that he could stay under water all day, or in the water for the old chronicle is not very particular. Watching these boats of the enemy insolently rowing without care, he stripped off his armour and clothes and plunged beneath the surface. Of this or him the Heike neither knew nor cared. They had eyes for land and surface, not submarines. Tomono Rokurō was disgusted at finding nothing to fight. Then, as he leanep over the side of his craft, a strong arm draw him firmly and lovingly below. It was a painful time for him for he was not accustomed to the depths beneath, and Okono landed him half strangled at the Hangwan's feet. Delighted, Yoshitsune gave the ingenious soldier a sword. As for Tomono the chronicle saith not, but he presumably died young.

"The arrows were as rain; the shouts of the combatants like thunder." Thus says the Gempei Seisuiki. The Heike on the sea, and the Minamoto on land and sea made the welkin roar. This sea business was decidedly dangerous, especially with the Hangwan as protagonist. Etchū Jirō Shoye Moritsugi, not daunted by the fate of Tomono Rokurō, of which he knew nothing, had his try at the Minamoto captain, and nearly scored success. Seeing Yoshitsune swim his horse far out to sea he determined to "clutch" him. His implement was a rake, with a strong resemblance to a bear's claws and perhaps for that reason called a *kumade*. We have seen it in use at the battle of the *gōshō*, when the Minamoto under Yoshitomo were fighting a losing game. He drove his boat toward Yoshitsune, who to meet the cast brandished his sword and prepared to cut the handle of the *kumade*. In so doing he let fall his bow into the sea. He tried to pick it up, and Moritsugi tried all the harder to get a hold with the rake. The Minamoto, seeing the perilous position of their chief, cried out to him to let the bow go. The Hangwan, with sword in one hand and whip in the other, had too difficult a task. All called to him:—"Your life is valuable, not so the bow even if of gold." But the Hangwan thought it dishonourable for a captain to lose his weapon in battle against the Taira. Very especially he did not want such a thing to reach the ears of Yoritomo. The man to come to the aid of his captain was Kobayashi Jinzo Muneyuki. Swimming out he effectually prevented the object of Moritsugi by grasping the gunnel of the boat and violently rocking it. Moritsugi had to give up his attempt on the Hangwan, who with the recovered bow escaped to shallower waters. Then Moritsugi turned his attentions with the *kumade* to Muneyuki. This latter



THE HELMET PULLING OF MORIISUGI AND MUNEYUKI.

whipped his horse toward the land, thus bringing the boat near shore, but parting with the nag in the process. The two men were very evenly matched. Moritsugi was powerful in the arms and a good clutcher. Muneyuki was strong in the legs, and a good walker. The old chronicler cannot choose between two such diverse gifts in such a contest. "It was a pulling of neck to neck between two giants." The helmet itself settled the business. The *hachi-tsuke-no-ita* (a metal inset on the top) came off. Muneyuki went about his business at a fast pace for camp. Moritsugi carried off the *shikoro* and the bulk of the head-piece on his *kumade.* Thus Nature and bad workmanship find a way, never suspected by stupid man and the "last consumer."

But the day's battle was to end in a more deadly manner. An artillery duel began with Noritsune as leader of the Taira forces, and few were his equals at such a game.* Famous archers such a Toshirō Kwanja Nobutsuna, Hatakeyama Jirō Shigetada, Kameko Jirō Iyetada, Kameko Chikanori, Ise Saburō, Gotō Sanetomo, the Satō *kyōdai,* "anyone of whom were equal to a thousand men", took part in this exchange of swift and lightly feathered compliments. Benkei stood apart in gloom. These Taira fellows kept out of reach of his halberd. Nothing but a miserable messenger to his credit, and Washiwo shared in that. Yoshitsune mischievously made fun of him, for Benkei loved close range. But many perished. Especially formidable was Noto-nō-Kami Noritsune. Rowing close to the shore he proclaimed his name and many titles. "Come!" he shouted. "I have here an arrow as gift for Yoshitsune. Let him stand forth and we will exchange salutations." The Minamoto were surprised, and not particularly pleased. He had been reported killed at Ichi-no-tani, and his head duly tabbed. By all good Japanese custom, having been officially docketed he ought to be dead, even if he was not. There is nothing a Japanese detests more, in this twentieth century also, than to find his little pile of documents gone astray on the facts. Usually he ignores such deviation. Noritsune was there in the flesh, however, and this course was neither safe or possible. Musashi-bō Benkei, Ise Saburō, Yada Genzō, Kumai Tarō, the Satō *kyōdai* put themselves before their chief. Yoshitsune laughed. "Of what are you afraid. He is no ghost, as I hope to prove to him." Tightening his bow he prepared to ride forward, but the closing scene of this Achilleid was not yet due. Page after page in the Iliad someone or something always interposes between the swift-footed Achilles and Hector tamer of horses, just when we are keyed up for the *pilikia nui* (trouble in heaps). The Hangwan's retainers surrounded him. "Your life is that of the whole host, and your mission is sacred and peremptory, first to be carried out. I am the one to go." Thus spoke Satō Tsuginobu, and the others urged the importance of the Tennō's mission as to the Three Sacred Treasures. Yoshitsune yielded reluctantly, more probably on the thought of the critical condition of his little band if he should rashly expose his life at this juncture. Tsuginobu rode forward in defiance. The first arrow of Noritsune he cut in half. But then the Taira warrior fitted a double arrow (*kudaya*) to his bow-string. The first Tsuginobu reached, but the second pierced his gullet and came out the back of the neck, a deadly wound. Thus on the beach of Somon fell the eldest of old Motoharu's noble sons, this Shi-Ten-nō of their young lord. Tadanobu, the brother of Tsuginobu, in a great rage took up the fight. His arrow, however, missed Noritsune and killed his favourite page Kikuo, whose body plunged headlong into the sea. This lad was of wonderful strength, and at the time he was hit had drawn his sword and was preparing to leap on the shore in order to get Tsuginobu's head. Noto-no-Kami seized the body and dragged it back into the boat. Then, overcome by sorrow, for the time being he withdrew from the fight. He had cut a terrible swathe among the Minamoto captains. Ten of them had fallen before his shafts. Satō Tsuginobu and Kamada Mitsumasa were both of the Shi-

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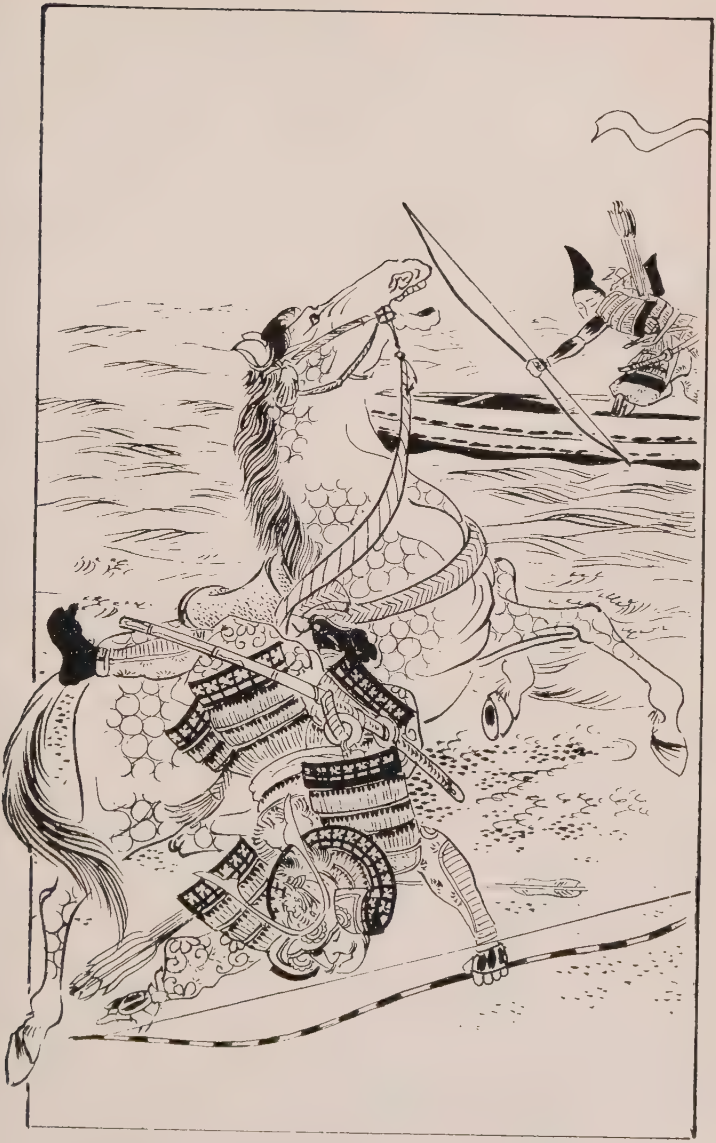
* Arrows were as much artillery in their day, as Krupp's mountain batteries are to-day.



THE DEATH OF SATŌ TSUGINOBU.

Ten-nō of Yoshitsune. This ended the day's battle. The dying Tsuginobu had been removed to the camp at Takamatsu. Amid the tears and distress of his companions he passed away, with no thought but of parents left behind in Mutsu, and his and their joy at thus having saved his lord. Gentle was his rebuke of untimely grief, and noble were the obsequies of the hero. The Hangwan called to his presence the priests of the neighbouring shrine, and rich was their endowment in return for their prayers.* Gladly would all have slept that night, but the restless Noto-no-Kami would have none of it. He was met by the equally restless and wrathful Ise Saburō. During these night encounters and clutchings on land many and satisfactory were the deeds performed by Benkei and Hitachibō. In these attempts to raid the camp they were on congenial ground. Let the Taira occupy it, if they could. Finally the arrows of the enemy ran short, and Noto-no-Kami Noritsune had to sail off to join his friends in the neighbouring Shido Bay. In the teeth of a rising gale thither he took his way.

The next day (24th March) there was no battle. During the night Tansō, Bettō of Kumano, sailed into Yashima harbour with two hundred boats. Kono Michinobu came with thirty boats and a thousand *bushi*. Yoshitsune at once followed up his advantage, but Munemori hardly waited for the sight of his enemy. He gave the signal for retreat, and the Taira fleet put to sea, for further wanderings in search of some place of security in what was now forbidden land. On March 25th, the day after the battle Kajiwara arrived at Yashima with his fleet of one hundred and forty boats. He came to rescue the daring young captain, whom he felt sure must be in the deepest kind of a hole; this from no good will to Yoshitsune, but with an avowed conviction that Yoritomo knew where *his* interests lay, and was too much of a soldier to let them be juggled with by disputes between his captains. As they passed Awaji, and could see the heavy smoke rising from the Awa shore they felt sure that it was from the fire built over the hopes of the Minamoto captain. Great was the disappointment as they sailed into the bight on which lay Yashima, now a smoking pile of ruins with the Minamoto banner floating everywhere in triumph, and a strong fleet lying at anchor and receiving them with welcoming shouts. Captains and men were chagrined at not having had a hand in the feat. So was Kajiwara, for other reasons. And besides, he realized that he and all others must take a subordinate place in the council of the brilliant young leader.*

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* The Heike Monogatari has Yoshitsune contribute his horse Tayakuro, but this noble beast is needed to take his master out of Miyako.

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* The Gempei Seisuiki leaves no room for a set battle at Shido Bay. Its dates are, Katsu-ura Bay 18 day 2 month (March 21st), Yashima 20 day 2 month (March 23rd), Shido Bay 21 day 2 month (March 24th), Kajiwara arrives 22 day 2 month (March 25th). The writer of the Adzuma Kagami is just as credulous, borrows from the Gempei Seisuiki, and is writing two hundred years later. The Heike Monogatari confidingly tells us that on her return from Korea, of the two deities who triumphantly escorted Jingo Kōgō "one took residence in Sumiyoshi of Settsu-no-kuni—Sumiyo Daimyōjin; the other took residence at Suwa in Shinano—Suwa no Daimyōjin." The commentator has no such confidence at such long range as Shinano. In a note he says this is doubtful "because Suwa-myōjin is the son of Oho-kuni-nushi-no-Mikoto, and this latter had no connection with the Korean expedition." But this is to be very finicky indeed. It was the issue of the presumptuous and hasty Ninigi who suffered as to length of life and limb. As the issue of Oho-kuni-nushi, the Suwa-myōjin should be not only exceedingly tough, but as a tramper, and the son of his father, quite up to the fame even of Saigyō-hōshi.

CHAPTER XI.

DAN-NO-URA AND ITS AFTER-MATH.

> " Alcibiades, who saved his master's life, afterwards told their
> " friends that in the retreat [from Delicum] Socrates behaved
> " exactly as he did in the streets of Athens, ' turning his eyes
> " ' observantly from side to side, though drenched with rain, and
> " ' calmly looking about on friend and foe.' "
>
> (Greek Lands and Letters—Allinson).

§ 1.

The presence of our old friend Tansō at Yashima requires some explanation.* Tansō had remained in Kumano, this outer district, praying vigorously in general terms for the Taira success. He had been engaged prematurely in this little affair, belied the fact, and determined to see how the cat was going to jump before emerging again from his mountain fastnesses. Two things influenced him. In the first place he had married an aunt of Yoshitomo. In the second place all his neighbours had flopped to the Minamoto side. This was a matter of great importance (to himself) in the practical point of view. Which ought to win was beyond the old man's powers of divination, and he was no longer on such terms with the neighbouring village beauties that he could find aids to reflection in their company, and clear his brain in that way. He did the next best thing. He turned to his local plant. First he held a *kagura* dance at the Tanabe shrine, then newly established. This called back old times, but it did not do much else. Then the local diviners were consulted. The neighbourhood were of course much interested in Tansō's decision. They much preferred "a frolic to a fight"; especially with the hard hitting *sohei* of Kumano. The diviners promptly declared that white doves, emblems of the god of war Hachiman, meant success to the Minamoto, and could mean nothing else. These Minamoto were hard workers, and then or now "you cant keep the working man down." Tansō was still sceptical. So he held a cock fight—white against red. Seven times he stood ready to pick his choice in the pit. Seven times the red bird funked and flew away. There was no fight to be got out of them. As a good "sport" this settled Tansō. He went about the matter in his usual practical way. Every desperate ruffian that he could gather from the Kumano Sanzan (shrines), Kongōho, Totsuka, and Yoshino, was pressed into service. Appropriate ceremonies were held. The image of Jakuichi Ōji* was hung on the branch of a *sakaki* tree (*cleyera japonica*). And a particularly horrible presentment of Kongō Dōji prepared. Then he gathered his men at Tabe-wan (bay) in Kii, and set sail for Yashima with two hundred boats. Probably still on the fence to the last, and intending to join the winner.

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* Which is found in the Gempei Seisuiki. It devotes part of a chapter to him, as in the following. As the serious chronicles (the Adzuma Kagami) draw freely on the old chronicle (to their great enlivenment) there is no reason to throw it overboard at this point. As history it is probably as good as our Froissart; quite good enough !

So much to account for the presence of the fighting priest. Great is the gap here in *all* the chronicles, for important as must have been the meeting between Benkei and his reputed parent they are all obstinately silent on the matter, some even go so far as to ignore the old man's presence in this campaign. But there was an equally important recruit. Kōno Shirō Michinobu sailed into the harbour. He had but thirty boats. On them, however, were a thousand hardened *bushi*, fresh from the fighting in Iyo. With such reinforcements the Hangwan flew at once on the Heike. There was no defence. At the hour of *mi* (9 a.m.) on March 24th the Taira put to sea, to find a port if they could. Yoshitsune could not set in pursuit at once. Matters first had to be settled in Shikoku, and the island safely established in Minamoto hands. For this purpose Yashima was made a head-quarters, and the Minamoto warriors in all directions called to arms. This was not difficult. The Taira holdings were few but large. The sub-fiefs were mainly in Minamoto hands. It was important to get hold of the Taira commander in Iyo. This was the Den-nai-Sayemon-no-Jō, Shigeno, son of Awa Mimbu-no-Tayū (Taguchi Shigeyoshi). This latter had been present at Yashima, and had escaped with the Taira fleet. The object now was to bag the son, and for this purpose Yoshitsune summoned Ise Saburō,* and gave him the order to arrest Nariyoshi. With a bow the noted retainer retired from his lord's presence.

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* Note this name in connection with Benkei. The miraculous account of his birth sticks closely to the Kumano legend. Jakuichi was one name of Benkei himself. Tansō must have brought 6000 men to the Hangwan's aid. The same figures are supported by Kono's contingent of 1000 men in thirty boats.

To perform his task he resorted to strategy. Den-nai-Sayemon-no-Jō should get the latest news in most complete and varied form. Picking out one of his retainers he disguised him as an ordinary traveller. This man was started out a day ahead. Then he himself with seventeen mounted *bushi* followed slowly after him on the road to Iyo, with the intention of bringing off Shigeno in the face of his three thousand men. With these the Taira chieftain had been making things warm in Kōno's district. He had failed to catch and kill Michinobu. But he had attacked his house, burnt it to the ground, and killed most of the garrison. Then he marched on Sanuki, with his trail of prisoners. On the way he of course met with the supposed traveller, somewhat surprised to meet the Taira lord so close at hand. When brought before Shigeno he was questioned as to what had taken place at Yashima. His story was very straightforward. In the tab of heads in Yashima castle they had already reached that of Fukura Shinsaburō, the uncle of Kōno Michinobu. At that time Gen-Kurō Hangwan, with a large Minamoto army, had descended on the castle. Driven to their boats, houses and palace fired, the Taira were defeated in the ensuing battle. Daijin-dono (Munemori), his son, and the Komatsu princes (Shigemori's issue) were prisoners. At Katsuura Bay, Mimbu-no-Tayū had surrendered, and Sakura-no-Tayū had been made a prisoner. The bravest of the Taira, Noto-no-Kami, after killing many of the enemy, rowed out to sea in a small boat, and throwing himself in the water was drowned. To his already large forces Yoshitsune had received as reinforcement Tansō, Bettō of Kumano, with two hundred boats. Kōno Michinobu was already in the camp, and *bushi* were pouring in from Shikoku and Kyūshū. The Hangwan intended to spend some time in Shikoku, and had established his headquarters at Yashima. "More I know not." And having reached the end of his instructions the traveller held his tongue—somewhat in his cheek.

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* Ise Saburō Yoshimori is a most important figure in connection with Yoshitsune in the old chronicles. I follow the Gempei Seisuiki in this little intrigue, so fatal to the Taira interests.

Den-nai-Sayemon had much food for reflection, and not over much time for its digestion. He had left his father, safe and sound in Yashima, and there was no reason to doubt the tale. He cogitated out loud:—"if my father has surrendered, it is certainly because he wants to survive long enough to see me before death is dealt out to him. However, I cannot credit this tale of a wandering serving man. I must go forward, and get further news as to what has happened." He rode on then in great haste. At the Kotosukuri-no-miya in Miki of Sanuki province he met Ise Saburō. The latter, seeing the approaching train, at once rode up to him. "Am I right in thinking that I have before me Den-nai-Sayemon-no-jō? I am Ise Saburō Yoshimori, retainer of Kurō Hangwan Yoshitsune." Then he went on bluntly to detail the same story as the supposed traveller, emphasizing the fact that Mimbu-no-Tayu had "put out his head." "He and Sakura-no-Tayu are my prisoners. As your father surrendered, his life will be spared. The head of Sakura will be struck off" Yoshimori in no way depreciated their own losses. Satō Saburō Hyoye and Kamada Tōji had both been killed. The loss was severe, and only had its compensation in some way in the death of Noritsune. He ended :— "Such is the situation. Now will you join the Minamoto, or do you want to seek revenge for defeat? It was the wish to see you that caused your father to surrender. You had better join us, become my retainer, and thus return to your native province with success behind you. If not, than I shall stop your further progress." He strung an arrow to his bow in threatening attitude. But Shigeno made little account of the noted archer. He believed this tale, heard from two such differing sources. Taking off his helmet he became a follower of Yoshimori.

The question of his three thousand men was quickly settled by Ise Saburō. "You must part with them here." So Shigeno said good-bye to his ample supports, and meekly followed after his captor. To interview papa? Not so; that worthy was cleaving the ocean wave in the Taira wake, and probably already meditating over the incapability of his captains and the turpitude of his nominal leader, Munemori. Ise led his prisoner direct to the presence of the Hangwan. This latter was in great admiration over his captain's strategy in thus disposing of three thousand men with the potential aid of seventeen ditto. Then he turned to Shigeno, with the command to write to his father just what had happened to him. The subjugation of the leader of the Taira forces in Shikoku thus carried great value with it. He was the son of his father, and this worthy man was quick to learn that not only was there no count of heads, with his son's at the top of the pole, but solid advantages in the hand of friendship held out by the Minamoto captain. Just when Taguchi Shigeyoshi completed his treacherous designs toward his former Taira lords is a matter of no importance at this date. He was to carry them out in most dramatic fashion, and as Yoshitsune was still uncertain as to what point to attack in the Taira flotilla it is not beyond question that Shigeyoshi was still trimming something more than sails while the battle was in progress. His conduct was suspicious, and the astute Tomomori proposed that the family "clutcher," Noto-no-Kami Noritsune, was the proper man to deal with him. Perhaps there was something of the tailor about Munemori. He preferred symmetry to the loss of the two hundred and fifty vessels, half of their fleet, the contingent furnished by Shigeyoshi; a strange choice.

It took a month for Yoshitsune to complete his preparations. One main task was to hold Noriyori steady in Kyūshū. Messengers were despatched urging him to hold on, that relief was close at hand, and that a few weeks would see the final blow struck. The situation was a curious one. The Minamoto captain with a large army (30000 men it is said) was living on half rations in a most complete state of discouragement. Tomomori had him trapped, and did not dare, or could not secure his game. Probably this latter is true, for a pitched battle on land, ventured against the veterans of Noriyori, was exactly what the Minamoto captain longed for and could not get. He could only watch the sails of Tomomori's flotilla and his own dwindling store of provisions. Tomomori was excellently situated for observation and safety. Leaving Munemori esconced at Yashima he had taken himself to his own fief in Nagato. Here he fortified the island of Hikōshima, at the *outer* end of the straits of Shimo-no-seki, and the wonder is that he did not choose to fight the final battle on such ground, and with such advantages, instead of advancing to such a death-trap as Dan-no-ura.

The flotilla, for the sight of which Noriyori was so longing, was ready by the third week in April (1185 A.D.). Yoshitsune now proposed to complete the destruction of the enemy. Feeling "as a dragon furnished with wings" he reviewed the fleet, and the order was given to sail next day (the 22nd). Kajiwara, arriving the day after the battle of Yashima, now had the impudence to ask to lead the van. Yoshitsune's answer was brief:—"You are like the iris after the sixth day;* or like one who forges a weapon after the quarrel." Kajiwara had to bite his nails in rage, and promise himself to pay this back at a better opportunity. The quarrel waxed hot. To charges of "coward" and "woman," jeering references to his "reverse oar," he pointedly referred to his commission from Yoritomo. Swords were already in hand, and Yoshitsune had strung his bow with every intention this time to pin this old calamity prophet. Cooler heads intervened. The approaching battle and the necessity of union forbade any thought of strife, and it was in soldierly union that the Minamoto fleet sailed toward Nagato. The weather, cloudy at the start, developed a heavy rain storm, and there was the delay of a day before the fleet of seven hundred vessels was assembled at Ōshima, the "large island" lying off the east end of Suwo province. From there Miura Yoshizumi, probably on the strength of an occasional mission to these seas of which the Kwantō warriors knew little, was pushed forward in the van This brought him in touch with the Taira outposts at Dan-no-ura, a bight at the eastern entrance to the Shimo-no-seki straits. This news brought Tomomori with all his available forces, among them Taguchi Shigeyoshi, up from Hikōshima. But it was fighting for lack of any remedy. "Like a rudderless boat in the middle of the seas" they had been drifting from one harbour to another, to find every place in the possession of the Minamoto. Tomomori strongly advised relying on the fleet of five hundred vessels. Even Shigeyoshi did the same. This Judas of the drama perhaps had not yet made up his mind which way the cat was going to jump, and there were limits to his treachery. It was thus handicapped, with women and children, and such effects as they had saved, that the Taira *bushi* had, as usual, to meet the enemy.

On the twenty fourth day of the third month (25th

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* A curious superstition and practice as to the iris is referred to in Sakurambō (page 193). The fifth of May is the important day in which it figures.

April 1185 A.D.) the morning light showed these approaching in wedge formation to break up the opposing line. The objects of both sides were comparatively simple. The centre of attack for the Minamoto was the Kara boat, a large craft supposed to contain the young Tennō, Antoku. As a matter of fact, knowing that this vessel would be the aim of the hostile attack, Munemori had transferred the Tennō, his mother Kenrei-mon-in, the Nii-dono, and other court ladies to an ordinary battleship. As the Minamoto would swarm to the attack of the larger craft he hoped to surround them where they had no room to manœuvre, and thus to destroy them*. Tomomori and the fighting men had less hope and simpler views. "Fight with no thought but that this day is our last. We must not live to be the prisoners of these Easterners. Our single aim is to damage the foe. Once have we failed to seize our enemy. This time we must be more successful. Yoshitsune is the object of our battle and revenge. Let us seize and fling him into the sea." It was early when the battle began with the customary discharge of arrows. The Taira men were numerous enough not to be taken in the rear, and as yet the traitor Shigeyoshi did not show his hand. The shouts of the warriors and the hum of the *kaburaya*† was as fierce as that of any, even if there were more sound and fury in their discharge than harm. On the land Noriyori and his army were ranged in serried lines, ready to discharge their arrows against any of the enemy's ships which came within range. The Minamoto came to closer quarters to endeavour to settle matters with the sword, but the Taira presented a solid front. This first attack was anything but favourable. The decks were slippery with blood, and men did not have time to cast the bodies into the sea. Corpses of women and little children lay sprawled on the decks, and sometimes a single arrow pierced mother and babe, and the wife stabbed herself on the prostrate body of the husband and father. The hero of this fighting was Noto-no-Kami Noritsune. Never had the great archer shown such deadly skill.

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* Cf. also Ariga—loc. cit. p. 86.

† "Kaburaya—an arrow with its head shaped like a turnip, having three perforations which make a humming sound as it flies": Brinkley's Dictionary. That is, as does a perforated top. 鏑矢の鳴違ふ音 is the expression of the Gempei Seisuiki.

The Hangwan seeing his men retreat before the fury of the Taira captain dipped up water from the sea, and purifying his mouth by rinsing, with closed eyes prayed fervently to Hachiman Daibosatsu. On the deck of the ship there stood an offering stand of the Sumiyoshi deity. From heaven two white doves, emblems of the god, descended to rest upon the shrine. All eyes were drawn from this sight to heavy black clouds floating from the eastward over the scene of strife. But these were not storm clouds. In an opening there was seen a white flag which descended to the mast-head, to take the place of Yoshitsune's flag, which triumphantly waving was carried heavenward. A further portent came to strike terror into the hearts of the Taira. To the fleets came sporting and playing a group of porpoises. What could these portend? They turned to Abe Harunobu, he who had made such a fearful mess of it when the day was chosen for the unlucky exit from Miyako. He turned to his divination books. Plainly this Abe was no reader of natural signs. Did he expect these animals to remain in such waters agitated by the strife of men? It would seem so. "If the fish remain and play about here, the omen is bad for the Minamoto. If they pass on there is no hope for the Taira." Thus he croaked, and all, hanging on his words, anxiously watched the leapings and divings of the fish. To their great sorrow all passed on; not one turned back.

The time had plainly come for Shigeyoshi to turn his coat. With his two hundred and fifty vessels he left the Taira line of battle. His passive rôle did not last long. He soon took his place in the Minamoto line, and passing to the ship of Yoshitsune pointed out to him the battleship which contained the prize so earnestly sought—the Sacred Treasures and the Taira Tennō and Court. Tenderly does our romancer linger over the scenes of blood and uproar "which reached the divine castle of

Ryūgu at the bottom of the sea. Boats and their fittings drifted like fishermen's buoys. Bodies floated hither and thither like driftwood. The waves, coloured red with blood, lapped greedily the sides of the ships." As the Taira lost heart the Minamoto became more and more active in the assault. Greatly encouraged by Shigeyoshi's treachery they now drew near the Taira boats. Says the Gempei Seisuiki:—"Fearful execution was dealt among them. Many were killed in hand to hand combats with the sword. Those at greater distance met their fate by arrows. Sailors and helmsmen were bewildered by the rain of missiles. Chūnagon Tomomori ordered his vessel to approach that on which were the Tennō and Ni-i-dono. When he appeared before them the ladies wept and asked what would become of them. Calmly he told them that he had expected such misfortune It could not be avoided. Smiling he said that they would find the Kwantō men finer looking fellows. He ordered the deck to be cleared of the dead and washed down. All were amazed at his calmness, and cried in grief." There were tears in the eyes of Tomomori, but they were tears of shame. Munemori and his son Munekiyo were prisoners. Their ship being surrounded by the enemy, they refused to commit suicide. To be sure a retainer, regretting their cowardice, had pushed them overboard; but being good swimmers they had made their way to the enemy, and had been fished out by the vulgar boat-hook in the coarse hands of one of Yoshitsune's retainers (Ise Saburō). However, the rest of them could die. Then seizing an anchor he showed the way by leaping into the sea. Chūnagon Kadowaki Norimori, Heisaishō Tsunemori, Shinsammi Sukemori, Komatsu Shōshō Arimori, Sama-no-Kami Yukimori, followed his example.

Let us return to the Gempei Seisuiki.* "Ni-i-dono, seeing that their plight was hopeless put on a robe of *neri* (white floss silk). She fastened the lower end of her skirt

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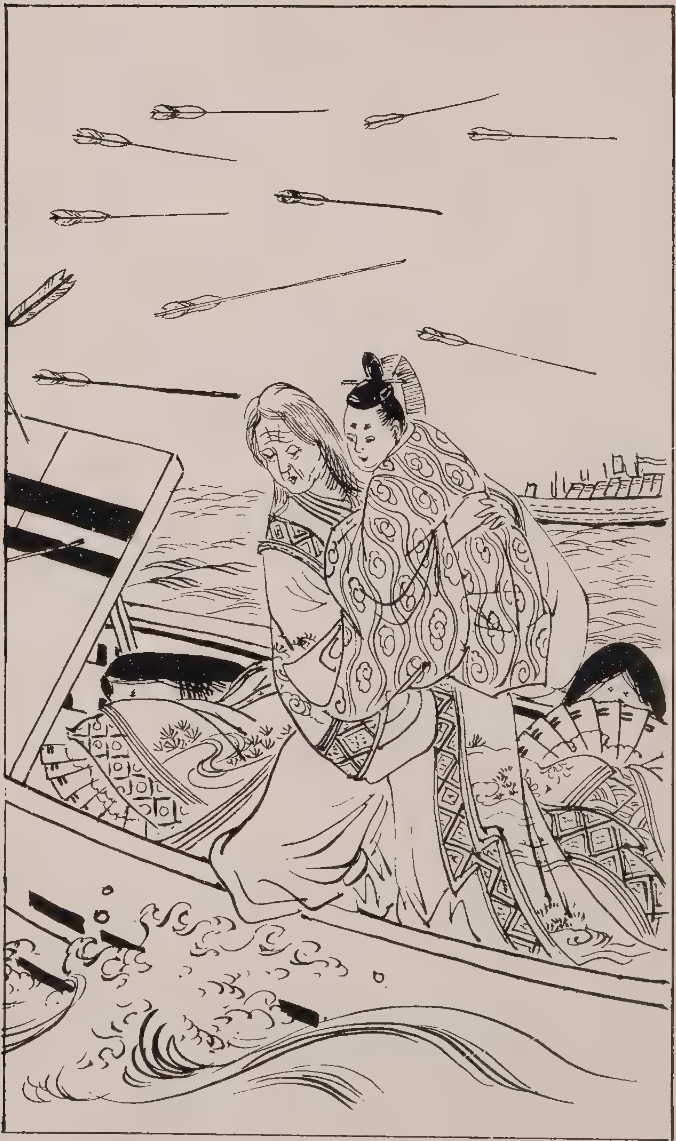
* I follow a translation of Mr. Minakami. The Heike Monogatari as describing this scene, has been translated by Mr. W. G. Aston in his Japanese Literature pp. 141-2. Ni-i-dono was the widow of Kiyomori.



"THERE IS A PALACE BY MIMOSUSO'S SHORE."

to her waist. Then taking the Tennō in her arms she secured him tight to her belt. Around her waist she girded the sacred sword. Under her arm she held the Sacred Seal. Standing upright she made ready to plunge into the sea. The Tennō was at the time eight years old, but looked far older. His black glossy hair hung down his back. A little puzzled he asked Ni-i-dono what was the matter, and whither he should escape. Pitiful was it to witness the scene. With tears Ni-i-dono replied, that as the enemy dared to discharge their arrows against his vessel she would take him elsewhere, to another boat on which he would be quite safe:

" Now I see,
" On Mimosuso's stream,
" Beneath the waves,
" Another princely city."*

Hardly had she finished when she was seen to leap into the waves." Kenrei-mon-in the mother, Moro no Tenjō the Tennō's nurse, waiting ladies of the court, franticly watched to see them come to the surface. That the mother followed is needless to say. Putting a heavy piece of granite in her sleeve Kenrei-mon-in threw herself in the water. Hyoye-no-Jō Genji Watanabe caught her before she sank. Gotō-no-Jō Genji Jitsu sprang in the water and held her up. His retainer twisted her hair around a bamboo rake, and thus dragged her into their boat. Her hair and clothes dripping with the bitter brine were a new experience to this delicate creature. Moro no Tenjō attempted also to drown herself, but the arrows of the enemy nailed her long skirts to the deck, and she hung suspended from the side of the ship. Hyoye Genji aided her to reach the deck. Kenrei-mon-in and the Lady Konoye were taken to Yoshitsune's ship. The Hangwan ordered his men to save those drowning, as the Tennō and others of the palace might be among them. Ise Saburō Yoshimori took a small boat and rowed off into the midst of the battle to give the orders to all the boats, with the added instructions that all women be brought to the Hangwan's ship. Thus was Yoshitsune stripped for the time being of his strongest attendants.

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* "Ima zo shiru, Mimosuso-gawa no, Nagare ni wa, Nami no shita ni mo, Miyako ari to wa." (Gempei Seisuiki).

It was a time when he needed them as never before. For the first time in the battle he and Noritsune came together. Throughout he had watched with envious pleasure the matchless archery of the Taira strong man. "If I only had him under my command!" he said. Now their boats came together, and Noritsune at once leaped upon the deck of the Hangwan's ship. Benkei, Ise, Washiwo, Kataoka, were elsewhere directing the battle. "Throwing off his helmet, tearing off the sleeves of his armour, Noritsune sprang after Yoshitsune to catch him. Yoshitsune knew well that his enemy was too strong for him in a hand to hand wrestling match. He got behind his men. Noritsune seeing a knight holding a small spear in his hand, the symbol of command, addressed him. "Is this the general of the Minamoto, Kurō Hangwan Yoshitsune? I am Noto-no-Kami Noritsune, second son of Kadowaki Norimori." Then he sprang upon Yoshitsune. The latter retreated, and his men, seeing his peril, tried to prevent Noritsune from approaching their chief. Noritsune threw them and kicked them off into the sea. He was about to grasp Yoshitsune, when the latter, still keeping tight hold of the little spear, made a mighty leap across the intervening space to the next boat. It was two bow lengths (eighteen feet). Then holding his spear in attitude of command and threat he laughed at his enemy as he stood upright facing him.* Noritsune, although his strength was so much greater than Yoshitsune's, was no match for him in quickness. To him the yawning distance might as well have been *ri*. He stood in admiration of the great leap, but the chasm cut off all chance of taking Yoshitsune with

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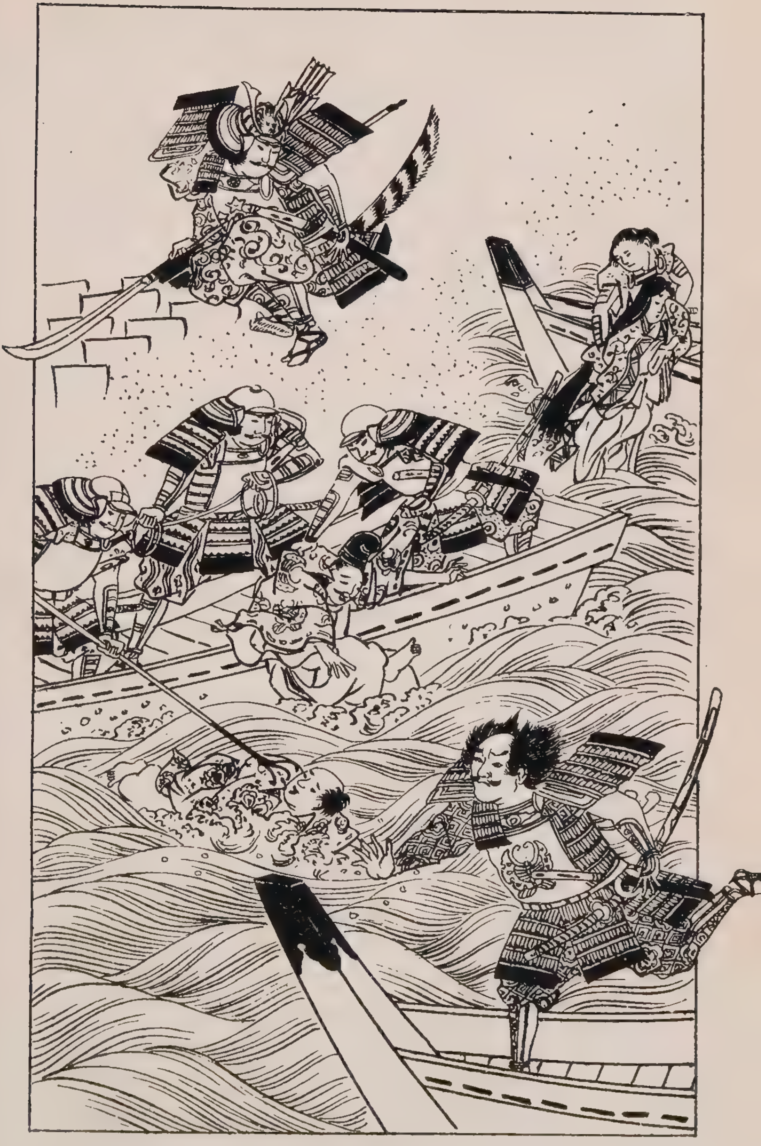
* This is the famous *hassō-tobi* (leap over eight boats) of Yoshitsune. It is also placed at the battle of Yashima, and in such case the inspiring motive is "Noto-no-Kami Norimori" (as it is on some of the cheap picture books; but Norimori certainly was not Noto-no-Kami). The "Yoshitsune Ichidaiki" by Kisekite Juzan (April or May, 1857 A.D.) makes it a leap from boat to boat, eight in number.



THE HASSŌ TOBI; KENREIMON-IN AND MUNEMORI.

him, and filled his mind with despair. He sought elsewhere for victims and companions in death. There came to oppose him a knight of great strength, Tokii Akitarō. He was said to be the equal of thirty men, and his two retainers were each his match. They threw themselves on Noritsune. One the Taira knight kicked off into the sea. Holding the other two in his arms he leaped into the water. And thus died Noto-no-Kami Noritsune.

The Sacred Treasures went safely (*sic*) through another vicissitude To the romancers, "the divine mirror and bead were secured. The sword, in Antoku's possession, was lost, but was subsequently secured by a diver." Thus says number One. The Gempei Seisuiki tells us that the rough Kwantō soldiery soon swarmed over the Tennō's boat. There was not much left alive on it except the *dainagon* Taira Tokitada, perhaps his pretty daughters, and a well fastened box. The soldiers were quick to twist off the fastenings. A smaller box was found inside, but it was so heavily charged that the intruders "became dizzy and blood ran down from their noses."* Tokitada looked sourly on, and then told them it was a box of *naiji* (belonging to the Tennō's treasure) and not to open it. The Hangwan, being told, also forbade them to touch it, and it was left to the more practised hands of the *dainagon* to replace the box in the larger chest without further waste of gore, of which there had been already a plentiful sufficiency. But "how efficacious was the sanctity of the Imperial Treasure, even at such a disorderly period of society." Kataoka Tarō secured the Divine Seal floating on the water. The precious sword, Hōken, was lost. Thus says Number Two. In the sixth year of Bunji (1190 A.D.), we are told (Ariga) that the sacred sword Hinogoza was adopted in its stead, and a revelation at the Ise shrine later indicated one of the swords in its store as a substitute. This seems to be the modern rationalized version of a thrashing out of the old chronicles. It can be ventured to say that it makes no difference what is under the numerous wrappings which surround these precious objects of the days of fetichism. They are re-covered as the old cover decays, not placed in a new receptacle. And no man knows whether there is anything or nothing, beyond a bundle of dusty rags.*

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* Can this be an anticipation of the medical battery?

§ 2.

There remained nothing to do but to gather the results of this momentous event in Japanese history. These were striking and unexpected. However, in the immediate sense the task was an easy one. The Taira host had perished almost to a man. The scattered remnants, a handful, were hunted down without mercy by Noriyori in Kyūshū, and Taguchi Shigeyoshi in Nagato. This latter received his reward. How he ended we know not, but can hope he turned out badly, as did so many at the hands of Yoritomo. But the harrying of this fighting family of the Ise Heishi was tolerably complete. Changing their names, living the lives of peasants in the wilds of Kyūshū, they are known even to this present day for their rough shy manners, the fruit of centuries of concealment. Of kindred stock and experience was to come their great representative Oda Nobunaga. As for the Taira dead, their angry ghosts long haunted the waters of the strait, to the danger and destruction of mariners. None could anchor off Dan-no-ura until swords, standards, and armour were collected and deposited in the temple of Amida at Shimo-no-seki, built to appease the wrathful dead. So much for the leaders, although Noritsune's ghost walks, but the soldiers still wander the strand, and even the near-by hills, in the shape of tiny crabs (*heike-gani*) marked on the shell with the figure of an infuriated warrior, and endangering the toes and fingers of incautious and youthful Japan.* Of the older members of the family, Munemori and Munekiyo were prisoners, as was Shigehira who had been captured at Ichi-no-tani. Yorimori, husband (or son) of Ike-no-zenni the saviour of Yoritomo, was safe to remain at Miyako and the Court; and Koremori, the son of Shigemori, who had left Munemori shortly after the exodus to Yashima, was supposed to have been drowned in crossing to Kii. He reappeared. Shaving his head and taking priestly vows at Kōyasan, he had in the course of events fled southward again to Fujinawa in Kii and disappeared from sight. His infant son, Rokudai, was now seized. There is a side to this tale worth telling. Kajiwara Kagetoki, as hand in glove aforetime with the Taira chiefs, knew the little ins and outs of the family affairs. There was a beautiful girl in Miyako, the daughter of a *sushiya*, or in plainer terms a preparer of the balls of rice which wrapped in the seaweed (*nori*), or with fish and eggs, are so pleasing to the Japanese palate—and to others.* Without disclosing his rank Koremori had an intrigue with this girl, and a child was born. O'Sato first learned who her lover really was by finding one day the house surrounded by officers sent by Kajiwara. The infant Rokudai was seized, but there was a stronger than Kajiwara at hand. Mongaku Shōnin, the stern and ghostly adviser of Yoritomo, interfered. Through his influence the child's life was spared, and it was sent to exile in Izu, to grow up under close supervision. Mongaku in later years was anxious to replace Go-Toba Tennō by a more pliant (youthful) prince, Morisada Shinnō. Yoritomo would have nothing to do with the matter. Shortly after the Shōgun died, and Mongaku attempted to give his idea practical form. The result was exile to Sadoshima. The head of Rokudai, then twenty-six years old, as accomplice was promptly struck off his shoulders at the orders of Hōjō Tokimasa; which enables a finger to be placed on one of the moving factors in Yoritomo's bloody treatment of all and everything that he conceived to stand in his path. Thus the Taira were pretty well accounted for, and custom was to establish the Shōgunate, nominal rather than real, for generations to come. From a temporary commission it became the hereditary title under which the *buké* caste ruled the country. The *kugé* were permanently retired from the administration. As to the title custom acted as it often does in Japan. Meat and shell were separated.

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* The following is Mr. Minakami's note from the Adzuma Kagami. It is a good sample of this venerable chronicle's method, not differing much from the Gempei Seisuiki. "A report sent by Kajiwara Heizō Kagetoki reaches Kamakura. It says that the Minamoto had several good omens, foretelling their victory over the Taira in the battles of Yashima and Dan-no-ura; that they had a message from the god of Iwashimizu temple saying that if they fought on the day of Hitsuji [the sheep] they would be victorious; that in the attack on Yashima the Minamoto had a comparatively small number of men, but that the Taira men had a vision of a large army, and supposing it really to exist took fright; that in the fighting at Nagato [Dan-no-ura] there appeared on the surface of the sea a large tortoise. Though the soldiers wished to kill this, it was set free, and wonderful enough reappeared on the surface of the sea just when the Minamoto gained the day; that two white doves were seen flying over a Minamoto boat at the time the Taira men were throwing themselves into the sea; that in the battle at Suwo a white flag was seen amidst the clouds in the sky; that Yoshitsune is proud of his victory and rewards his own retainers amply, while those of Kamakura are held in contempt." This under date of the 20th day of the 4th month (21st May, 1185 A.D.). On the whole the porpoises are quite equal to the miraculous tortoise. The writer is drawing on the Gempei Seisuiki, or on the same account as the early writer. It is hardly necessary to point out the numberless little hints of manners found in the old chronicles. Thus Shigeno takes off his helmet as a sign of becoming the retainer of Yoshimori; the obsequies of Satō Tsuginobu, in which the hardy little horses of Ōshū come in as gifts and with praise for their good qualities; the description of dress; and (shades of Bushidō!) the dubious methods of Ise Saburō and Den-nai-Sayemon, are a few of the hints contained. The long winded references to Chinese generals, etc., belong to the latter-day (and present day) romancers and historians. As to the adventures of the Sacred Treasures in the eyes of modern history.—Cf. Ariga, pp. 87-88, loc. cit.

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* See Klaproth's interesting note to his French translation of the Ō-Dai-Ichiran, p. 212.

In this fourth month of the year (May, 1185 A.D.) Yoshitsune returned in triumph to Miyako. The masterly campaign he had carried on against the Taira had opened men's eyes as to the soldier genius they had in their midst. His commission from the Tennō, however, had expired with the accomplishment of its object. He had no longer a right to command his brother's soldiery.

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* A most delectable mess, the rice being dressed with vinegar. The wise will take it with *nori* or omelet.

This he and they knew, as did Kajiwara in wrath and haste posting to Kamakura. Yoshitsune's reception in Miyako was enough to turn an older head than his. At the Kakuragawa he was met by the court officials sent to receive the Three Sacred Treasures; Tō-no-Chūjō Michisuke, Tō-no-Chūnagon Tsunefusa, Chūjō Saishō Yasumichi, Gon-Chūnagon Kanetada, Sachūjō Kintoki, Shōshō Sayemon Noriyori headed a long procession of court nobles and officials. The procession entered in state through the Shujaku-mon, passed along Omiyamachi, and entered the *gōshō* by the Taiken-mon. Yoshitsune, with a strong guard and a long train of attendant officials, was met at the east gate of the palace by two lower officials arrayed in *hoi* (court robe) and carrying torches. Attending him on either side he was thus conducted to the Great Hall of Audience, where reception was granted him by the Hōo. These festivities over all turned to sterner affairs. The bad quarter of an hour was ahead for everybody, and Munemori and the other prisoners had the first experience. On May 26th they were paraded through the streets of Miyako, their hands tied behind their backs like common felons, in coarse clothing, untidy and unkempt, objects of the scorn and jeering of the populace. Yoshitsune was well content to leave matters in this condition, but he was not the one to determine their fate. In the following month (June) he took his way toward Kamakura, to deliver them into the hands of Yoritomo. On the 14th, after rapid travelling he had reached Sakawa. From here he sent notice of his arrival to Kamakura, and of his intention to enter the city the next day with his train. This message brought surprising results—to him.

Kajiwara Kagetoki had written ill of him to Kamakura. On his return after Dan-no-ura he spoke still worse. It was not a mere rupture of the brothers he was seeking. He sought the destruction of Yoshitsune. What had passed at the Watanabegawa and at Yashima could only be repaid in one way. To take personal vengeance was dangerous and deadly. If he did not lose his own life in the attempt, it would anyhow put him under the ban.

Yoritomo must be persuaded to give the order himself. Kajiwara thoroughly knew the material he had to work upon. As yet Yoritomo was merely angry with his brother for the acceptance of favours from the Court, when he himself had shown his displeasure by a studied neglect. With his cold and suspicious temperament anger could easily be worked into an unrelenting hate. The plan was safe both for himself and Yoritomo. The battle of Dan-no-ura had made the latter supreme in the land. He was the head of the clan and without a rival. All the strength behind Yoshitsune would fall away if he waved his hand. Yoritomo was careful to let Kajiwara know of the arrival of the messenger from Koshigoe, and the old man was soon on hand to enter an earnest protest against any further progress of the victorious general into the city. Said he:—"If you admit him, you may as well say farewell to this world. He is so taken with glory that it is empire he now aims at. Indeed he has already thus appealed to me, offering a great career; whereas under your lordship's effulgence all others must remain in obscurity. He hopes to get into his hands the government of the thirty western provinces, as reward for his great deeds in the late war. And as far as Miyako is concerned he will be successful, the Court having eyes for none but him. Thus as one of two Shōgun he would have the base on which to support his efforts to have but one in supreme command. Any of your officers, even common soldiers in the army, know this as the camp gossip of the day. Then again his new connections show the trend of his plans. He has married the daughter of Taira Tokitada. The old fox gave trouble enough to Kiyomori when Fujiwara Narichika conspired against him in Jishō (1177 A.D.). His banishment by Yoshitsune to Noto is the merest farce and blind. He is said already to have returned to the capital, and his influence with the Hōō is notoriously great. Besides, Kenrei-mon-in as prisoner is a standing joke in Miyako. All know she is Yoshitsune's mistress, and not unwillingly. He made the greatest impression by his kindness after the battle of Dan-no-ura, and now she in turn is kind. And then", the old man hitched up closer to Yoritomo in his earnestness, "beware of him personally. Serving under him I recognize his extraordinary genius in war. Kōmei and Chōryō, the two great generals of the Chinese, could not equal him. Besides, those constant satellites of his, Kamei, Kataoka, Ise Saburō, Kumai Tarō, Washiwo, Hitachi-bo, led by that dare-devil priest Musashi-bō Benkei, are capable of anything. Wada, Hatakeyama, Doi, Miura, men of affairs and seasoned in politics are so taken with him that they would follow this boy anywhere and to the bitter end. He is entirely too popular and influential for your good, and his influence is too hostile and to be distrusted. Your aim should be to discourage him, to humble him, and to take away all his support. The poor have no friends. Forbid his entrance into Kamakura, render him a nonenity, and you and the country will remain undisturbed. Afterwards your lordship will find it easy to act toward him as you see fit, without fear of disturbance." Kajiwara sat back grimly satisfied as to the result of his poisonous advice, thus carefully distilled. Hōjō Tokimasa, Miyoshi Yasunobu, the two Ōye—Hiromoto and Chikayoshi—nodded grave approval.

Yoritomo listened with impassive face, but every word reached its mark, and was echoed by his own feelings. His orders were curt and decided. Yoshitsune's train was too powerful to seize him then and there. Besides he was not at all certain as to the effect on the *bushi*. Kajiwara was right as to the popularity of Yoshitsune in the army. Open resistance would not be directed against him, the lord of Kamakura, but against his evil advisers. The result, however, would be the same. On the other hand Yoshitsune could not enter Kamakura in a hostile manner. He was therefore ordered to send in Munemori and his other prisoners. He himself was to await further orders at Koshigoe*. Hōjō Tokimasa, Ōye Hiromoto, Koyama Tomomitsu carried the message to Koshigoe.

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* This *goe* (越) so often found in place names seems to mean passage. *Wataru* is another reading. It has been thus found in Hiyodorigoye. Koshigoe is the little village opposite Enoshima, near Kamakura: *goe* is not equivalent to *tōge*.

Yoshitsune was thunderstruck. He had no suspicion that the evil tongue of slander had sunk so deep, and he had small knowledge of his brother's character. At first he only regretted that his own prowess against Yoshinaka and the Taira, his recovery of the regalia, and his service to the Tennō and to his brother the lord of Kamakura, had met with so little recognition. Then as Kajiwara came to mind his anger kindled. This man had been at his mercy, and he had spared the traducer's life! Well, the saying is, "the beast destroyed, the hound is killed; the enemy defeated, the retainer is beheaded." The advice of Hidehira and Motoharu came to his mind, to fill his soul with bitterness. He sat in deep and gloomy meditation, his head lowered and his eyes fastened on the ground. Tokimasa watched the scene with alert and cynical indifference. Oye showed cold curiosity. Koyama had undisguised sympathy. The retainers were in a great rage. Kumai, Ise Saburō, Washiwo, Hitachi-bō fumed and raged. The commission had withdrawn to await Yoshitsune's answer and the delivery of the prisoners, so their comments were outspoken and intended to reach their lord's ear in this impromptu consultation. All they wished was to enter Kamakura forthwith, and to slice Kajiwara and his sons into *sashimi*. Then willingly, for this violation of the precincts of the northern capital, they would commit *harakiri*. Benkei, with his cool long-headedness, interposed. "Come! This is the wildest talk, and only likely to lead our lord into difficulties. His case should be presented to Kamakura-dono. If a memorial be drawn up, showing his innocence and good-will, it is all that the situation allows. Whether the interview be granted or not, our lord puts himself in the right position toward his elder brother and the head of the clan." Yoshitsune spoke:—"Benkei, as usual, sees clearly. Let paper and writing materials be brought, and a memorial be drafted." These were easily secured from the monks, and Benkei prepared to draw up the document, the original of which is still kept in the temple of Mampukuji at Koshigoe.*

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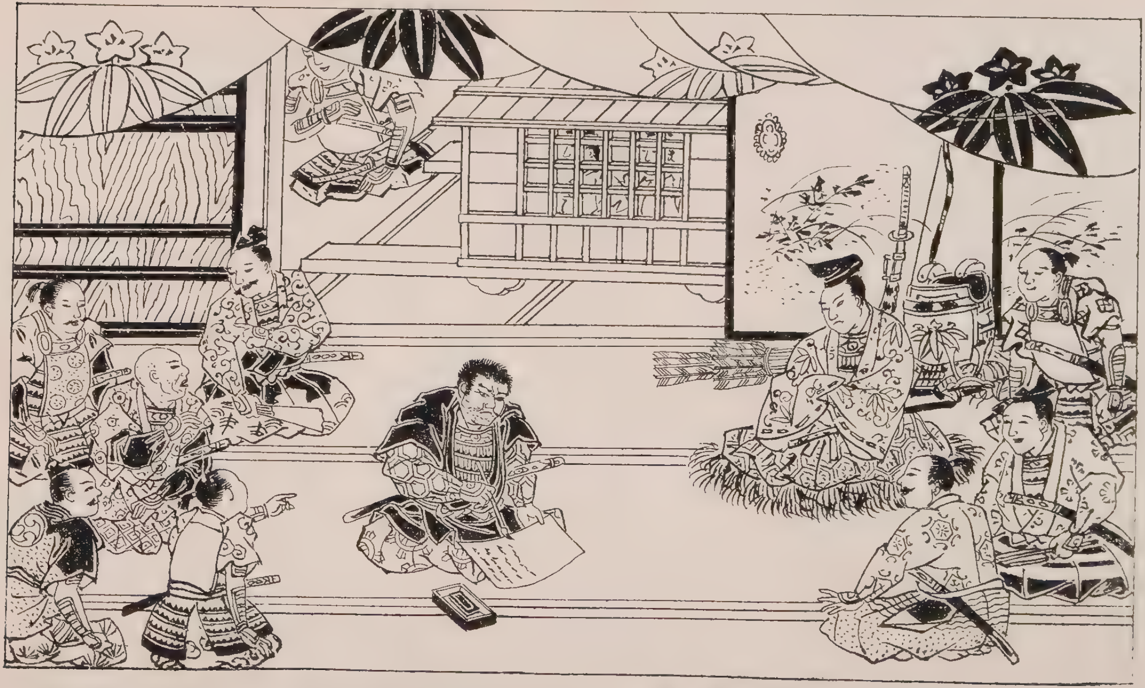
* Together with some of the best wood carving in Japan—such as it



YOSHITSUNE DICTATES TO BENKEI THE KOSHIGOE-JŌ

"Respectfully I appeal to your impartiality and magnanimity in presenting this humble declaration of my innocence. You yourself appointed me a general under your orders, and charged me with the task of defeating the enemies of the Tennō. Through you I thus had the opportunity to acquire my reputation as a commander in war, not only to my fame, but to that of my family. I was successful in avenging our wrongs upon the enemy. For this I thought to be rewarded. To my surprise and misfortune I find that scoundrels have spoken ill of me, and hence my merits have been disregarded. Without fault on my part I become an object of your blame. In return for my success on the battle-field I become to you an object of reproach. How much is this to be regretted! There is an old saying that as medicine is bitter to the taste, so is good advice unpalatable to the mind of the one who has to listen to it. Without making inquiry into the truth of what the maligners tell you, you forbid my entrance into Kamakura. Thus you give me no opportunity to explain my true motives for action, but keep me here at a distance without end or object. It is a matter of great regret to me that I am not allowed to see you, and that our brotherly love is thus dissipated. Can it be due to the will of the god? Am I reaping the fruit of wicked conduct in some previous existence? Would that our father's spirit could appear, and aid me in communicating to you my real thoughts! To what means shall I resort to open to you my innermost heart? I cannot conceive them. Pardon me that I repeat here what I have done for you and the country. Soon after my birth I lost my father, and carried on my mother's breast found refuge in Ryūmon in the Uda district of Yamato. After that, during the Taira supremacy, I passed a wretched and perilous existence, seeking safety wherever I could, con-

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is. I follow the translation of the letter by Mr. Minakami. It is given by Yamada, "Kūnkō Zue pp. 188-190 Takahashi's Ed." The version in the Heike Monogatari (the same) carries the date—2nd year of Genryaku, 6th month, fifth day (3rd July 1185 A.D.)—Twentieth day, fifth month says the Adzuma Kagami (19th June). Yamada's copy (from the original?) gives sixth month but not the day. With some misgivings I follow the Adzuma Kagami.

descending to find concealment among boors and ignorant farmers. After the distress of years the day came when I received the honour of your command to go up against Kiso, as also later by the Imperial decree against the Taira. In these expeditions on horseback I climbed precipitous roads at the risk of life, and again crossed the raging sea the waves of which threatened to make us the prey of the monsters of the deep. Often enough at night my helmet was my pillow, and not for a moment did my hand stray from my bow and arrows. All these efforts have I made simply to please the soul of my father, and to restore the fame of the Minamoto clan. That I was promoted to the fifth court rank is only to the brilliant fame of our clan. But now I am plunged in regrets. What could be greater sorrow than to have to listen to your refusal to allow me to enter Kamakura? Herewith in all sincerity I solemnly vow that I have no ill-will or intentions against you. May all the deities in the shrines, large and small, of the sixty six-provinces of Nippon* help me in opening to you my true heart. Already I have sent to you several letters, but none I fear reached you as you thus refuse to admit me to your presence. Our country is a land of divine power, and in it there should be no unreason or an attitude so merciless. I have nothing on which to rely except your magnanimity, by which I can disclose to you my true motives and prove my innocence. I beg permission to be allowed this opportunity of making a direct appeal to you, and hope that in return you will bestow on me words of kindness. Your recognition of my good faith, your permission to present myself in Kamakura, will be not only greatly to my own fame, but to that of my posterity; and will at the same time remove my burden of distress and sadness which for years past I have endured. On you wholly depends my tranquillity. What I would tell you is far too much to place here upon paper, and I fear these words will fail to communicate to you my earnest desire. Please be good enough to understand more than this memorial can tell on its bare face. Read it in a favourable light.

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* 日本國中の大小の神祇 says the Heike Monogatari.

Genteii Yoshitsune,
2nd year of Genryaku, fifth month, twentieth day.
Presented through His Excellency Inaba-no-Kami."

Reading this old twelfth century document, with our latter day knowledge of the events which were to follow, of the intrigues which were mining and counter-mining under the feet of the actors, it can be said that few letters of greater dignity, frankness, and pathos have ever been written. And it was exactly the letter to urge on the cold and cautious lord of Kamakura to destroy the writer. With it and the prisoners the commission took their way back to the city.*

The result was foregone, as all felt. The interview was refused. Yoshitsune was ordered to return to Miyako with Munemori, Munekiyo, and Shigehira. The Court was to decide their fate (*sic*). Early on a July day they took their way southward. Yoshitsune had passed from pain to anger at Yoritomo's cruel indifference and credulous disposition. He felt that he had missed his opportunity, and had not met his brother's character in the proper way. He should have answered the first message by forthwith descending on Kajiwara, and then putting a bold front on the matter and taking the consequences. Now he had these prisoners in charge, as important to Miyako as to Kamakura. His hands were tied, and he had to bide his time. When approaching the capital and already in Ōmi, a messenger, Sayemon-no-Jō Hirotsune, was sent to inquire as to their disposition. This had probably already been arranged from Kamakura. Yoshitsune would have spared them, but the orders were categorical. Shigehira was to be sent to Nara; this at the request of the monks of whom he had made a holocaust amid the burning mass of the Tōdaiji and other temples, decimating the contingent of holy men. It was done, and his head was promptly struck of at Narazaka. Munemori was decapitated at Shinohara in Ōmi, and Munekiyo suffered the same fate at Nōji. Yoshitsune entered the capital with the two ghastly presents, which were forthwith exposed at the common execution ground for criminals at Rokujō. Then he turned to bask in the little sunshine of the Court; all of that element he had experienced, or was to receive in his short life.

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* It throws also the brightest kind of light on Yoshitsune's early life and hardships. Yoritomo would know of these, and Yoshitsune would make no bid for sympathy beyond the exact facts. Here we are on solid ground, with all the idealism and veil of romance stripped away.

PART III.

INTER FRATRES.

> " Only so long as the body lasts, is the mind
> " liable to passions productive of sorrow."
>
> Spinoza—" Ethica."

CHAPTER XII.

TOSABŌ'S VENTURE: SHIZUKA-GOZEN.

> "Experience has proved in our own times that the princes "who have achieved great deeds are those who have held good "faith of small account, and have known how to bewilder "men's brains by cunning, and in the end have succeeded "better than those whose actions have been ruled by honour."
>
> Machiavelli—"The Prince."
> (quoted from Villari).

§ 1.

It was in no amiable frame of mind that Yoshitsune again entered the Tennō's capital, which for the next hundred years and more was to play a subordinate part to the new capital rising on the little Bay of Sagami. Indeed the establishment of a new capital in the north was a deadly blow to the southern city, which only for a short space of time, under the Ashikaga, was the nominal seat of Government from that day to the present time. But at the time spoken of there was little sign of its loss of importance, little sign of the wretched times during which the Tennō was glad to secure cold cash by writing poems and signing them to give them value. Yoshitsune could and did plunge himself into all the dissipations that the luxury and still flourishing condition of the capital allowed, and his own youthful tastes dictated. He plainly took the stand of the large number of the young military leaders of the day, appreciated in no way the change which was approaching in the political world of Nippon, and certainly did not see into and understand the far-reaching plans of his brother Yoritomo. Yoshitsune from the start had enjoyed to a peculiar degree the good-will and confidence of Go-Shirakawa, the Hōō. On his return from Dan-no-ura he had taken up his duties as *kebiishii* and guardian of the city. He held the fifth court rank and the privilege of appearing at Court. Every practical advantage was neutralized from Kamakura by the appointment of military overseers for any fief granted him by the Court. For the present Yoshitsune paid small attention to these matters. The new mansion at Rokujō Horikawa*, which he had begun even in the days when Yoshinaka's head was adorning the Kamogawa, was now completed, and he entered it to engage in a series of *fetes*, banquets, and dissipations, too likely to draw the superficial good-will of the lip-serving *kugé*, and the deeply seated hatred of the cold and suspicious man established in Kamakura with the legions of the country at his back. But meanwhile Yoshitsune made hay while the sun shone. And with him, enjoying these temporary favours of fortune, were some twenty concubines, picked from the best favoured girls his apparent power was likely to secure from time serving parents. After all these were mere pastimes of the amorous warrior. The real hold on his heart at this time was not that of the twenty mistresses; not even that of his loyal and devoted wife, the Kitanokata, daughter of Taira Tokitada. This latter did not live at Horikawa; but in Ichijō Imadegawa, near the *gōshō*, concealed her pain and disappointment. The mistress of the Horikawa palace was the famous Shizuka-gozen, herself a model of loyalty and devotion to her young lover, and as such to go down into history; for this was no passing fancy and intrigue, but one already of three years duration. Let us look a little into the early history of this youthful heroine, at this time only eighteen years of age.*

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* It was in the southern quarter of the city, not far from the present Higashi-Hongwanji. The Adzuma Kagami tells us that on August 4th a big earthquake destroyed or damaged nearly all the great mansions of Miyako. Yoshitsune's escaped without injury.

In the third year of Eikyū (1115 A.D.), when Toba Tennō was seeking mischief for his idle hands to do, the favourite attraction of the festive moments of the nobles was dancing by girls—*shirabyōshi*—and this practice then took its rise. The *shimachitose* and *wakanomae*, combinations of song and dance, shared in the ill-development of the music and dancing of the time. It was not until Shinsai Nyūdō,† about the period of Hōgen and Heiji, made a careful selection of the old music and added to it his own compositions, that these performances took on a polished form. But when Iso-no-zensu, the mother of Shizuka and herself a *shirabyōshi*, was in high reputation they were practically perfected. The term itself has a curious origin, and we will turn to the native writer for its discussion.‡

"The term *shirabyōshi* was originally used as the name of wooden blocks used to beat time to music, and the name was afterwards given to the operatic performance, to become finally the technical term for these dancing girls. About the middle period of their development they wore *suikan* § but no *eboshi* or sword. Their hands were empty. After Shinsai Nyūdō improved the dance, they used fans in posturing. The *suikan* usually was white. For keeping time they used *tsuzumi*, *fuye*, and *dōbyōshi*, this latter being copper blocks used to beat time. They did not use the *samisen*, and even the use of the *fuye* (flute) is uncertain. Though the *shimachitose* and *wakanomae* were the original forms of the performances of the *shirabyōshi* these were carried on without change into the times of the Heike supremacy, and in the noble houses were many of the famous *shirabyōshi*—Giō, Gijiō, Hotoke, Senjiyū, Kameku, and others.* There is no question that in those days people of low rank and of talent became Buddhist priests and men of note. No matter how low their position, they not only secured liberty by turning priest, but had the right of audience with the Tennō. Thus in kindred fashion, to become a *shirabyōshi* was the shortest way to come into contact with the nobility, and involved no sacrifice of liberty. Therefore we cannot call the *shirabyōshi*, as a class, of low grade. Among them were some women of noble character as was fit in this period of warfare. Thus although it is currently said that the *shirabyōshi* were women of low class there were found among them many who prized fidelity and dignity. Just as among the priesthood many a man found a way to succeed. When Hotoke-gozen came to the capital she heard that the Prime Minister, Taira Kiyomori, liked dancing; and it was reported that he said :—' the *shirabyoshi* can come at any time to my house without a summons.' She betook herself to his presence, showing that it was an easy matter then for a woman of low rank to approach the nobles. For this reason among the *shirabyōshi* could be found many women distinguished in the land."

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* As the Japanese count the year of birth, Shizuka was seventeen years old by western counting. This age must be taken into account as to her career.

† Michinori.

‡ Saitō Kōzu p. 7, seq. Cf. Gempei Seisuiki (popular Ed.) p. 18.

§ A long flowing robe worn by the nobles. *Eboshi* is a hat of varying shape. *Tsuzumi*=drum: *Fuye*=flute. The *samisen* was much later in date. For details and shapes—see Piggott's "Music and musical instruments of Japan."

It was in such an atmosphere that the little girl Shizuka lived and grew up toward womanhood. Her mother Iso-no-zensu was a native of Iso in Tango, one of the central provinces on the Sea of Japan. Another story, however, makes her a native of Awa in Shikoku. At all events it is almost agreed that Shizuka was born in Awaji. Her father was said to be a *hokumen-bushi*.† His name is unknown, but the date of her birth is fixed by the fact that when she danced at the Shinsen *gōshō*—then west of Omiya and south of Nijō in Miyako—she was fifteen years old. She was therefore born in the third year of Ninan

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* As said the Gempei Seisuiki early gets at Kiyomori and his affections in this line.

† That is, belonged to the palace guard of the Tennō. Kitashirakawa, mentioned below, I take to be on the east side of the river, a part of Shirakawa.

(1168 A.D.), in the reign of Rokujō Tennō. In 1169 A.D. Kiyomori became dajō-daijin. The Heike were at the height of their power, "flying freely as the birds, but already trembling to their fall." Iso-no-zensu, as a famous *shirabyōshi*, found favour with the nobles. She and her daughter lived at Kitashirakawa in the northern end of Miyako, and both danced together. Shizuka owed as much to her own intelligence as to her mother's training. She grew up into a gentle, clever girl, with an exquisitely beautiful face and complexion. Her hair was a wonderful mass of raven-black falling in heavy strands to her feet, and making a wonderful frame for the delicate oval face and slender graceful figure. Her early training gave her complete grounding in all the principles of her profession, and practice made her perfect in tecnique. Nature added every personal charm.

In the constant marchings and counter-marchings, the country, and every part of it (but the tent of the enemy), was open to any who wished to wander, and was willing to take the risk of doing so. As a Japanese battle was much a matter of single combat, so it was a game of "catch me if you can." Thus when Yoritomo was so hot on the trail of Yoshitsune in Yoshino, the latter ventured to Miyako, within the very claws of Hōjō Tokimasa.* People whispered his presence, and the Kamakura *bushi* were the last to know of it. Thus it was that in the final days of the Heike, and when Yoshinaka was ruling the capital, Yoshitsune more than once visited the city and was present at court entertainments. It was at one of these (in 1182 A.D.) that he first saw Shizuka. There had been a terrible drought, and Go-Shirakawa gave a dance to secure rain. Shizuka and one hundred *shirabyōshi* figured at the entertainment, and the Hōō was so pleased with her exquisite posturing, her complete command of its tecnique, that he indulged in personal congratulation:—"you are foremost of all the *shirabyōshi*," and he gave her a handsomely decorated rôbe. But she delighted more than the Hōō. "She was so fair and beautiful, so admirable and graceful in her singing and dancing, that she pleased the god, and the rain descended in torrents." Alas! Shades of Dido, Danae, etc. Yoshitsune, who was watching the dancing and Shizuka, took her under his protection and to his home, and for this lover Shizuka loosed her virgin zone. In childhood she had often gone with her mother to the houses of the dissipated nobles, but grown to womanhood this never was to be her fate. Henceforth she followed the fortunes of her lord, and after the campaign against Yoshinaka she was officially established in Miyako as the concubine of Yoshitsune. Iso-no-zensu was of course well satisfied with the whole affair. She tells us so. More so than in later days was the Kitanokata, the wife. This friction was the domestic puzzle of Yoshitsune, for he held to both women in their different ways, as they did to him. And in the crisis of his life both women forgot their differences and played a noble part. Meanwhile as far as the gentle graceful dancer was concerned, "the young general wise and courageous, the lady wise and beautiful, lived happily together."*

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* Yoshinaka, in his day, from personal visits thoroughly knew the condition of affairs in Miyako.

§ 2.

Difficulties were precipitated innocently enough. Yoritomo was sulking at Kamakura seeking a handle against his enemy, when in September the Hōō appointed Yoshitsune Iyo-no-Kami, he was already military governor of Miyako. This was due entirely to Yoshitsune's own efforts, and to the good-will of the Court, for the young captain had been intentionally and conspicuously neglected ever since the days of Yoshinaka. Certainly no favours were to be expected from Kamakura at this juncture. Now with full control of Miyako, seated astride the island with the west provinces in his grasp, Yoshitsune would be a very formidable competitor if he harboured ill-will against his brother. The actual effect could be neutralized by appointing military agents to represent Kamakura in the fief. These collected and guarded the revenues and left Yoshitsune the empty shell of the honorary title until he chose to assert himself in arms. Meanwhile a peremptory order was sent to him at Miyako forbidding him to accept the title or appointment. To both Yoshitsune paid not the slightest attention. He really at this stage seems to understand nothing of his brother's policy, if indeed he ever grasped it and in a political sense got out of the rut of the politics of preceding days. There is not the slightest indication of rebellious conduct against his brother at this stage. He harbours resentment for an interference in a matter which was none of Yoritomo's business, and goes his own way with no idea that he is balking wide and deep-reaching plans. Kajiwara was not slow in putting the matter in proper shape before the eager and prejudiced ear of Yoritomo. He did repeat what was merely the gossip of the Kamakura *bushi*—that Yoshitsune and Yukiiye were plotting in Miyako. "Now," said he, "the country is as yet in a very unsettled condition. These provinces in the West are as ready to join Yoshitsune as to support your lordship. He is tremendously popular with the *bushi*, and a great commander. He can promise fiefs under court favour, and in the next move you will have an army to face. He must be cut off at once."

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* "Now further, Ânanda, there appeared to the Great King of Glory the Woman Treasure, graceful in figure, beautiful in appearance, charming in manner, and of the most fine complexion; neither very tall, nor very short; neither very stout, nor very thin; neither very dark, nor very fair; surpassing human beauty, she had attained unto the beauty of the gods. That Pearl among Women too, Ânanda, was never, even in thought, unfaithful to the Great King of Glory—how much less then could she be so in the body!"

Mahâ-Sudassana Sutta.
(trans. by Rhys. Davids S.B.E. XI 256-7.)

East and West there are found the same dreams and the same deceptions; a kindred idealism and its realisation in the world of matter—and its reward.

Yoritomo thoroughly agreed with the whole of this presentment, and the advice. He could see nothing but faults. Yoshitsune's ambitions were entirely out of place, considering his birth as the son of a concubine, and with an elder brother in the House Headship. To Yoritomo his dissipations were deep plots to secure adherents. The advice to strip Yoshitsune of all his appointments, to reduce him to the position of a simple *samurai* seemed too severe. Wada, Hatakeyama, Doi, Miura, all doubted the guilt of Yoshitsune. Serving under him they had come to admire his sincerity and his openness of character. Doubting Kajiwara's good faith they advised an inquiry. This Kajiwara met in turn by adopting the idea and adapting it. He saw that Yoritomo was suspicious of the good-will of these noblemen. They wanted to prove Yoshitsune's good faith by leaving it to time. He had Yoritomo's private ear. "Genda Kagesuye, my son, and Gishōbō Shōjuin are going to the great festival of the Midon at Miyako. Let them make inquiries. This granted he gave his son instructions as to the proper way to inquire, to secure a good surface, and not to go too deep. On August 29th (1185 A.D.) Kagesuye left Kamakura, and on September 6th he was in Miyako. The festival would have been a small matter to him. He visited it willy-willy, for Yoshitsune was sick and would not see him at Horikawa. Finally a few days later he secured an interview. Yoshitsune was found in bed. He was leaning on an arm-rest and *moxa* was being applied to his back. He looked thin and pale. Kagesuye approached the nominal gist of his mission, the discontent as to Yoshitsune's harbouring the rebellious Yukiiye. The latter having flopped from Yoritomo to Yoshinaka, and again figuring independently, was in high disfavour. In the West provinces he had entered on a career of oppression and extortion more like highway robbery than war. This was exasperating to the precise Yoritomo, and Sasaki had orders to corner and catch him. He succeeded in driving Yukiiye to cover, but he failed to catch him, and the always defeated and slippery captain disappeared from ken. Getting wind of the differences between the two brothers he had come to Miyako. Yoshitsune took him on the rather dubious principle, that although good for nothing as a soldier he might be useful in making an impression on Yoritomo and as an influence against him; or, if he and Yoritomo patched up a peace, then Yukiiye should be sacrificed on the altar raised to fraternal devotion. When therefore Kagesuye spoke of Yukiiye's presence in Miyako, and demanded his head, Yoshitsune simply denied knowledge of the fact of any plots of Yukiiye. "He too is a descendant of Rokujō Hangwan, just as we are. His influence is great, and care must be exercised." Then he added sourly; "I think your own presence more desired in Kamakura than in Miyako." Which meant a good deal from the lips of the Captain of the City.

Kagesuye, furious, brought back his report to the willingly credulous Yoritomo. "Yoshitsune is a fox", said this worthy bud of the parental stock. "Sick? All pretence; a day or two of abstinence will make a man look as ill as he did; and *moxa* leaves more mark than pain. Yukiiye is not only in Miyako, but lodged close to Horikawa [which was true], and the two are making their plans to unite all the West and Kyūshū against your lordship [which was premature]. The two are as close together as the five fingers on one's hand." Kajiwara *père* added his little contribution. "Beat him—or be beaten." Repetition made its impression on the stolid Yoritomo. Never too active to move without good cause, he sought a substitute in this case. A council was summoned which at start threatened most unsatisfactory results. Yoritomo laid the situation formally before the assembled captains. "He will fortify Uji and Yamada, and will have the Tennō's support. To him who brings me Yoshitsune's head, there are Awa and Kazusa in fief." Then he called up one after another of the members of the council. "Yoshitsura, you take this difficult but loyal task"—"I, ?" quoth Miura. "Take my fief and allow me to shave my head. Thus I petition your lordship"—"Hatakeyama?" Shigetada stood boldly up for the merit of Yoshitsune. "Let my lord take my three fiefs. I too will turn priest"—"Sasaki?" The latter shook his head and smiled a little—"Well! Razors seem in demand. I had no idea you were all so religious" All pleaded the deepest loyalty, all asked pardon for disobeying their lord's request, and all flatly refused to budge on a mission of certain death. Then one Munetoshi Saburō, to the surprise of all for he was of humble rank amid the retainers, pushed himself forward and prostrated himself. "What your lordship asks requires a man of the first rank, one equal to Yoshitsune himself. But he is easily found" —"Who?" inquired Yoritomo, pleased at this auspicious opening—"Kajiwara Heizō Kagetoki, seated so close to your lordship's ear. He is very ingenious, having invented an oar for rowing away from an enemy." All openly rejoiced, and a chorus went up—"Yes! Kajiwara is the man!" Whether in jest or not Yoritomo showed no displeasure. Turning to Kajiwara he said:—"That is so. I know of no one more fitted in care and skill as a captain. You are the man."

Kajiwara was white with fright. If Yoritomo was tired and willing to get rid of him, he was not willing to leave Kamakura and this world. His ingenuity showed him a way out. "Your lordship I know is jesting. Stout warriors like Hatakeyama and Miura refuse this task. I am already past my prime, and admit that I am no match for Yoshitsune. He would easily kill me. Besides I am ill with a flux of the bowels." Some present grunted. He continued:—"but I have just the man your lordship requires; a nobleman, brave, skilful in tactics, a good captain in action, and not afraid of a demon in Miyako or out of it. He is now in Kamakura," all leaned forward, "and his name is Nikaidō Tosa Nyūdō Shōshun of Shibuya in Musashi." They sank back in genuine alarm and displeasure. Tosabō Shōshun was known and liked by all, except by Kajiwara who took this way of getting rid of him or Yoshitsune. His presence in Kamakura was unfortunately the fact, for his dislike of Kajiwara usually kept him out of the Kamakura Court where the latter exercised so much influence. No one, however, dared to move. "Just so!" said Yoritomo emphatically. "He is the man. Summon him to me at once." All waited in gloomy silence. Shōshun soon put in an appearance. Yoritomo put a dangerous mission before him. Shōshun accepted it as a great honour. All coughed and looked oppressed, but Shōshun thought it was merely colds they were suffering from. Yoritomo began slowly. "Obedient and faithful you always have been. As you say, 'a *samurai* should lose his life to save his lord from peril.' And your reward shall be great. Awa and Kazusa shall be your fief. You are to go to Miyako and bring me the heads of Yoshitsune and Yukiiye." Shōshun gasped. "Will not my lord get someone else? A *samurai* to interfere between brothers!"—"Exactly," was the cold reply. "For that reason I put my duty to the peace of the land first. If I did not do so the people would feel that there was no justice in the land. Are you afraid, or do you sympathize with Yoshitsune?" Tosabō Shōshun felt sure that someone was seeking to get rid of him. He scanned the circle of the assembly, and they all looked significantly at Kajiwara, whom they all so desired to have this dangerous mission. The affair had only one favourable feature. If Shōshun did succeed it meant the end of Kajiwara. Tears of anger, not fright, were in Shōshun's eyes as he faced Yoritomo. "Of Kōū or Hankai* I have no fear. I feel sure that Yoshitsune is innocent, and that the proper man to undertake the mission, Kajiwara Kagetoki, has proposed me." All regarded Kajiwara with contempt. Shōshun continued :—"Your lordship knows my tried fidelity. I accept the mission." Yoritomo heard the end of the discourse with greater pleasure than its middle. He grasped a spear standing near him. Said he :—"This was forged for myself by Senjuin of Yamato. Bring me Yoshitsune's head on its point." He then ordered that *saké* be furnished Tosabō, and the armoury of Kamakura was put at his disposition to select anything he chose for as many men as he decided to take—an army if he desired.

Tosabō Shōshun first proceeded to his home in Musashi. Here he summoned a council of his clan to lay the task before them. There were present some forty in all, among them such tried warriors as Tosa Masakata,

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* Two famous Chinese generals.

Nikaidō Masafusa, Tosa Masamichi, Shirō Masatoyo, Tosa Masakuni, Rokurō Masaharu, Nishikōri Kunimine, Kazame Shichirō Yukifusa, Hachirō Yukitomo. Shōshun's son, Tosa Tarō Masafusa, seeing his father's grave face, put the first question in asking what troubled him. Shōshun described the trap Kajiwara had laid for him. He was a great noble, but no match for Yoshitsune, and the mission was one of death. Kazame Shichirō was in a rage. He had no fault to find with Yoshitsune, and was more inclined to turn the expedition against Kajiwara. Masakata found it difficult even if they were in the right. To circumvent Yoshitsune in open fight was a task for which none present were fit. Shōshun to all objections simply answered that he had undertaken to go to Miyako, and go he would. Nishikori interrupted :—"Let me go to Miyako and warn Yoshitsune. Then we will reconcile the brothers, and no one but Kajiwara will suffer." Shōshun stopped him almost angrily. "To this Yoritomo would never consent. He is thoroughly prejudiced against his brother. We must fight and win. That now is our task."

The voice of Kazame Shichirō again was heard. "Kamakura-dono's offer of any force required is out of the question. We are no match in the open field for Yoshitsune. Strategy must be tried. Our object is to assassinate him, not to fight him." Thus he put the matter very bluntly. "If news of the expedition leaks out we are done for. We must pretend a pilgrimage (*o-mairi*) to the Kumano shrines. Our helmets, armour, and weapons can be carried in boxes wrapped up as offerings to the shrine. Our retainers disguised as coolies will carry them. The rest of us will go clad in *shitatare* and *eboshi* (court robe and hat). Let us take our farewell dinner together, and our *saké*. Both may be our last taken in formal company." All received the speech with stern assent. For the sake of secrecy it was determined to take but few retainers, a serving man to each. On the third of November they left Musashi. Altogether they were a band of ninety-three men, ostensibly bound for the Kumano *Gongen*. They wore "white ceremonial robes and court head coverings. To the tails of the horses were attached pieces of white paper like *gohei.** Their belly-guards, armour, and weapons were in boxes labelled 'the first gathering of rice, offering to the Sanjō Gongen shrines'". On the tenth of November they stopped at Shinomiya, a short distance (ten miles) from Miyako. The idea was to eat and rest at this place. Thus it would be dark when they entered the city. This was a cause of great discontent to the men. Few of those knew of the mission, and they wanted to enter the capital by daylight.†

Yukiiye, dullard in war and politics, had become a powerful influence at Horikawa. Between himself and Yoshitsune there was the powerful bond of being slandered. At least so he put it. He did not dare openly to push the young man against his brother, but he worked on their wrath against mutual enemies in Kamakura, Hōjō Tokimasa and Kajiwara Kagetoki. An expedition would be directed against them, not against the modest gentleman who ruled the country from Kamakura practically on no commission at all. Meanwhile he made hay while the sun shone on the luxury of Yoshitsune's establishment as guardian of Miyako. High revel was being held at Horikawa, and there was in progress the banquet known as Kyoku-Sui-no-En (Banquet of Extreme Intoxication.)‡ At first the rivalry was in making poems. Then they applauded the beautiful dancing by *shirabyōshi.* Finally they emptied the wine cups as fast as they could be filled. It was nearly midnight when the party broke up, and Yoshitsune dismissed his retainers to their homes, regarding it as useless that any should remain near him but the few retainers attached to the immediate service of the house.

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* The strips of white paper-hanging in front of Japanese shrines. They represent the ancient and substantial offerings of cloth.

† Thus on horseback the journey from the Kwantō took nine days.

‡ The expression Shinshinsai uses is kyoku-sui no en (極醉の宴); having a few lines before appropriately described it as kyoku-sui no en (曲水の宴), a banquet with song and dance entertainment. Or, according to Brinkley's Dictionary "literally, winding water banquet; the entertainment given by the Emperor on the 3rd day of the 3rd month (old style), in which the guests take their seats on the banks of a winding or tortuous stream in the Imperial palace and compose their poems as they catch, and drink from, cups carried along by the current." Over a range of 872 years, the 3rd day of the 3rd month would vary between 18th March (1561 A.D.) and the 26th April (1591 A.D.), the two extremes for the period 1000–1872 A.D.

Meanwhile Tosabō Shōshun was making his progress into the city from Shinomiya. The expedition was divided into three parties. These were to make their entrance spaced at some little distance, and all were to assemble at the inn. Thus they marched along the main road past the Gion temple, and crossed the river at the Shijō bridge marching down the Higashi no Tōin toward Horikawa. Now at this time Yada Genzō Hatano Hirotsugu, one of the Horikawa supper party, was on his way to visit a mistress he had in Matsuwaramachi of the Kyōgoku Gojō. He was anything but steady on his legs, staggering from right to left, and taking not only a very devious course to his destination, but an unreasonable amount of room. He was singing a ribald Saibara song,* which tapered off into a murmur of astonishment. Under the pines, in the darkness of the night, came a large body of men, evidently belonging to the train of some great noble. There were knights on horseback, but clad in *shitatare* and *eboshi*. Attendants carried torches, and some long boxes (*nagamochi*) were labelled "offerings to the Kumano Gongen." Genzō's wits were by no means what they ought to have been, but he did his best to collect them. In wonder he watched the procession pass by. Then to his amazement a second contingent came in sight. In drawing to the side of the road he knocked into one of the footmen. This latter was anything but pleased at the interference. Genzō, however, held him in conversation. "Hey! Whose is this fine train entering the city. We do not often see sights like this so late at night." The man, a little flattered and mollified, replied:—"it is Nikaidō......"—"Ah! Nikai-dō. Where is

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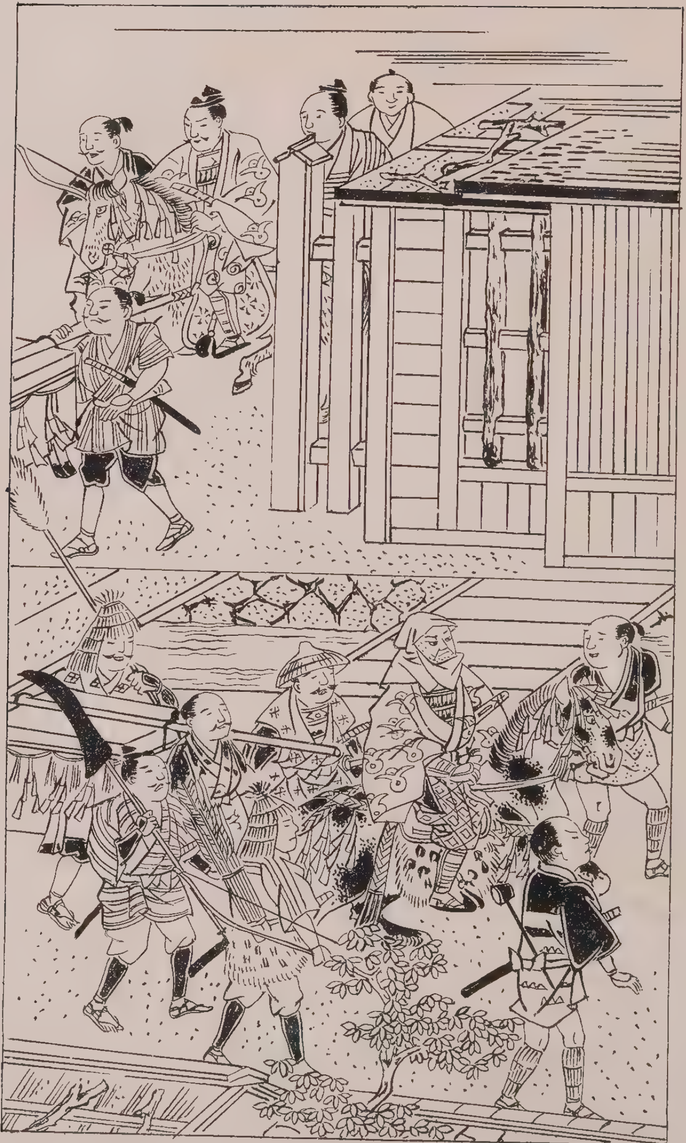
* Songs "sung by the peasants on their journeys to bring tax rice to the Emperor." Piggott—"Music and Musical Instruments of Japan" page 16. Some are pretty and tender. Others unfit to cite.



TOSABŌ ARRIVES AT THE CAPITAL.

Nikai-dō."* The man got a little angry at the persistent and maudlin questioner. "You are an ignorant fellow, as well as rude. It is Tosabō-san"—"Iya-a-a. Tosa-bō; again bō, dō, temple"—"Oh! You ass! (*baka da ne*). Well, at least you can tell us how to get to the Rokujō-bō-no-Abura-no-Koji?" Genzō gave the directions as well as he could, and as he seemed too drunk to get out of the way, in a spirit of kindness his questioner pushed him into the ditch. In this retired position Genzō sat while a third band accompanying the *norimon* of a great noble passed along the road. In passing a reference was made to Tosabō Shōshun. His wits now fairly about him Genzō sprang up in alarm. All his maudlin desire to fight and punish the insult to his person disappeared. Nikaidō Tosabō Shōshun, Tosa-no-Kami, in Miyako, and nothing known of it at Horikawa! Something was on foot that his master ought to know. To Kumano? Miyako was not on the road to Kumano, and such a pretext was suspicious in itself. He sprang from the side of the road, and followed as close to the procession as he could to overhear, and to see where they were going. In the streets of the city it was the easier to mingle with them. The men were chafing over what seemed a useless night march. "Why did we stop and idle all afternoon at Shinomiya? Gladly would I have entered the city by daylight and seen such a famous place. We Kwantō people do not often get such a chance. How dead and still it is!" Thus spoke one. A companion with keener foresight laughed. "There will be plenty of bustle and excitement in it to-morrow. Come! Hurry up and make a good job of it to-night." Genzō waited to hear no more. As fast as he could he made for Horikawa and the presence of his lord, an easy matter for the whole contingent took an inn at Abura no Koji near Horikawa.

Yoshitsune was thoroughly angry. As guardian of Miyako a report should have been sent to him of Nikaidō's intended arrival. "Go at once to the quarters of Tosa-no-Kami, and bring him here before me." His tone was peremptory, and Genzō ought to have realized the importance of his mission. Taking several men with him he rode off to the inn, to find it crowded with men, plainly *samurai*, busily engaged in unloading the pack-horses. What observations he could make were soon interrupted. He was noticed; and his business asked he demanded to see Shōshun. Being told that their lord was ill, he brushed aside the apology and pushed his way into the rear apartment. Here he found Shōshun, apparently in great pain. With interjected cries he explained his presence in Miyako by a sudden illness while on his way to Kumano to present in the name of Yoritomo an offering to the shrine. "I hope to report myself to his Highness, Iyo-no-Kami. Pray ask him to pardon my apparent rudeness in not sending forward a messenger. My rest here is only for a few days, and I much regret to have troubled you by such a mission so late at night." Now Genzō was not exactly the man for the delicate mission he had in hand. In fact he was a bit of an ass, and Shōshun easily deceived him. With expressions of sympathy he took his leave and made his way back to Horikawa to report. Yoshitsune, who had worked himself into a greater and greater stage of anger, received him roughly. "You go and find Shōshun here in Miyako with a large number of men, and then accept his tale of a pilgrimage to Kumano! In any case his coming without sending a report is an insult. I told you to bring him here to me. You are afraid of his train. A coward is no man to be among my retainers. Get you hence, and do not let me see your face." Genzō had no answer to make even to himself, he was so thoroughly in the wrong. As he sadly and silently withdrew he heard Yoshitsune call Benkei. "Here! Benkei! Tosabō Shōshun has come to Miyako with nearly a hundred men, and is lodged at the Abura no Koji"—— "One hundred," said Benkei. "Ya-a-a!"—— "Well, get him for me," said Yoshitsune drily. Benkei disappeared to the rear without further words. Yoshitsune stepped out on the *rōka* as the clatter of hoofs was heard. Benkei, with a stable-boy mounted behind, rode by like a flash. "He still wore his court robe of brown cloth, and his black leather armour with its unusually long skirt. On his head was a momi-eboshi (court hat), and around it was wound the inseparable *tokin* out of which appeared his hairy face. Apart from the long sword in his girdle he carried an iron staff." Yoshitsune noticed with a little surprise that Ohokami (Wolf) had no saddle on its back. Admiringly Yoshitsune watched the giant disappear through the gate. "There are none like him. If all were only of his kind!" He sighed.

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* Dō and bō can mean hall, or temple.

Shōshun was tremendously pleased with his success in deceiving Genzō. Giving orders that none should be admitted to him on plea of sickness he and his captains sat down to a last feast. Benkei and fate were close at hand. Riding up to the *rōka* Benkei sprang off the horse. The men-at-arms sought to detain him, but he simply swept them out of the way and stalked toward the supper room. The diners heard the tramp, tramp, of the horse-marines. Then the *shōji* were roughly pushed back and the huge man entered. At last the frightened retainers saw the famous Benkei known to them all. It seemed as if Shōki himself,* terrible to demons and evil-doers, confronted them. Knocking aside trays and cups Benkei crossed the room and seated himself next to Tosa-no-Kami. "You have paid no attention to my lord's message. You have not even sent a courier to announce to Iyo-no-Kami, guardian of the city, your intended presence in Miyako. You must come with me"—— "But," expostulated Shōshun, "as I told Yada-San......" ——"And Genzō for his folly and stupidity has been dismissed from my lord's service," replied Benkei, with significant movements of preparation——"But......"—— "Talk to my lord, not to me," bellowed Benkei. Rising he grasped Shōshun, lifting him by the girdle with one hand and supporting himself with his staff, for Shōshun was nearly six feet in height. The rest of the company would have gladly interfered. But Benkei's glare frightened them. Mischievous remembrances of Genba came to Benkei's mind. The words of "Hōrai-shima—Island of Eternal Happiness" almost came to his lips. He was sure that he was at least as strong as ever, and gladly would he have used Shōshun as a flail to knock down his own retainers. "His eyes flashed like a hundred mirrors bedewed with blood. The hair of his beard stood on end. He was indeed like the Demon of Six Passions, thus standing and holding out Shōshun as one would an infant." Shōshun kept his head. "As I have committed no crime I have nothing to fear. I will explain matters to his lordship, Iyo-no-Kami. He will be more amenable than his messenger, and I shall soon be with you again." Thus he stopped any hostile movement. They would have made ready a horse, but Benkei was deaf. He waved them aside and strode to the *rōka*, holding Shōshun tucked under his arm. The hostler quickly drove forward Ohokami. Throwing his prisoner on the animal's back Benkei sprang on behind. It was for this reason he had used no saddle. His lord had told him to bring Shōshun, and Shōshun was to be brought—by him.

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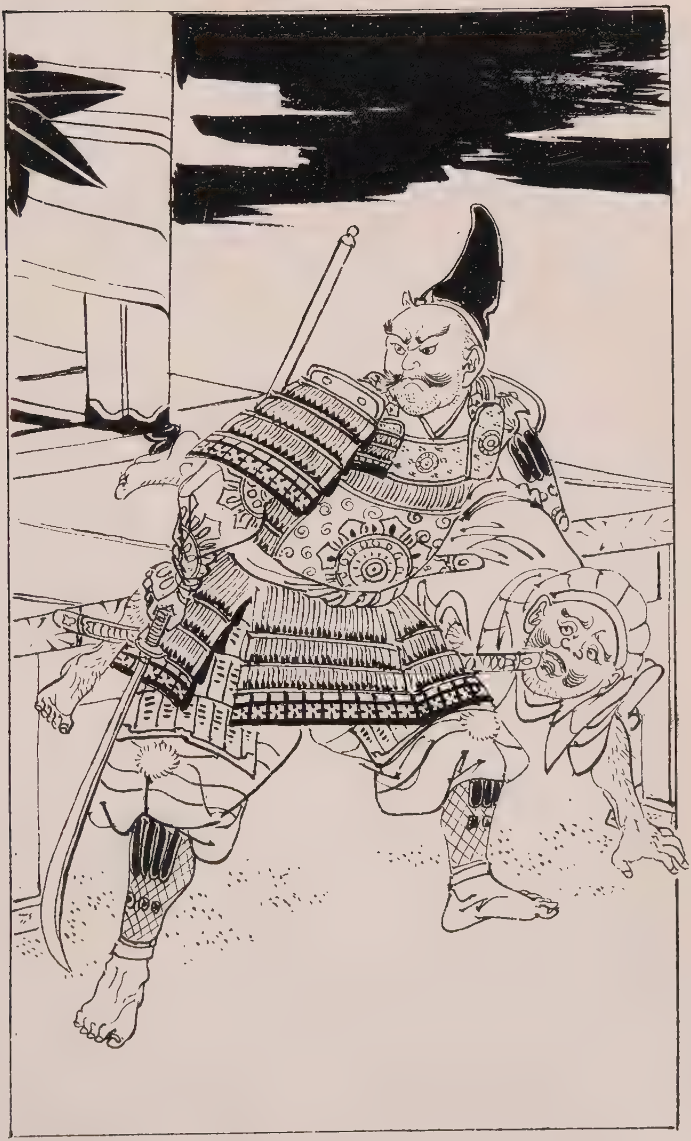
* Borrowed from Chinese demonology. He is a favourite figure for boys' dolls in the display of the May festival; with his weapons, and long black shaggy beard framing the face, leaving little but eyes and nose.

At Horikawa they heard the rapid gallop of the horse's hoofs—"Poor beast, made thus to carry two giant priests." Then Benkei entered, as cat with rat, and placed Shōshun down before his master. "Here he is", was his brief report. Yoshitsune turned to the silent visitor, sitting calm and collected on the *tatami*. "What does your presence mean here in Miyako?" began Yoshitsune. "Its only explanation can be that you have come up here to attack me. Why, you must be both coward and fool to use such a transparent device." Shōshun's position was a terrible one, but frightened as he was he maintained his calm demeanour. "No, I have no ill-will, or ill intentions against you. I am on my way to Kumano, and really have been taken ill on the journey. My visit is to make offerings at the San-zan (Kumano) shrines." ——"Very likely!" interjected the deep voice of Benkei. "With ninety men! If you had been afraid of the



TOSABŌ SHŌSHUN ACCOMPANIES BENKEI.

monks ten times that number would have been insufficient. For thieves a tenth would be enough. In Kamakura you fellows are all afraid to come and face us openly. They select you, a priest, as messenger. You are a brave and reckless fellow thus to want to lose your head." He signed significantly. "Come! I too am a priest. We will fight it out together before my lord. I am sure that without you the rest will do nothing." Yoshitsune, whose anger was much mollified, thought it best to check Benkei. Shōshun was eyeing him in terror, with no stomach to such a single combat. "Why have you so many men? Why do you enter the city by night instead of by day? And why do your men promise the people of Miyako a stirring time to-morrow?" Shōshun cursed his retainers' indiscretion, but his answer was ready. "Kumano, you know my lord, lies at the end of a road dangerous and infested with highwaymen and robber bands. Benkei could tell your lordship as much", (with a sly hit at certain tales current and favoured as to the giant's genealogy). "My entrance by night was because there were no fit quarters for an ill man in the villages, and we had to press on. The rest is idle talk of someone wishing to make mischief between myself and your lordship."

Yoshitsune thought for a few moments. "Shōshun, you have never yet been known to lie. Will you make an oath in writing that your intentions toward me are innocent of harm"—"Willingly my lord", promptly replied the visitor. Yoshitsune made a sign and the materials for writing were brought. Then he looked from Benkei to Tosabō. Benkei made no movement. Let Tosabō speak for himself. They would know more. At least he, Benkei, would. Shōshun sat down to write:—"'By Benten, Taishaku, Shiten-Nio, Emma-ō, the Yōdō-no-Myōkan in the Heavens; by the three shrines of Fuji, Hakone, and Kumano; by the twenty shrines of Miyako, Iwashimizu, Kitano, Gion, Sakamoto-San-nō, Kibune, Matsuo, Inari, and all the guardian deities of the city; by Asawa, Kinkwasan, and especially Kamo; by all the shrines major and minor of Nippon—I swear that I have no intention of attacking, nor any ill-will against, Iyo-no-Kami Genteii Yoshitsune. If so may I meet with severe and divine punishment, lose my life, and go to hell.

Signed: Shōshun (his seal).

17th day, of the 10th month, of the 1st year of Bunji
(10th November, 1185 A.D.)*"

Benkei took the scroll and read it aloud. As for Yoshitsune, even if he had his doubts he could not help admiring the beautiful writing and the classic expressions—difficult and unusual ideographs—in which it was couched. Benkei's cold comment was—"Ay! It is well written." Then an idea struck him. He seated himself, and began to make copies of the oath. When he had seven altogether he explained himself to the surprised onlookers. "Tosabō shall sign all. Three shall go to the shrine of Hachiman Daibosatsu. One shall go to the Kumano Gongen." Then he took the remaining three, burnt them to ashes and mixed these in water, and held out the cup for Shōshun to drink. As to the vow Tosabō was priest enough to trust to find a way out of it. But this practical application attacked his weak side—superstition. However, he was afraid to refuse. With suspicions entirely removed, and sorry for Shōshun's humiliation, Yoshitsune ordered a cup of *saké* to be given him. In drinking it Tosabō congratulated the Minamoto on possessing such a great captain, one who had secured peace to the land, and had many glorious days before him. Then he was allowed to return to his quarters—to the great displeasure of Benkei, who had small trust in priestly vows, on home principles. As Tosabō was not kept in gage, he urged that at least a watch be kept that night and the retainers summoned. Yoshitsune, whose head was not as free of the wine fumes as it might have been, was obstinate. He had no fear of Tosabō Shōshun, even if he did have ill intentions. Benkei received the order to retire with grumbling. "Too honest and unsuspicious altogether is our lord," he thought as he stopped at the gate still uncertain whether to obey or not. He even felt ill-will to Shizuka as too seductive. "Sleep! To watch is better in this stage of his lordship's affairs. To the deuce with the women." Habit and obedience got the better of him, and he disappeared in the darkness.

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* "Ninth month" (九月) Yamada gives it in his account. Is it a clerical error, or on some authority? So also Shinshinsai.

Yoshitsune, however, had no thoughts of anything but sleep. Not so Tosabō Shōshun, who "feeling as if he had just escaped from the presence of a venomous serpent" made ready his preparations to attack at once. Not so had Shizuka. She knew Benkei, trusted him, and saw with uneasiness his great uncertainty of mind. She had warned Yoshitsune that the roads were clogged with Kamakura *bushi*, for other reports began to come in. When he put them all aside and retired for the night she called to her a waiting-maid named Kikuye,* and told her to go to the inn and watch what was going forward. Accompanied by a servant the girl slipped out. Walking in front of the inn she saw a great bustle and confusion. Men were unpacking the boxes. Horses were being saddled and knights were arming. Gliding into the inn she saw that the armour was being taken out of long boxes labelled "offerings to the Kumano shrine." She could not restrain an exclamation of astonishment. A man turned and saw them gliding off in the darkness. They were pursued, quickly captured, and brought before Shōshun and his sons. Kikuye at once claimed to be a peasant girl whose mother was ill and needed a physician. Shōshun laughed. "Why, your manners and dress betray you. You come from Horikawa"——"Indeed it is as I say. Please pardon my stupid answer"——"Yes! Your language is that of a peasant! Now your tongue betrays you." He signed to his son, and Kikuye, her arms tied behind her back, was hung up on a tree, head downwards to be tortured into confession. Tarō placed his sword between the palms of her hands and began to twist it around. Overcome by the pain the girl confessed that she came from Shizuka-gozen. "To my shame I have carried out my mission so badly, and have been detected." Shōshun, who was listening, whipped off her head before she had fairly ended. "As for the other jade, turn her over to the men, and let her be slit up. The two will be a sacrifice to Hachiman Daibosatsu. We must push matters forward now, and set out at once."

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* The term *kamuro* must have changed its meaning. It now means the youthful attendants on the prostitutes, usually growing up to take their place in the same "business." Shinshinsai uses it in connection with these waiting maids; and so in the Gempei Seisuiki, also as to *jōrō*.

Their arrival and positive news of their intentions reached Shizuka almost at the same time. Anxious as to Kikuye and the delay she had despatched another waiting maid. As she heard the noise of men and horses approaching through the night, the frightened girl glided into the room—"flying like a bird." She had seen the dead bodies of her predecessors lying in the road in front of the inn. The *bushi* were armed, and many had already mounted. The next thing was to arouse Yoshitsune. To shake him like a vulgar citizen's wife was impossible. Such lack of due ceremonial preparation was unheard of in Dai-Nippon. Bitterly did Shizuka regret that he had not regarded her warning. However, she was not one to be summoned, as were the other concubines. She had the right of admittance. Entering her lord's apartment she found him in the sound sleep which follows a repast well tempered with wine.* Springing to the *tokonoma* she seized his armour and began to clash it together. To the warrior this was the one sound to thoroughly arouse him. Yoshitsune was on his feet at once, sword half drawn. "What is the trouble?" he asked. Shizuka held up her finger. "Ah! Benkei was right. Tosabō is a scoundrel. But the men...... I sent them all to their quarters." Not all, for Kisata and Kijirō, the Yukitani kyōdai (brothers) his hostlers, sought entrance to report to their lord. With their four helpers they could hold the enemy in check until he could arm. "Yes! From this time you are *samurai*, and in my service. At such honour they prostrated themselves, and were determined that the enemy should enter only over their dead bodies. Looking out in the moonlight Yoshitsune rapidly clumped the attacking party together. They numbered nearly a hundred

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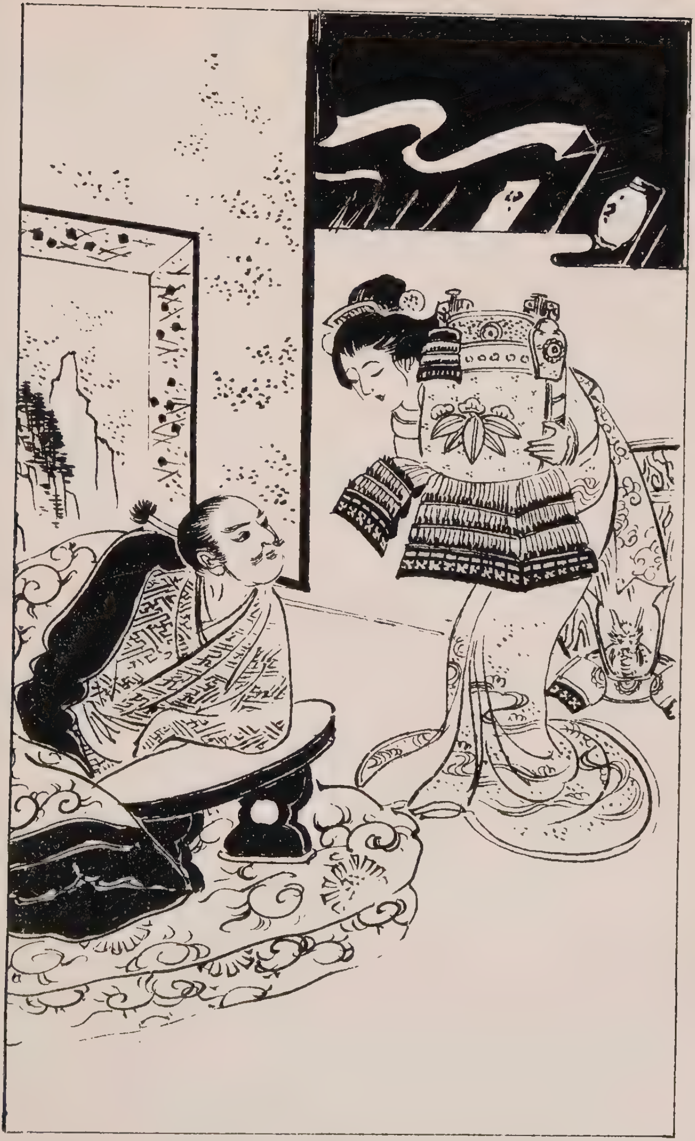
* Drunk, says Yamada, and he has Shizuka shake him up like dice in a box. Shinshinsai has greater respect for the great lord and the elaborate etiquette of Old Japan.



SHIZUKA AROUSES YOSHITSUNE.

and fifty men. Sixty of them belonged to Shirakawa Inchi Jurō Mionoya, who had joined Shōshun at his summons. Kisata and Kijirō were putting up a stiff fight at the gate. Throwing down the gate-bar they rode out to challenge the enemy. The very boldness of the deed was good tactics. It halted the attack. Horikawa seemed ready for it. The rain of arrows from the fearless bowmen made the enemy give space. Kisata was exhausted. Badly wounded he came to lean against his lord's horse, and to give him warning. With kindly encouragement his master received him. Then, mounted on Tayuguro whose saddle blazed with golden ornamentation, Yoshitsune rode forth to the gate, and as our romancer* never fails to report the latest styles of the twelfth century tailors and saddlers we can follow his example and description. "He wore a court-robe of brocade. His armour was sewn with red thread. His helmet had a red-dragon frontlet, and his gold ornamented sword was thrust in his girdle. He held in his hand a bow twisted round with rattan and beautifully lacquered. The quiver on his back was filled with arrows tipped with black spotted feathers." More feared than the terrible Benkei the enemy shrank back from the goblin guarded knight. Tosabō himself, surprised at finding the gate so stiffly defended, feared Yoshitsune's skill at arms and an ambush. Meanwhile the retainers, summoned by Shizuka, were dropping in the rear, singly and in couples.

The first to arrive of course was Benkei. "Ya-a-a!" he growled at the messenger. "I knew there was something that kept me awake and prevented sleep." He soused his head well in water to clear it. Rapidly one piece after another of the black leather armour found its proper place. Instead of his *tokin* he put a long loose cap of *eboshi* style on his head. He girded on his long fighting sword, nearly six feet in length, and seized his huge halberd. As he entered the court he could see Yoshitsune still mounting guard at the gate, the small band of the men-at-arms, under the wounded Kisata, holding their own against the mass of the enemy and showering arrows as fast as bow-strings could be pulled. Benkei looked on a moment. Matters were not immediately pressing, from his point of view as to real fighting. Entering the mansion he sought a favourite weapon, a huge eight-sided oaken pole studded with iron pegs. For the time the halberd was laid aside and he grasped its substitute. Then an idea struck him. Putting on tall clogs he came stumping over the *rōka*, making a tremendous noise, thump, thump, with clogs and pole, as he came forward to overlook the gate. Turning, Yoshitsune saw a huge figure standing in the shadow of the building. Thought Benkei, "Serves him right. A little scare will not hurt him. Next time he will pay more attention to what I tell him." So to Yoshitsune's sharp challenge he made no answer. Stringing an arrow Yoshitsune prepared to shoot at this foe who was taking him in the rear. Still Benkei remained silent. Then, seeing that there was but a single man, Yoshitsune drew his sword and prepared to spring on him. Then came a roar from the darkness:—"Am I wrong, or are you not Kurō Yoshitsune, fifth descendant from Hachiman Tarō Yoshiiye, of the stock of the Seiwa Genji? In such case grant to me first claim on your lordship's attention." Yoshitsune's sword-point dropped to the ground. "Benkei! Ah, you are indeed worth a thousand men!" He did not know whether or not to rebuke him for a jest at such a time. He was too much relieved at having him at his side. The battle was won. So he simply said:—"I must have Shōshun, and none but you can get him for me. I must see the traitor alive, before striking off his head"——"Is that all?" grunted Benkei. "The rest are coming fast." Ise Saburō, Washiwo, Kataoka, Kumai, others already came running up from the bottom of the court. "Let your lordship retire. Such work against these filthy rascals is not for your hands." Thus speaking he leaped down, and rushed out of the gate rapidly whirling the huge oaken mace. Yoshitsune dismounted at the *rōka*, and entering the building called Washiwo and Ise to give them further orders. Kataoka, Kumai, Sugime, and the others poured out the gate to join Benkei in attacking the enemy.

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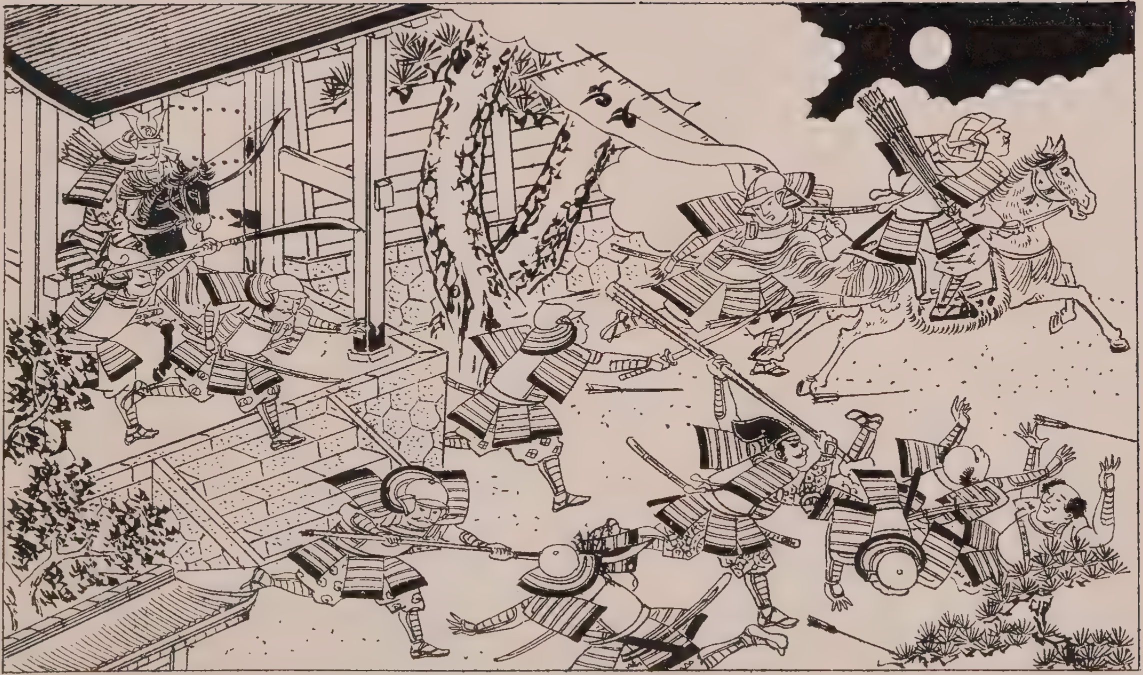
* Yamada, in which he follows the old romances.

These were now having a hard time, not in attack but defense. And of one of the *bushi* raging in their midst something must be said. All idea of his mistress and love had gone out of the head of Yada Genzō. At first he thought of killing himself, then and there, at Horikawa. Then it seemed right that he should first warn his wife. She had neither parents or brothers, and in despair was only too likely to kill herself without well understanding how matters stood. So sadly he took his way to his home in Sanjō Karasumachi. The more he thought over the matter, the more his suspicions over Tosabō increased. If an attack was made that night on Horikawa he could die fighting for his master and gain his forgiveness. It was with a gloomy face that he appeared before Shirotae-san, anxious over his non-appearance. Her words of glad welcome died on her lips. At first Genzō, not knowing how to begin, put her off. She thought he was ill. "Medicine!" said he in reply to her urgings. "My troubles need no medicine. I have failed to bring Tosa-no-Kami, Nikaidō Shōshun, before my lord, and have been dismissed from his service. There remains nothing for me to do except to commit *harakiri*, or to die fighting if Tosabō attacks Horikawa to-night, as he certainly intends to do." He stopped and attentively listened. All was silent. The little woman watched him with wide-open concentrated gaze, a little misty at seeing all her happiness fall at a breath like a house of cards. "Yes, you must die; and I too," she whispered, almost to herself. A roar and shouting came through the panels. There was fighting going on in the direction of Horikawa. Genzō put his hand on the *amado*. His wife seized the skirt of his armour. "I am the wife of a *samurai*. Since you must die in the field of battle, let me go with you. Please take me with you," and she sank at his feet in supplication. He replied:—"You are indeed a brave little woman. But others would speak evil of me if I allowed it. They would say that I brought you to protect myself, and laugh at me."——"No one would laugh", wailed the wife. "At least not before our dead bodies." The uproar came louder and louder. "No, you must stay here. Let me go!" and spurning her with his foot he freed himself from her grasp and started on the run toward Horikawa. The wife staggered and fell on the floor. Sad and sore she took thought of the future. Then calmly she betook herself to their living room. Here on the god-shelf were the tablets of the ancestors, together with that of a little child lost only a year before. Slowly she arranged the cushions, kneeled in a long prayer for her husband's glorious deeds in battle. Then with her girdle binding her *kimono* tightly at her feet, so that the death throes would cause no unseemly exposure of her person, she threw back her head before the little mirror of polished steel. Her hand sought the dagger, and with a quick firm blow she plunged it into her throat. And so died Shirotae, wife of Yada Genzō Hirotsugu.

Meanwhile the husband made his way to Horikawa. Here he found the gate surrounded by the bands of the enemy. Genzō sought no entrance. He only sought to fight and die, and joyfully he plunged into the mass of the enemy. Maniwa Gorō was the first to fall under his sword. This head he tied to his girdle on the right. Then he met Tosa Gorō, son of Shōshun. At sight of the ghastly trophy this latter attacked him fiercely. "You miserable fellow, thus to boast of the head of our Maniwa! You shall die." Tosa's head took its place to the left of the girdle. Thus he raged through the fight. Some he killed, many were wounded by his reckless and ferocious blows. Everywhere he sought death and Shōshun. He found the first, for an arrow from the bow of Karimata struck him fair in the gullet. Unable to pull it out, and recognizing that he had received his death-blow, he sought his way to the *rōka*. Washiwo heard someone trying to crawl along the slippery passage. Rising sword in hand he pushed back the *shōji* to find Genzo outside. He could just gasp his wishes. "I have no right to be here, but I am now done for and want to see our lord just once more. I have this offering for him." His hand feebly waved to the two heads dragging at his girdle. Feeling someone near him he turned his head upward. Yoshitsune



THE BATTLE AT HORIKAWA.

was standing over him in surprise and sympathy. "Come!" said the master. "You must live to fight again for me. My words were not meant in dismissal, but only in reprimand."—"Forgiveness only," gasped Genzō. "Just one word"—"That you have," said Yoshitsune. "It was only a scolding. Do not trouble about it." Genzō smiled a little and dropped his head back. Washiwo, kneeling, tried to rouse him up. "It is only a small wound. One of those things we *bushi* deal in. Have you any message to leave"—"No," slowly filtered through the dying man's lips. "I have only to rejoice at our lord's forgiveness. My mother lives in Iida in Shinano. As Shiratae has certainly killed herself she is now alone. She had begged me to return, and a small white bone will be a sad greeting to her. Allow her to end her days without suffering want." There were tears in the eyes of the rough *bushi* standing beside him, Ise and Washiwo. The voice of his captain showed his emotion. "Do not let her fortune worry you. She shall have a good charge on a fief, and for yourself the priests shall repeat many prayers, and tell their rosaries in the coming years for your benefit." The words came at the end. There was a mere little murmur of gratitude—"sa-a-a-a," a shadowy smile, and the head fell back. And thus died Yada Genzō.

The battle was going badly especially for Tosabō Shōshun himself. Into the centre of the fray stalked Benkei, his huge mace crushing down all opposition. "Like the wheels of a huge dragon car he came forward toward Shōshun. Armour, horses, arm-guards, leg-guards, helmet tops centres and sides, all and everything that came in contact with his mace were smashed to atoms as if by magic" That all gave way was not particularly new, and Benkei paid no attention to the dead and dying. Shōshun was his game. In fright Shōshun tried to gallop off. Benkei was after him like a deer. Seizing the tail of the horse he began to pull it backward. Shōshun spurred forward, in wonder why he made no progress. Then Benkei hailed him. "Come, you coward! You are no *samurai* to run away like this."

Shōshun was like a rat cornered by a cat. He turned at last. "Braggart!" and he attacked Benkei viciously with his sword. The giant shouted with all the glee of battle. He swung his mace as easily as if it were a wand. A blow on Shōshun's arm made his weapon fall. Throwing away the mace Benkei sprang forward and seized Shōshun with both hands. "Ya-a-a!" He leaped on Shōshun's horse and galloped back to Horikawa with the big priest wriggling and squirming under his arm.

The battle was over. Kisata with his own hands had pulled Masakuni, eldest son of Shōshun, off his horse. Binding him with the prisoner's own armour cord he had lugged him in a prisoner. Benkei had raged "like a tiger among sheep", and it was a mere matter of picking up the harvest in his swathe. And while Kumai, Kataoka, Ise Saburō, Washiwo, Kamei, Sugime, were fighting in the front, that wretched captain but obstinate fighter Yukiiye had fallen like a tempest on the enemy's rear. He had heard of fighting going on at Horikawa. That at least he was always ready for. This settled the affair. Now Yoshitsune and the other captains were seated to count the heads. A heavy tramp was heard. Entering the audience chamber—"here he is", growled Benkei, casting his prisoner down before Yoshitsune, and holding him tightly by the neck pressed to the *tatami*. "Ah! and in better company than usual", jested Yukiiye. Said Yoshitsune:—"Well and admirably done, Benkei—as always." Then speaking to Tosabō Shōshun. "Oh, you liar! What disgrace you have brought on your name as a *samurai*. Speak! What have you to say for yourself? Do you recognize this paper?" He held up the copy of the famous oath Shōshun had taken. Not a sound came from the prisoner. "What is the matter? Benkei, let him go." Benkei released his hold, and Shōshun tumbled sideways on the *tatami*. Benkei turned his face up. "Dead! What a wretched weak fellow! Why, I only had him by one hand." The giant's tone showed such apologetic disgust and discomfiture that all present roared with laughter. "Few have your fingers, Benkei"; Yoshitsune answered for Shōshun.

"But off with his head, and let us have the roll of the prisoners."

These were numerous. A few escaped toward Kuramayama. And here a strange thing followed at this place, so near the haunt of the goblin-king. A tall priest, ten feet in height had beaten up the quarters in the middle of the night. "Enemies of His Highness, Iyo-no-Kami, have taken refuge in Sōjō-ga-tani. It is your duty to come and make them prisoners." A hundred of these priests, devoted to Yoshitsune, willingly assembled and armed themselves. The next day, under an escort of fifty monks, there were brought to Horikawa as prisoners, Mikami Yaroku Iyesue, Kanai no Heiji Mitsukane, Kagamune Gorō, Nishikōri Tarō, Tosa Tarō Masafusa and his brother Jirō, Misawa Shirō, Kagame no Tarō, Sagami no Gorō and his brother Tarō. Their shrift was short. Seventeen were beheaded, and their heads, with those of Tosabō Shōshun, Tosa Gorō, and Masakuni Tarō were exposed in the bed of the Kamogawa at the Rokujō execution ground. Thirty *rōnin*, killed in the fight, were posted with them. Thus ended Yoritomo's first move in the game against his brother.

CHAPTER XIII.

YOSHITSUNE LEAVES MIYAKO.

Rosalind :—" Love is merely a madness ; and, I tell you deserves
" as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do :
" and the reason why they are not so punished and
" cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the
" whippers are in love too.
Orlando :— " Can you remember any of the principal evils that
" he laid to the charge of women ?
Rosalind :—" There were none principal ; they were all like one
" another as half-pence are, every one fault seeming
" monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it."
(As You like it)

§ 1.

Such a slaughter of the Kamakura-*bushi*, a party headed by such a prominent lord as Tosa-no-Kami created a tremendous sensation. People recognized that the break had finally come between the two brothers. Popular feeling was with Yoshitsune. Fear of Yoritomo and his power rested on the *kugé* and *buké* alike. Otherwise the former would have been only too glad to play one faction of the military chiefs against another faction—as indeed the younger and hot-headed at Court proposed. It was with serious faces that his council met Yoshitsune at his summons. He laid the situation before them. Of the duties pressing on him he had accomplished those of avenging the death of Yoshitomo and destroying the Taira. In thus restoring the Three Treasures to the Throne he had made efforts never before equalled in former annals. The result had been to establish his brother, titular head of the Minamoto House, in supreme control of the country. His reward had been the most contumelious treatment. His just claims to advancement had been ignored, while others were ostentatiously burdened with fiefs and honours. At Koshigoe he is forbidden to advance, and an interview with Kamakura-dono refused. His letter is returned to him in curtest form with orders to be off about his business of executioner. The plotting of Hōjō Tokimasa and Kajiwara Kagetoki had been successful, and the final step had been to send Tosabō Shōshun to assassinate him. He asked if it were not better to get an order of the Tennō against Hōjō and Kajiwara, and then to move on Kamakura; rather than to wait in Miyako, an object of dislike and hatred, to be crushed at the first opportunity. As all present had their mind already made up there was a chorus of assent. So an application for an audience at Court was forthwith prepared and forwarded.

Meanwhile Yoritomo was not idle. That was not a part of his character. He had decided on Yoshitsune's death as a preventive of further trouble, and he had ready ample means to secure success. As a good brother he knew that "a quarrel has its inception in being born a brother." A failure of Shōshun meant open war at infinitely greater cost and trouble. Assassination came much cheaper, but Yoshitsune's head was worth the trouble. He had no intention of compromising on anything short of its separation from his brother's shoulders. Such a struggle he did not intend to leave to subordinates. He was on the move almost as soon as Shōshun. Orders had been sent out to the nobles of the Kwantō provinces, and in Suruga an army (of 130,000 men it is said) was assembling under Doi Jirō Sanehira of the celestial spheres as commander of the van, and with Chiba-no-Suke Tsunetada in command of the rear-guard.

Yoritomo himself prepared to join the army as soon as it was ready to move. On the twenty-fourth of November he encamped at the Kisegawa. News of Yoritomo's intentions was promptly reported to Miyako. The first application to the Court had been brilliantly successful. The services to the Tennō had indeed been great. The Taira had been crushed, the Three Sacred Treasures had been secured. To rebuke an attempt to assassinate brother and uncle was certainly not an unreasonable request. To these services and claims was added the statement that to Yoshitsune was left no alternative but this order from the Court against Kamakura or *harakiri*, and he was ready for either. The feelings of his council as they met the Hōō were decidedly mixed. Fujiwara Kanezane opposed the issuance of an order against Yoritomo. On the face of the affair there was no offence proved against him. He had a large army behind him, and to have him march on Miyako under the conditions would be disastrous. Let an examination be made into the charges against Yoshitsune. If he was guilty of rebellion and conspiracy then he should be sent to Kamakura. If he was innocent of any offence, then a report with all the prestige of the Court could be forwarded, and a reconciliation urged between the two brothers, which would obviate what threatened scandal and civil broil. If in such case Yoritomo still persisted in marching an army to the South, only then could an order legitimately be issued against him. Kanezane was an open partisan of Kamakura, but his advice was good. At least it was much better than the undignified position the Hōō occupied during the next few weeks. Go-Shirakawa was a confirmed trimmer. He only saw what was immediately under his own eyes. What swayed him was the pungent advice of Fujiwara Tsuneiye. He said that in Yoshitsune they were probably to find another Kiso Yoshinaka, especially as he had Yukiiye behind him. The best thing to do was to grant what he desired, and to report to Yoritomo who would understand that they acted under duress. At the idea of another Kiyomori *Heisōkoku*, carrying off Tennō and Court from Miyako, they shuddered. So Bizen-no-Kami (Yukiiye) was granted Shikoku, and Iyo-no-Kami (Yoshitsune) was granted Kyūshū. A Court order was issued that the feudal lords should obey only these two chiefs in the operations against Yoritomo, who was thus officially placed under ban (outwardly). At this news Yoshitsune and Yukiiye greatly rejoiced, and earnestly set about the work of recruiting.*

This was the more necessary as the news of Yoritomo's preparations reached Miyako, but it was badly received in the West, on which Yoshitsune had to rely. How naturally he turned to this quarter is an indication how far these wars at the close of the twelfth century were a struggle between North and South. But Yoshitsune's position was an impossible one in what, as far he was concerned, was a battle against the head of his House. From their own point of view these feudal lords of South Japan disliked Yoritomo, but they distrusted the strength of Yoshitsune. So everyone waited for someone else to come forward. The result was that Yoshitsune found himself with a handful of supporters against the large army rapidly mobilising in Suruga. The position was an impossible one. Yoshitsune interviewed Takatsukasa, and through him laid the position before the Hōō. Against his brother's forces he had no immediate support of the kind necessary to oppose to them. If he remained in Miyako the Court would become the scene of turmoil and battle. It was therefore better for him to retire to the West; and, moreover, brotherly love "which requires us to behave with ceremony and courtesy" commands that as long as possible an open clash should be avoided between himself and Yoritomo, with whom he always looked forward to reconcile himself. A Court order was therefore asked to raise all the fiefs of the West Provinces against Yoritomo The preamble and the conclusion were somewhat inconsistent, but it was as readily granted as in the former case, and duly produced by Sadaiben Fujiwara Mitsumasa. Once more, and for the last time, Yoshitsune and Yukiiye had occasion to rejoice and give thanks. Preparations were at once made to leave the city.

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* According to the Adzuma Kagami this order was issued on 11 November (1185 A.D.). As to Kanezane's part, cf. also Ariga—"Dai-Nihon-Rekishi" p. 96.

Tomozane and a guard had been sent to Settsu to collect boats to carry the expedition to Shikoku and Kyūshū. On November 27th, 1185 A.D., the two captains left the city. Yukiiye lead the van with three hundred men. He knew the road and the *rôle* well. He was arrayed in "armour decorated with small cherry blossoms. His helmet had its five quarters (*gohojiro*) marked with the same pattern; the frontlet, however, carried *sasarindō* (his family crest, representing bamboo leaves and flowers), and also was decorated with a golden spade. He rode a cream-coloured horse [with a black tail, as seen in the circus?]," and seemed generally satisfied. This we will note is not "an armour of righteousness," but he will have little time to use it, such as it is, and is a superficial old man anyhow. His flag, with *sasarindō* on a white ground, waved jauntily over the band of accompanying *bushi* well seasoned to marching, and their lord was getting so used to exits and entrances that he was comfortably at home in his present position. His air of satisfaction at being once more on the wing aided much in keeping up the spirits of all.

Next came a warrior dressed [the romancers ancient and modern must have been in partnership with a tailor] "in armour made of gold plates bound together with red cording. The helmet was in the same style, in five sheets or divisions (go-ho-jirō), with a dragon headed star frontlet and decorated with a feather. His arm guards and leg-guards were in gay colours. These were set off by a court robe of red brocade. He rode a fine charger, and sat on a white silk covered saddle ornamented with tufts or tassels of golden thread. Those at a distance, who could not see the knight's face, recognized his charger Tayukuro. All admired his horsemanship and generalship, and the stateliness of his demeanour." Close behind rode Musashi-bō Benkei. Behind him came Ise Saburō and Washiwo. Then riding in a bunch were Sugime Kotarō, Satō Tadanobu, Kamei Rokurō, Hitachibō Kaison, Suruga no Jirō Yukifusa, Matsuo Gon-no-Kami Kanefusa, Kumai Tarō Takamoto, Kisata and Kijiro his hostlers, with many others. The Kitanokata,* Otodo Kuga, Shizuka-gozen, and waiting maids followed in the procession. People murmured and shook their heads as they thought of the Taira exodus.

At Omo-no-ura in Settsu, on the Kawajirikawa, on November 29th they took boat and prepared to go to sea. They were not, however, to get off without a fight. Tada Kurando Yukitsuna,† Teshima Kwanja Komatarō, and Tarō Komizu, of Settsu, only too ready to curry favour with Yoritomo proposed to intercept the retreat. With a little fleet of fifteen vessels, carrying five hundred men, they were anchored off the river mouth awaiting the expedition. As Yoshitsune and his party came rowing down the river they saw a hostile force ahead. At the sight of the white banners Benkei frowned as hideously as any Ni-ō. "These Minamoto evidently desire to die, thus to set themselves in our lord's path. If......." But Kataoka pulled him back by the sleeves. "Ya-a-a-Benkei! A priest should pray for the dead and dying. He should strive to convert the wicked, these ignorant of the path of salvation, and wrapped in the mist of ignorance, delusion, and deception. Stick to your old business for once in your life, and give somebody else a chance. Let me have the first shot." Then others joined in, and a little struggle arose as to who should lead the attack. Said Satō Tadanobu, shaking his mighty bow:—"Leave it to me. One shot from this will frighten these silk-clad warriors." So at a nod from Yoshitsune he sprang into a neighbouring vessel and started boldly against the enemy's line. He "wore a court robe of *naoshime*. His armour was sewn with green cord. His helmet had three ribs of iron. He had a big sword thrust in his girdle, and his quiver was filled with two dozen war arrows. These were destined for his bow, twisted with rattan and carefully lacquered." Standing up in the prow of the boat he challenged the foe. "Row aside and make passage for my lord, Iyo-no-Kami, Kurō Yoshitsune, guardian (Kebiishi) of Miyako, and lord of Tosa and Kyūshū." This received polite but firm refusal from the rash and tender Yukitsuna. Proclaiming his titles and mission he demanded that Yoshitsune submit to arrest. "As governor of Settsu under his lordship Kamakura-dono it is my duty to stop those who I know are running away. Against the person of your lord I have no enmity. Take these arrows as my gift." He pulled his bow strongly, but his arms were weak and the arrows fell short. Tadanobu laughed with contempt and bellowed with rage. "You are Tada Kurando Yukitsuna, and should be ashamed of name and title. You are a coward, and of no use known to men. The betrayer of Narichika you are hardly worth an arrow, and it is an honour too great for you to die by my hand." Then fitting an enormous shaft to his bow he discharged it. The huge bolt struck Yukitsuna fairly, and he fell into the sea with a broken neck—at least such was the diagnosis of those days. Kwanja Teshima, the stronger archer, took his place, but only succeeded in severing the *kikuza* or knob on the top of Tadanobu's helmet. "Iya! You Settsubei are of no account with the bow. You should come to Mutsu to take lessons." Thus grumbled Tadanobu, and over he tumbled Teshima with an arrow through the right breast, half the shaft protruding from the back. These preliminaries were followed by a vigorous attack. Yoshitsune's men rowed forward vigorously, and lacking leaders the enemy took to flight. "It looked as if scattered flowers were drifting about, tossed by wind and wave." Komizu Tarō tried to escape, but Benkei and Kaison, sour at having no slaughter as yet to their account, were after him. "Who are they?" asked Komizu, as one old mariner vigorously urged his companions to their oars. "Benkei and Hitachibō Kaison. Priests who pray over none but their dead," was the reply. "Ya-a! Ya-a!" Efforts were redoubled, but in vain. The two clerics bestrode the deck. Benkei brandished his huge oaken staff, Hitachibō his sword uniting vicious sweeps of the

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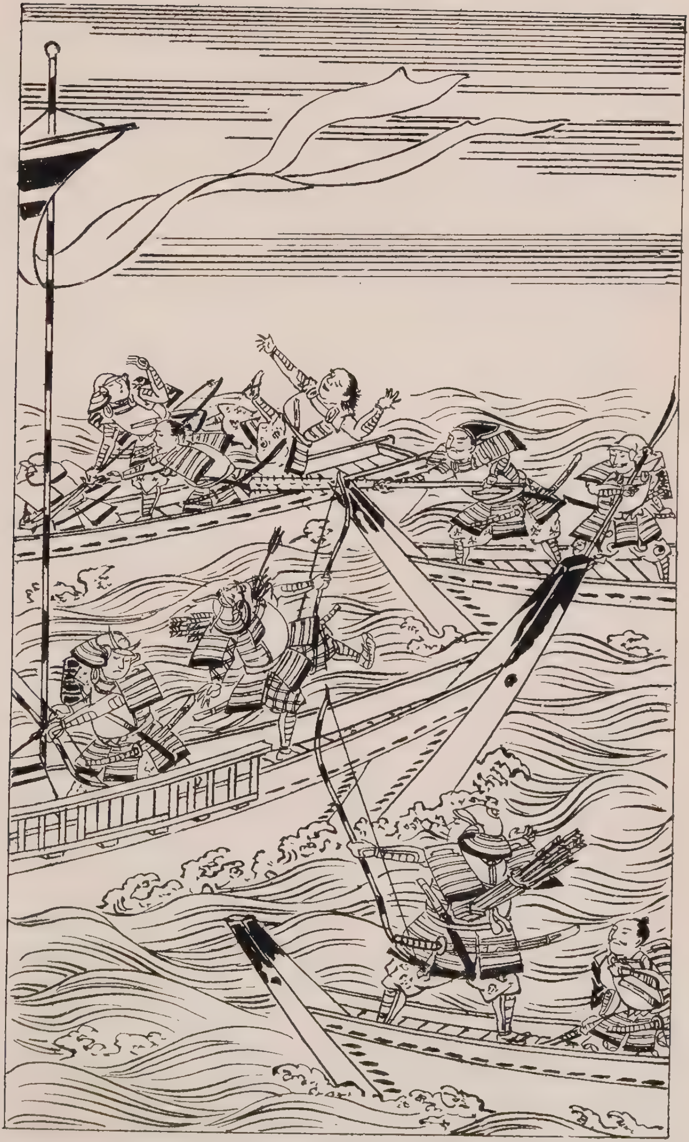
* In ancient times the term used in referring to a nobleman's wife.

† The man who betrayed the Shishi-ga-tani conspiracy against Kiyomori. He was a Minamoto.



THE ENGAGEMENT AT KAWAJIRI. TADANOBU'S WONDERFUL SHOT.

weapon with invocations to the Buddha. Thirty men were swept from the deck, including Komizu. The few who were left jumped into the sea, preferring drowning to smashing or carving. Yoshitsune took pity on them. Besides, a considerable fleet approaching in the offing gave some anxiety. "Go Kataoka; stop Benkei. Too many have been killed. After all they are Minamoto, and should as well fight for us as against us. Tell him to come back to the river mouth, and do you row on and investigate these new-comers. All were recalled into line. Kataoka early signalled "friends." The fleet in the offing turned out to be some feudal lords of Settsu and Harima, coming to join Yoshitsune's standard with fifteen hundred men, a welcome reinforcement. They were soon on the scene, to view with amazement the effective work of Yoshitsune's little band of knights. Thus ended the battle of Kawajiri, and "thus died those who had dared to touch the tiger's beard."*

§ 2.

On the evening of November 30th they at last set sail in beautiful weather and a calm sea. Through the evening light the boats glided, while they talked of the former experience in these waters, when they tried to reach Yashima. Everything seemed now to favour them. It was an imposing and stately flotilla that took its way, and the waves created by its passage made the fishing boats, anchored in the little bays, dance and plunge. "Their lot seemed as peaceful and as happy as that of those gathered at the evening meal around the lights twinkling in the huts of the fishermen on shore," men untroubled by the world's ambitions. Birds—sand pipers and ducks—flying to their evening rest passed with harsh cries over the fleet. By Hyōgo they rowed in the moonlight, past Wada Point, and the Bay of Suma. "Here they gave a pitying thought to the fate of the aged Ariwara Yukihira, who in Ninna (885-888 A.D.) here passed three years of lonely solitude, in exile without a friend with whom to exchange a word of greeting or sympathy; with no companionship but the dripping rain and the wind murmuring through the pines." Thus at dawn they awoke to find themselves off Akashi. Ōshima lay to the right, and the weather seemed unchanged but for a light haze which cut off the distant view very materially. The sombre lapping of the waves, the uncertain peculiar forms of the mountains as seen through the mist made them feel very melancholy.

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* Kawajirikawa is simply a name for one of the many mouths of the Yodogawa. These are now mostly banked into the canals of the modern Osaka.

Suddenly Yoshitsune scanning the shore line asked:—"What is that peak capped with snow?" No one awake seemed to know; but Benkei, asleep in the bottom of the boat, was aroused by his lord's voice. He laughed. "We have not gone very far. That is Shōsha-san in Harima. Some current must have been holding us back all night"——"There is an ugly cloud over it. I do not like the looks of it. It is a cloud like smoke." Such was Yoshitsune's comment.——"Such have I seen before," said Benkei, reminiscent of his freakish action of earlier days——"I do not like its look," repeated Yoshitsune. "It is an ill-omen. We had better approach land near Narushima"——said Benkei, his voice a little strange: "Yes, that is no storm cloud. I see three red banners, and warriors in armour with helmets on. The red lacquer reflects most hideous faces. It was nearly a year ago that the Taira were drowned in these waters.* Perhaps they seek revenge on our lord"——"There is no reason to be frightened at them," was Yoshitsune's quiet reply. "They were no fighters in life, and will be no more formidable in death"——"However, I prefer

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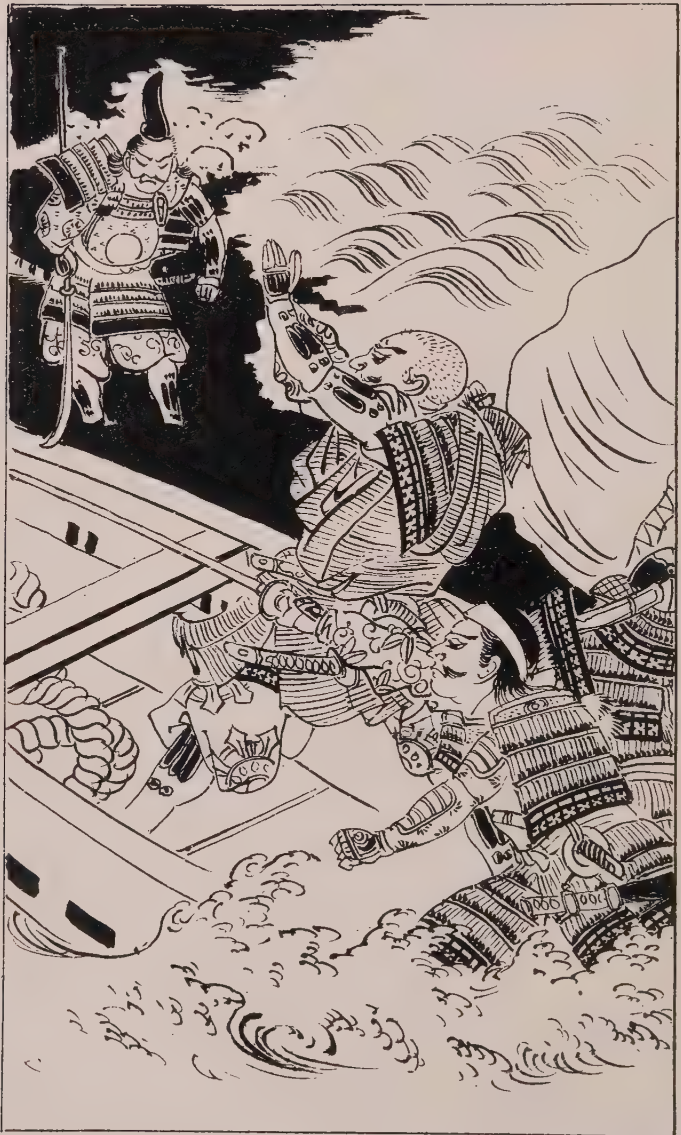
* One romancer makes it "the anniversary." Dan-no-ura was fought April 26th; Ichi-no-tani on March 21st; Yashima on March 24th, a year after Ichi-no-tani.



THE STORM OFF SHŌSHA-SAN: BENKEI PRAYS.

them farther off," was Benkei's comment. He could not laugh them off as did his lord. Benkei still had a good deal of the priest in him. The storm, however, was upon them, and there was no time to devote to mystical speculations. A darkness of the blackest night settled on the fleet. Lightning and thunder flashed and rattled, but not a drop of rain fell. Yoshitsune himself was surprised and disheartened at such omens in winter. From Mount Mukō* rushed down a hurricane of wind. "These clouds are reddish. The outlook is bad," said Benkei. "Ay!" said the helmsman. "When this happens it is believed that it is the quaking of the Ancestral Hall of Tada (Minamoto)."——"Unlucky!," Benkei continued. "We left Miyako on Mizunoye-uma. To-day is Hinoto-tori. Both are notoriously evil days, zodaical days, for sailors to go to or to be at sea. And these red banners! This shaking of Tada must be a warning of danger ahead of us, not of the Taira. Why should the sea-god and the Buddha be angry with our lord, he who is so brave and meritorious, and who when he smiteth his enemies leaveth their names as mud? There is no reason for it. It must be the Taira after all. I shall try prayer." So standing in the bow of the boat he strung a bow that five men could not bend. At first he merely twanged the strings. Then he prayed. He told the god of the Taira insolence toward the Tennō, Child of Heaven; of their tyranny ever since the days of Hōgen. They deserved death for their misdeeds, and had no reason to complain. "How ridiculous to come and trouble us now. May the Lord Buddha receive them into his Paradise, and let them rest in peace." Then he shot his arrows. Benkei was no great archer, but the bosom of the waters was wide, and he could hit that mark. One by one they were shot away until all were exhausted. Marvellous to say the sky cleared into a mass of white clouds heavily piled on each other, and a wondrous sight was seen therein. "On horseback many warriors proceeded, followed by the imperial palanquin of

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* Behind the present Kobe.

Antoku Tennō, guarded by demons of strange shape. Five coloured banners floated in the air, and the flash of swords and weapons was like a terrible lightning." As all disappeared into the sky the sailors and the company rejoiced. Great was the impression created by Benkei's efficacy in prayer. They regarded him with as much awe as they did his halberd. The oarsmen hastened to bend to their oars. The storm had done much against them and for them. The fleet was badly scattered; but Mizushima was already passed, and indistinct in the mist.

Then misfortune fell upon them from the opposite quarter. The clouds now gathered in the South. "This is nothing but a gale," said Benkei. But the gale was worse than the interference of the ghostly Taira hosts. The sea, ominously calm, soon broke into huge waves, and the storm raged "like an angry ox," the rolling waves making the ships quiver like leaves. When they attempted to anchor the chains were cut as by a knife. Masts went by the board. Some vessels were driven ashore and wrecked. Some foundered at sea. For hours the vessel of Yoshitsune was driven before the wind. Where they were they did not know. "Yoshitsune put on a firesuit [and perhaps an armour of righteousness] and asked 'where are we at?'" A sailor looked over the side at the waves boiling and tumbling. They seemed to be in a river, for a swift and rapid current was carrying them down amid black and hideous looking rocks. "We must be in the Naruto of Awa.* No escape from it is possible." On Yoshitsune's ship were the eleven women of his train. Angered, he drew his sword and would have rewarded the sailor then and there with death for his incautious words. Those standing by restrained him. Sailors were of too much use at this crisis. The women, with the exception of Shizuka and the Kitanokata, wept and wailed in harmony. "Why had they left their beloved Miyako, their accustomed home, to go and join the *wani* [crocodiles or sharks at the prejudice of the reader] and the sea pines [codium tormentosum—I am told]." Benkei manned the prow again with the biggest rosary he could find. He outprayed Friar John of the Funnels, but unlike that ghostly and fleshly cleric he believed in facing the foe with his own particular handicraft. "Namu Hachidai Myōhō, Senju Kwannon Bōsatsu. Gods of the Sea and Kwannon of the thousand hands! As divinities of mercy and benevolence, prove your qualifications, and get us out of this mess."

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* Worth seeing at the change of the tide. The visit has the drawback of sympathy for the necessary but bored and polite presence of an officer from the forts guarding the passage.

Once more the prayers of Benkei reached the right spot, the solar plexus of Japanese divinity. The wind ceased. Then it shifted from South to East, and blew them swiftly forward. There was little need to urge the sailors to shore. At dawn they reached land—but where? Staring them in the face were the shrines of Sumiyoshi.* Not another boat was in sight. All had been scattered, perhaps destroyed. Yoshitsune surveyed the little company gloomily. "Time was when I sailed in a large vessel with a sail of the finest Chinese cotton. Oars of sandal wood pushed the vessel forward, and the helm was of polished laurel. Here I am, miserable and unfortunate. My life henceforth is not for such as you. The women must go to Miyako. In happier times, when fortune turns and my power is restored, we shall meet again. I shall make my way to Takadachi, and there we shall see each other." With Benkei, Washiwo Saburō, Satō Tadanobu, and Shizuka he left them, weeping and wailing in their desire to accompany him. Hardly was his party out of sight than the sailors, charged with their care, ran away in the opposite direction. "Like wreckage cast ashore the women sank down under the pine trees. Weeping and rending their garments they concealed their faces in their sleeves." The Shinkan (official) of the Sumiyoshi shrine took pity on them, and sent them under guard to Miyako. Here they were not disturbed. Their presence told the story of the destruction of the expedition of Yoshitsune and Yukiiye, and of the landing of the former in Izumi.

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* At Sakai, near Osaka city. The Shinkan is an officer attached to Shintō *miya* (shrines).

§ 3.

Lingering in the outskirts, and waiting the cover of darkness, it was night when the little party of Yoshitsune entered the town of Osaka. Benkei, who knew as much of the practice of temples as of their theory, a practice ascertained in person on this circuit and in his rambles, lead the party at once to the Tennōji temple.* Here under the flooring of the great gate of the temple they found a refuge, the very publicity of which warded off suspicion. The next day he sallied forth to secure coarse robes of peasant and priest under which their armour would be concealed. While wandering the streets he came across a number of the retainers. These, directed by Benkei, appeared that night in their lord's presence. Thus Kamei, Kataoka, Ise Saburō, Suruga, Kumai, Kanefusa, Hitachibō, and Sugime were added to the party. The report they had to make was discouraging enough. Of Yukiiye they could get no news at all, and he was either at the bottom of the sea or in hiding, dressed in his best suit of armour. It was decided that for the present they had better stay where they were. Their condition was miserable enough ; but they at least had the consolation of again being together.

For some days the time thus passed. One day Benkei, who was wandering the temple precincts, noticed a crowd of people collected around the great gate. In alarm lest his lord's lurking place had been discovered he at once went toward the crowd. He soon found, from comments made, that the disturbance was over a proclamation posted up on the gate.* These comments were more pleasing than the proclamation. Seeing a priest, one perhaps wise in literature the nearest members of the gaping crowd turned to Benkei with a polite request that he should read it to them. And Benkei did, in a voice that reached not only those surrounding him, but those concealed within the gate. The proclamation came from Miyako, and proscribed the two rebels Bizen-no-Kami and Iyo-no-Kami, traitors and disturbers of the realm. It recounted their departure to Shikoku and Kyūshū in order to create trouble, the fortunate dispersal of the fleet by storm, and the fact that it was known that the two criminals had escaped drowning. "Therefore," continued the chameleon hued Hōō, if they are seen anywhere within the Go-Kinai provinces, let them be arrested forthwith and be sent to Miyako. If they are detected and captured in one of the outside fiefs, let report be made to the capital." This precious production was signed "Dazai Chūjō Koremori," and duly carried the Tennō's seal. There were tears in Benkei's eyes as he drew out of the pressing circle of the curious. A monk of the temple had taken his place, and was now retailing the contents to later comers. He followed the fellow's fat fingers running down and up the lines of the stiff paper. "A few days ago it was we who had the Tennō's order to destroy the treacherous Yoritomo. Shikoku and Kyūshū were to obey my lord's orders. Now my lord is in the depths of undeserved misfortune. And the Tennō! What national weakness and decline does this proclamation show. An order from the palace is irrevocable. Here we have already two? What a confused state of society. Unfortunate Tennō, caught in the turmoils of the strifes of the *buké* (military caste)!" It was with anger and regret that he sought the presence of his lord, already informed by Benkei's loud voice of this latest move of his enemies.

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* Built at the close of the seventh century by Shōtoku Taishi ; frequently rebuilt, repaired, and finally burnt out when Iyeyasu attacked Osaka in 1615 A.D. The present temple has changed site and buildings. But the imagination of its priestly historians is unflagging.

Yoshitsune had small taste for the life of the hunted.

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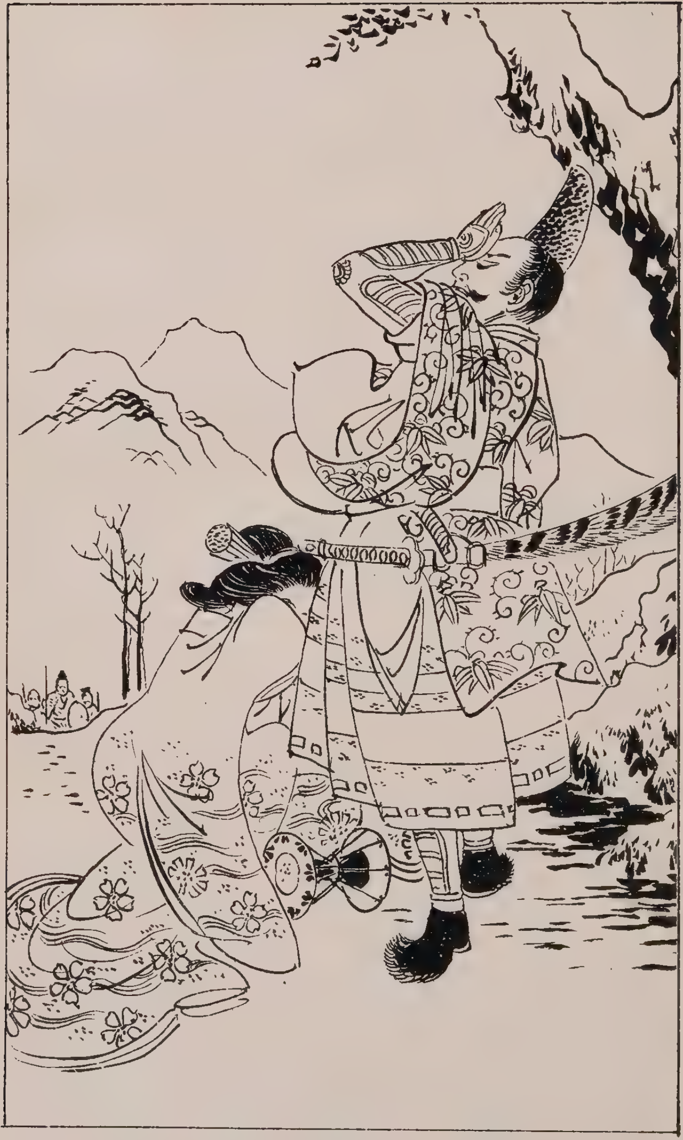
* December 4th was its issue, says the Adzuma Kagami.

A really great man, the first soldier of his country, and one to whom life had become a wide field on which to display his talents, he felt tied down to this miserable petty struggle for existence, alone without fame. Hemmed in on all sides by enemies, with but this handful of brave men to support him, the game seemed to be played out. With the Hōō so thoroughly in the hands of his brother he knew what dependence now to put on friends at court. The uncompromising terms of this proclamation revealed that all the time he had been regarded as a second Kiso Yoshinaka. He decided then and there to kill himself, and he ordered Benkei to make the necessary preparations. It is from this time forth that Benkei the priest stands forth as the strong man of the twain. It was to this keen, shrewd, faithful mind; on this strong, active, giant body; that was to fall the duty of meeting future vicissitudes. Yoshitsune yielded to his prompt and eloquent protest, and to Benkei he yielded henceforth the conduct of their little party. "Our lord indeed feels as if he were stepping on the tail of a tiger, but often enough the tiger misses his spring. There is always time to commit *harakiri* or to die in battle. Meanwhile our resources are by no means exhausted. Our aim should be to get down to Mutsu and Hidehira, if we find no opposition to Yoritomo in these parts. Here we cannot stay, but refuge may be found at Kōyasan or Yoshino. The disposition of the monks can be easily learned on the way. And if they are hostile they are no dangerous antagonists to such seasoned warriors as ourselves." All urged this good counsel on Yoshitsune, and it was agreed to leave the Tennōji that night. This was done, and soon they were travelling within the hills along the coast, with the intention of crossing the Kiimitōge and so reaching Kōyasan. The roads were bad, and the weather made them still worse. They crossed the Yoshinogawa at Kamuro, and Benkei did not like at all the curiosity with which the ferrymen eyed them. At Kane they learned that every preparation had been made to arrest Yoshitsune's party, if it should be found in that neighbourhood.

They turned aside and went up a little valley running south-east toward a hamlet called Ki-mata, with the intention of crossing the saddle and thus reaching the Tengumi-tōge and Sakamoto, and thus approaching Yoshino from the rear. Now Yoshino-yama our romancer describes as "a Korean mountain, steep and limitless", and he is right. Rarely is seen such a tangled mass of forest, or network of intricate hills covered with bamboo grass, for there is an ample supply of both. The valleys meet, twist, double on themselves and on each other in a most confused manner. Each has its little stream seeking an outlet in the Yoshinogawa (Kinogawa), or the Tennōgawa (Aritagawa). The natural difficulties offered by these rough mountain trails were made worse by its being winter. Snow and ice covered slopes made the climbing up and slipping down very wearying. It was late afternoon when Shizuka gave out altogether. Bravely she had struggled along without a murmur in the trail of these hardened soldiers. "Her eyes were wet with tears, and her long sleeves were soaked by the melting snow." Benkei from the start had looked with disfavour on the presence of Shizuka. This mountain rambler knew very well what was in front of them. It was no work for women, especially for such a delicate creature as Shizuka. She must go back. He approached his lord with the one argument he knew to be effective. "Your lordship will be blamed if you take a woman on such an expedition as the one on which you are now engaged. Let her return to Miyako under escort, and in happier days everything will be well again." Yoshitsune shivered at the blunt summons. "I am indeed ashamed to have brought her so far."

He thought a moment. Then he slowly approached Shizuka, seated on the snow. It was with a look of anguish, of apprehension and hopelessness, as of one expecting a blow, that she looked up in his face. There was a mute appeal for silence and mercy that struck Yoshitsune to the heart. "We must part here, Shizuka;" the words came slowly and anything but easily. "It has been my love for you that has wrongly brought you so far. I ought to have sent you back to Miyako when first the sea gave us up again to land, but I could not let you go." The girl merely twisted her hands in misery, her gaze fastened on this cold hard white covering which seemed to grasp her very heart. The voice over her seemed to come as from dream-land. "From now on we may have to battle to the death at any moment. Surrounded by enemies it is impossible for me to take a woman with me. You would become our destruction. Besides, men would cast dishonour on my name. And there is another reason," there was a ring in his voice at this unanswerable argument, "in ancient days the anchorite En-no-Shōkaku, he of Idzumi-no-kuni, sanctified all this ground of Yoshino by his holy presence. To approach the mountain has always been forbidden to women. If you go with us I fear the *kami* (gods) will punish us. Please obey my wish and return to the capital, there to dwell safely with your mother until the happier days when again we can be together." And so he awaited her answer.

It was a colourless calm face the girl raised to his. "I do not feel that I can obey what you say, and yet I grieve so at my words which only my great love for you can excuse. Far from being your destruction I gladly will perish a thousand times to save you distress. As I have always been yours, to do with as you wish, so I beg you not to send me back, but put me to death where we now are. I can tell you that I carry now a child of yours. If I return to Miyako the officials of Rokuhara will quickly trace me out and put me to death. Let me receive it from my lord's hand. Why be so distrustful? My birth is humble indeed, but my devotion to you has always been beyond measure. At Horikawa, and in the storm at sea, I braved death at your side and showed no sign of fear." Benkei and the others nodded approvingly. Yoshitsune, overcome at the unexpected news, remained silent, his head lowered in thought. "Do not make our separation, Shizuka, harder than one can bear. Your very condition makes it all the more necessary that you should be placed in safety. Here your destruction is certain; and apart from your child, I, who may die any moment, have no heir. Let me urge this as my appeal."



THE PARTING OF YOSHITSUNE AND SHIZUKA.

She answered :—“ Be it so. Let me touch your hands for one moment.” These strong men turned aside from each other not to show the tears in their eyes at this parting of the lovers.

“ Then Yoshitsune gave her a mirror. ‘This mirror has always reflected my face. Take it, and every time you look therein let remembrance bring me back to your mind.’ And Shizuka, with tears flowing down her face, sang this song :

‘The more I gaze within the mirror, the greater
will my sorrow be :
‘Alas! It no longer gives me the sight
of my beloved’s face.’ *

And Yoshitsune gave her a pillow saying :—‘never let this pass from your side, but keep it in sight and memory.’ And he composed a song :—

‘Though I hasten to escape my pursuers
‘This pillow remains, emblem of our love.’ †

Then Shizuka consented to obey him, saying :—“at your command I leave you, but let not your love change, and so we shall meet again, I hope under a happier star.’ ”

Yoshitsune gave her other gifts as remembrances of their love. He gave her a sandal wood drum named ‘Hatsune.’ And also he gave a leather scroll on which was curiously worked the figure of a woodpecker. Then he gave her the Meikyoku-biwa. All these had been brought by the bishop of Hōjōji from China, treasures of the Tong dynasty and presents to Shirakawa Tennō. Shizuka bowed to the ground with respect before these ancient treasures entrusted to her charge. Then came the moment for them to part, Yoshitsune urging it, “and yet when the time came they could not endure to leave each other. When he said farewell she clung to him, and when she prepared to go he held her sleeves. For a while they thus wavered.

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* “Miru totemo
“Ureshiku mo nashi
“Masu kagami
“Koishiki hito no
“Kage wo tomeneba.”

† “Isoge domo
“Yuki mo ya irezu
“Kusa makura
“Shizuka ni nareshi
“Kokoro naramu ni.”

At last she took her way, Yoshitsune watching her as long as the little procession was in sight winding between the hills. Thus they passed from each other's view, weeping so that the echoes reverberated through the mountains. A sorrowful thing in life is the separation of devoted lovers, especially when they realize that they may never meet again. And Shizuka sorrowed still more to think that Yoshitsune not only had parted from her, but that in all the land, large as it was, he had hardly a place to lay his head. The snow which blew down from the mountain soon covered up their footprints, and everything lay deeply hidden under its white mantle." Thus parted Shizuka and Yoshitsune—"the warrior, wise and brave; the lady wise and fair."*

§ 4.

Leaving Shizuka, for the time being, on her downward journey, we will follow Yoshitsune and his party, fifteen in number, as it climbs upward over the Tengu-mi-tōge, to enter Yoshino by Hirose, Dorogawa, and the back door, so to speak. On the second night after leaving Shizuka, Yoshitsune hailed Benkei:—"Where shall we spend the night Benkei? We have camped one night in the snow. Between cold, hunger, and snow, we must find a place to rest"—"If I am right as to that pagoda, we have reached our destination," was Benkei's reply. He was right, and they were soon in possession of this outlier of the vast establishment crowning this famous mountain. Then Benkei and Hitachibō went forth, with priests' robes and as *hōshi musha* (priest soldiers), and carrying large iron bowls. They had a disagreeable surprise. From Kōyasan the report had been quickly spread that Yoshitsune's party was somewhere in the neighbourhood. The Yoshino *hōshi* at once thought that the party of pilgrims lodged in the pagoda must be the ones so earnestly sought. The two huge *hōshi* must therefore be Benkei and Hitachibō of Hieisan. If they obeyed the Tennō's order and seized the party they would secure great merit. Yokogawa no Zenji, the captain of the *hōshi musha*, a "huge and wicked fellow" more than seven feet in stature, was greatly excited and sought to gather together his men, two hundred in number. Benkei heard whispers—"Get them alive and there will be a large reward." Anxious in mind he hastened back to find Yoshitsune safe, but the Yoshino priests in active movement.

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* The passages quoted are from Saitō Kozu's "Life of Shizuka-gozen." The *uta* (songs) are very old, as indeed is the story. All the romances and chronicles coincide, even in minor detail.

An attack that night was unlikely, but one was certainly meditated.* Anxious council was held by the little band. Yoshitsune wanted to fight, as did many others. The opposition of these priests angered them. Besides, it would break the monotony of these days spent in retreat. Ise Saburō wanted these petty fellows left entirely to the retainers. Hitachibō Kaison, however, protested. "Your lordship's person is too important. We ought not to fight these fellows on ground so familiar to them. It is better to leave Benkei and I to protect the rear. The rest should retreat across the mountains to safer ground on the Nara side." Then Satō Tadanobu interposed. "I think your plan is excellent. The *hōshi* are many, and they know the valleys, whereas we do not. They will bring a host on us, and we will simply wander into their midst. But I will stay here as my lord Yoshitsune. When my arrows are exhausted then I will commit *harakiri*, and the start given will ensure our lord's safety." Tears stood in Yoshitsune's eyes. He felt how much he owed to these brave fellows, to any one of whom his brother would have given a large fief as reward for desertion. Kajiwaras and Hōjōs? There was not one such among them. "When I think of your brother's death in my stead at Yashima, I cannot endure the idea of such a sacrifice"——"Without him I cannot face my father," replied Tadanobu. "He would ask me what I had done, and will be only too pleased if I die fighting for my lord." Then Benkei said:—"Tadanobu is a true *samurai*. We are all ready to die for our lord. There is no taking the backward road. Will our lord graciously permit Tadanobu to carry out his plan."——"Call yourself Yoshitsune," was the latter's reply to Tadanobu. "And so tell the Judges of Hell when they ask your name. We will exchange armour." He handed over to Tadanobu his armour sewn with red thread (*hiodoshi*), his helmet with its gold frontlet and white stars in sixty-four places, and with the *shishi* (lion-leopard) surmounting it. Then he gave him his sword Kimi-Banzai-no-Tomonari (Everlasting-Royal-Reign forged by Tomonari). Said Tadanobu. "I would only ask that someone will don my armour. It is that of Tsuginobu, which he wore at Yashima"——"It shall be I," said Yoshitsune. "Never has man been surrounded by men of stronger faith than these." Tadanobu dropped to the ground at his lord's feet. "My brother in his grave will turn with joy." Benkei hastened the departure. "Put on your sandals backward, so that our trail will look as if we were going in the opposite direction. "Then they took their leave of Tadanobu. Sadly he watched them, and tears came into his eyes at the idea of never seeing his lord again.

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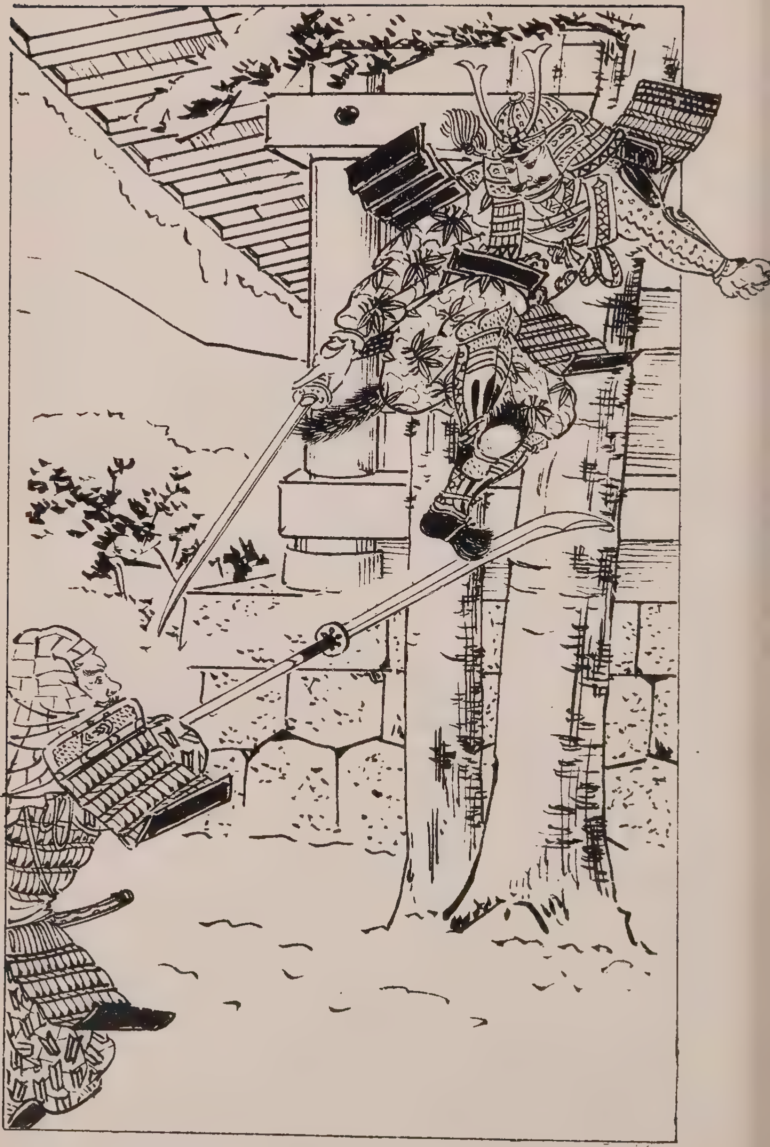
* To fit in one accepted tradition—that of a friendly reception and a sojourn of three years in Yoshino—is difficult. During this period Benkei is supposed to have fasted for a week, and then tried his strength by driving iron nails into the rock with his fist. We are now at January 1186 A.D., and a year later, after many vicissitudes, the party left Miyako for the north. In Yoshitsune's short and busy life there is no room for such a stay as would fit in with the apocryphal relics of the Yoshimizu Jinja. The above follows the accepted tradition. See the following chapter.

At dawn the priests held council in the reading hall. Armed with bows and swords they sallied forth, the youngest in the van, the older men carrying large bells to call them together if there was necessity of pursuit. Tearing up their white robes they twisted the strips as *tokin* around their heads. This gave even the mildest quite a warrior look. Throwing their line around the pagoda they began the advance. Tadanobu appeared on



TADANOBU DEFENDS THE GO-JŪ-NO-TŌ (PAGODA) ON YOSHINO-YAMA.

the third *rōka* (sankai) of the pagoda. His four retainers guarded the entrance and the rear. At Tadanobu's girdle was the hereditary sword of the Satō and the gift of Yoshitsune. He had twenty-four arrows in his quiver, with large forked heads and eagle feathers. At the sight of Yoshitsune's armour the motley crowd of *hōshi* set up a wild cry. Tadanobu answered with his arrows. Every shaft of this unerring bowman reached its mark. At the beginning, when they were closely massed, the same bolt pierced three and even four men. Great was the slaughter. Then seeing that his arrows were exhausted they approached to fire the pagoda. Kawakura Hogan lead the van. He had strong aspirations to defeat Yoshitsune in single combat. In scurvy tones he challenged. "Shizuka, your concubine, has confessed your presence here. Much as we dislike it, it is our duty to send you or your head to Miyako." Tadanobu fell on them at once. He leaped down from the balcony. The motley mass, having heard much of Yoshitsune's powers of flight, thought that the great captain was on them. They fled down the mountain. Kawakura and Iwo, who stood their ground, paid for their rashness with life. Tadanobu and his men pursued the others. In the open two of his men were killed, and in the pursuit he lost sight of the two others.

Resting at the foot of a large tree he was approached by Yokogawa Kakuhan in person. This fellow, of the Suzuki party in Kii, was a thoroughly bad man. In addition to his huge size, and his strength "equal to that of seventy men," he had a black face, round pop-eyes, and a huge beard and whiskers like Shōki. "He wore a brown court robe, black cord armour, and a long sword nearly four feet in length (39 *sun*) with a black lacquered hilt. He carried it in a sheath of bear-skin. He brandished a spear nine feet long." Thus arrayed he denounced the cowardice of his men, and challenged Yoshitsune (as he thought) to single combat. "I am Yokogawa Kakuhan, and will take your head or yourself to Kamakura-dono"—"You miserable priest. Instead I shall send you to your grave." Now Tadanobu had not taken food for many hours, but he had Yoshitsune's sword. Kakuhan's spear "whirled like a wheel," The priests looked on in fear at this terrible battle. Kakuhan was a notable and formidable antagonist, and Tadanobu saw that strategy alone would give him the best of the fight. He suddenly took the defensive. Kakuhan, much encouraged, pressed him hard. Tadanobu jumped over a tree stump and down a precipice. In following him Kakuhan was caught in the overhanging branches. Tadanobu sprang on him at once. He gave him a terrible blow from shoulder to groin. "His body was split in two like a melon." Cutting off the head Tadanobu sprang up the face of the cliff to attack the group of *hōshi*. Frightened they fled like sheep. Tadanobu, finding himself alone, thought it of little use to commit *harakiri*. So by the mountain roads, carefully avoiding the plain he reached Miyako through Yamashina, and sought refuge with his former concubine Koshiba Oguruma. She lived in Shijō Muromachi.*

Here he met with the warmest of welcomes. Perhaps old Koshiba Nyūdō was pleased at the unexpected apparition of Tadanobu. Oguruma pretended to be. While Yoshitsune had been at the heighth of his power she had been faithful to her lover. When he departed with his lord on the ill-starred expedition to the West she soon found a new lover in Kagehisa Saburō, younger son of Kajiwara Genda. Tadanobu made earnest inquiries into the fate of his lord, and in this Oguruma aided him for very opposite reasons. She too wanted to learn of Yoshitsune's whereabouts, but nothing could be ascertained. He was reported at Tonomine, at Nara, as killed at Yoshino, and was resuscitated in Kyūshū. Tadanobu had decided to go down to Mutsu, where at least the information did not filter through Kamakura channels. Perhaps his lord might already be there. But the girl clung to him, and thwarted every such proposition. Her intentions were anything but amorous. At last she heard of the long wished for arrival in Miyako of Kagehisa. As he failed to come to her she feared he had heard of Tadanobu's presence in the house. This worried her very little, for the noted retainer of Yoshitsune had to lie very close, and keep to his apartment. He was not of stature or reputation to escape notice if he walked abroad. Kagehisa was surprised to get a letter from her. Meeting her, as directed, at the Kiyomidzu-dera he was still more surprised to learn of Tadanobu's presence in Miyako, and was anything but pleased at Oguruma's betrayal. He was very unlike his father and uncle Kagesuye and Kagetaka. These favoured their old father Kagetoki, in disposition and dislikes. In anger and disdain he thought that this unfaithful, insincere, and treacherous wench might some day do the same to him. So he merely replied :—" Tadanobu is the brave and faithful retainer of Yoshitsune, a captain of great merit. He has in former days been your lover. You should warn him, and urge his departure to Mutsu." His contempt and coldness were so marked that the girl parted with him angry at heart. "This coward is afraid of Tadanobu, and he dares to thus openly despise me. Well! Perhaps Rokuhara will think differently." Ema Koshirō Yoshitaka* heard her story next day with no surprise, and with no particular pleasure. Kagehisa could not ignore the piece of information, but he acted on it with commendable slowness. Oguruma had plenty of time to repent of her intended treachery. Now Kagehisa had taken Yoshitsune's place as *kebiishi* in Miyako. He too lived in Horikawa and luxury, with a train of concubines in kaleidoscopic succession or simultaneity as his humour seized him. Of these Oguruma had been a favourite. The next day he sent his message to Ema, with the hope that Tadanobu was well on his way to the North. The officer had the missive under his eye during his interview with the girl. He did his duty, and at the hour arranged by her surrounded the house with two hundred of his men.

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* Oguruma or Koguruma. It makes little difference the meaning being the same, 小. Oyama, north of Tōkyō, is little (not big) mountain. 小 山.

Tadanobu had dined and wined well. He was aroused from sleep by the noise of men breaking into the house. Springing to his feet he found that his armour no longer lay in the *tokonoma*. His two swords also had disappeared. While he slept Oguruma had stolen up stairs. With the cords of her kōtō she had tied up the two swords. Afraid to make a noise she had piled armour and all in a closet. At this juncture Tadanobu had no time to ask questions. The men were already breaking into the house. *Yakunin* from Rokuhara his sword made little difference to him. He would have disdained to use the noble weapon on such trash. Seizing a heavy *go* board he sprang at those entering the room, and mowed them down by his blows. In the course of a few minutes fifteen lay prostrate with broken necks or crushed ribs. The others fled in haste and Tadanobu hurled the *go* board after them.* Some vigorous kicks laid open the closets and disclosed his weapons and the evident treachery. He sought out the girl. Willingly she would have escaped, but the assailants drove her back and threatened her with drawn bows. Yoshitaka had lost so many men that he determined to kill instead of capture, and had advanced his archers. These held their hands before this final settlement. Even then she tried to escape, but Tadanobu grasped her. "Yes," shouted Yoshitaka, "she was the one who betrayed you." Tadanobu squeezed her neck until the eyes almost dropped from the sockets. Then with a twist he broke her neck, and cast the limp carcass to one side. For himself the game was up. There was no time now to array himself in armour, and against the arrows he was without protection. He saw that he would be spitted like a pigeon. He advanced at once to the *roka* and stood forth. At his sign to stop for a moment Yoshitaka held up his hand, and the bowmen stood at attention. Said Tadanobu: "Ah! You are Ema Koshirō, son of Tokimasa. I thank you for telling me who betrayed my presence here. But is this not a

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* Yuki is the name also given.

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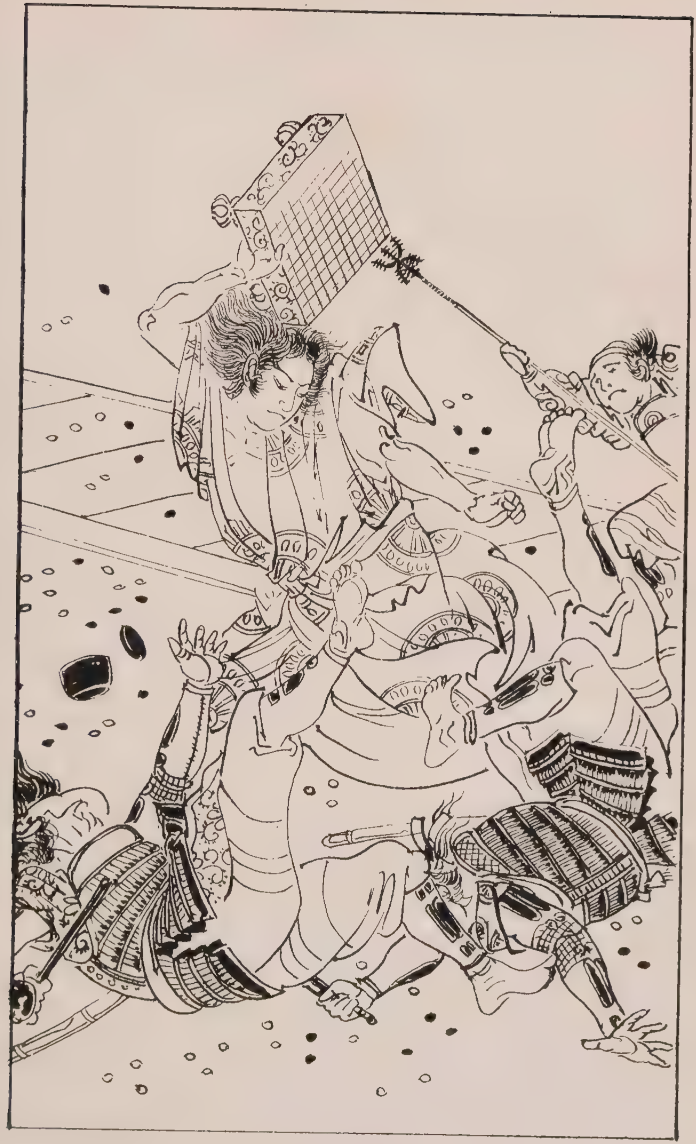
* *Go* is the Chinese-Japanese chess. The board used is a heavy solid piece of wood. There is no reason, beyond custom, for its being so; and many reasons in favour of making it light.



"GO-BAN" TADANOBU

cowardly business to attack a man while asleep? I could readily kill many more of you, but it is a poor business to slaughter innocents. As I have no hope of escape I leave life without regret. Look, and see how one of the followers of Iyo-no-kami, Kurō Yoshitsune, knows how to die." All stood silent.

"Tadanobu bared the upper part of his body, and holding his dagger in his hand prayed to Hachiman Daibosatsu. Then he thrust the dagger into his left side and pulled it slowly across to the right side. Then he drew it out and plunged it into his stomach pulling it down below the navel. Thus he made a cross-cut in his belly. Drawing the sword out of his body he looked at it, and laughing said, 'how sharp is that treasure of the Satō House! Be sure and send it as a present to Yoritomo who should be much pleased at getting it." He thrust in his hand, and pulling out the guts he severed them and hurled them at Ema Koshirō. This latter dodged, but they struck two or three men standing behind their chief. "How warm!" they exclaimed. In a few day, says the romancer, they died. Tadanobu had made his last effort. He took Yoshitsune's sword. Gasping, "see a *samurai* die," he put the point in his mouth and fell forward. The blade pierced his neck and came out behind. Thus died Satō Shirobei Tadanobu, "Go-ban" Tadanobu. He was twenty-seven years old on this 16th day of February, 1187 A.D. Great was the regret over the treacherous action of Oguruma. The two swords, and the head pickled in salt, were sent to Kamakura. Yoritomo was anxious to see the latter. Hatakeyama warned him that the sight would not be pleasant. However the head-box was brought in. Yoritomo looked through his fan; to see the head open its eyes and show its teeth. He gazed at Tadanobu's features with tears of admiration. Then he said:—"Take it away. It is too angry. I would gladly have made him governor of a province." For three days the head was exposed to the public gaze. Meanwhile Hatakeyama sent for the body, and later both were buried with great pomp and respect in the grounds of the Chōju-in temple at Kamakura. Bitter was the anger of Yoshitsune and his retainers when the news of this treacherous deed came to their ears.*

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* This *harakiri* of "Go-ban" Tadanobu is the *ne plus ultra* of Japanese opinion on the subject—among the small shop-keepers, the *kozukai*, *bantō*, etc., who throng the blood and thunder theatres, and indulge in its kindred literature. In addition, it should be said, that after "tripes" Shinshinsai has Tadanobu take the sword and cut off his own head. The same authority tells us that the grave of "Go-ban" Tadanobu is at Kamakura.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE STORY OF SHIZUKA.

" 'O child, what grief is mine!
" 'But thou dost slumber, and thy baby breast
" 'Is sunk in rest,
" 'Here in the cheerless brass-bound bark,
" 'Tossed amid starless night and pitchy dark.

* * * * * * * * *

" 'Lapped in thy purple robe's embrace,
" 'Fair little face!
" 'But if this dread were dreadful too to thee,
" 'Then wouldst thou lend thy listening ear to me;
" 'Therefore I cry,—Sleep babe, and sea be still,
" 'And slumber our unmeasured ill' "

Danae to the infant Perseus, in the ode of Simonides.

(Translated by J. Addington Symonds).

§ 1.

It is time to return to Shizuka, left in the charge of five retainers to return as best she could to Miyako. Once out of sight of the *bushi*, these fellows, mere *zoshiki* (inferior servants), soon came to an agreement among themselves as to what to do. To return to the capital with Shizuka they were afraid. The roads thither were guarded by the Kamakura *bushi*, and they had little hope of getting through without question. Between present evils and the possible wrath of their master they chose all the more easily as they had small confidence in his escape from the net into which he had fallen. The thing to do therefore was to get rid of Shizuka in the least troublesome manner. They had the burden of the gifts of Yoshitsune, all except the mirror and the drum which Shizuka herself carried. When part way down the mountain the party halted on a pretext of resting. One of them then suggested that as there was a shrine (*miya*) at the foot, dedicated to the Eleven Faced Kwannon, they might secure lodging there for the night. As he knew the keeper he and some of his companions would go forward and sound him as to the matter. He and three others therefore hurried forward leaving Shizuka under the guard of the remaining attendant. After a decent wait this fellow suggested that he should go forward a little and see if anything detained them. Without waiting for an answer he too quickly disappeared down the mountain path. Then passed an hour, two hours, before Shizuka thoroughly realized that she was left alone on the mountain in the snow-storm and with night closed around her.

She felt it very little. Anguish of mind such as hers wanted no companionship. Solitude was grateful. Slowly she wandered forward, soon losing her way in the many by-paths near the foot of the mountain, if indeed "way" can be applied to one who wanders without direction or goal. It was only the moon-light, shining on the forest trees snow laden or over the slopes, that enabled her to continue her course, casting treacherous shadows against the white surface and concealing many a hollow. The snow soon ceased to fall, but the wind blew mournfully in its place, icy-cold over the snow fields. Everything was ice bound. In echo to her wailing the murmuring of the little rivulets beneath their white garment seemed like human voices in unison with her pain. Sad is the tale of the native scribe as he follows Shizuka's blood stained track through the snow. "Her sandals were worn through, and her delicate feet were cut by the sharp edges of the ice. Her sleeves, wet with her tears, were lined with ice; and her skirts were heavy with the silvery tracings of the snow, brushed and frozen on her garments. She held up the mirror, but tears dimmed her sight." Her hat had blown away, and only her long hair protected head and shoulders from the keen wind. Thus she struggled along, striving to find the pass again, and wandering up and down over the snowy hills. At last she found what she took to be the upward track. Up indeed it was, and she reached the summit thoroughly worn out. Often during this night she had thought of death. Then the command of her lord, to carry and bring up the fruit of their love, checked her hand from wandering to the little dagger at her girdle. Nature, however, was too much for her, and it was with the almost certainty of endless sleep that she sank exhausted in the snow. But the mother of all humanity is rarely merciful enough to save us from our pains at our call. And so Shizuka awoke in the darkness, shivering with cold, and to keenest sense of her present woes.

Far below in the dark dawn of the winter morning a light was visible. She saw that it was not a charcoal burner's fire. There were none thereabouts. It must be a lantern before some shrine, perhaps of Yoshino itself. With difficulty she took her way, falling over rocks and tree trunks, and nearly slipping over the edge of a precipice. As she approached the light she saw that it hung before a *hokora* (minor *miya*). As it was crowded with pilgrims it was evidently the fête day of the god. As a matter of fact she had blundered on the pass leading across from the hamlet of Fuki, and had reached the Nyū Jinja, an entrance so to speak to the great Zō-ō-dō on Yoshino-yama. The *torii*, a little way beyond, could not be passed by women. It seemed to Shizuka that a ray of light had come into her sad existence in thus finding the shrine in full festival. As she stood before it the idea came into her mind to pray for the safety of her lord on this auspicious occasion. No one there knew her, and it seemed perfectly safe to do so. Prayer with

Shizuka meant her best offering to the god—that of beauty and skill. Already those in the crowd were struck by the former, and whispers went around as to who the village beauty could be. They all made way as she advanced before the shrine. There were musicians present, for the *sarugaku*, men not women, a cheerless offering to the divinity. Unconsciously almost they fell into unison with her movements. Shizuka, weak and fainting as she was, danced and sang as rarely she had done before in her short life:

> " In this world more and more violently
>   racks one's pain,
> " When called on no more to see the face
>   of those beloved.
> " Sad is the parting of parent and child:
> " But more hopeless still of husband and wife."

The onlookers were deeply moved at the sympathetic deeply mournful voice. Charmed by the sweet toned singer they stood entranced. Sobs were heard, as some already stricken heart was more deeply touched. But Nature had done all she could. Weeping herself Shizuka sank on the ground and veiled her face in her sleeves. Some priests came forward in inquiry to find her in a dead faint. Others looked on, envying the happy man, possessor of such charms in mind and body. Who could she be?

Poor child! She had done so well that she had already half betrayed her secret. Hot drinks and shelter restored her to miserable consciousness and questionings. Even then they might have accepted her tale of village neighbourhood and monthly visits to the shrine to secure a wish. But there was present a tender-hearted and foolish old priest—one Shōyen Jibu. Melted over her woes he blurted out that it could be no one else but Shizuka-gozen. The questioning turned from her to him. A few years before he had been present at the dance for rain at the Shinsen-en. Ninety-nine *shirabyōshi* had danced without pleasing the rain god. Then Shizuka had come forward, and the god was so pleased that heavy clouds had rolled up in the sky, and the drought had been broken in a refreshing downpour. Shizuka listened to his tale in fright. Her dance instead of fortune had brought pursuers on Yoshitsune's track. The priests were soon at her again to press their questions, all the more merciless as they recognized their advantage in her weakness. As she remained silent they threatened to torture her, even to death—no idle threat. Shizuka then told them everything—and left them worse off than ever, she was so frank. She told them all about the landing at Omono-ura, the concealment at the Tennōji, (this they knew to be true), the journey through Izumi. Near Kōyasan she had lost her lord, and hearing that he was at the Zō-ō-dō she had attempted to reach him, only to be robbed and deserted by her servants. Half suspicious, many thoroughly convinced that she was lying, they squabbled among themselves. One young priest blurted out that they had all the information they needed. It was known that Shizuka was with Yoshitsune. Here she was, and he could not be far off. Said he:—"If we do nothing the rough Kamakura *bushi*, who swarm the country, will burn the shrine about our ears. Evidently they have crossed the pass from Fuki, on their way to the hills behind Yoshino, perhaps toward Kumano. Let us pursue them." His advice seemed good. A messenger was sent off to the Zō-ō-dō, and a strong party of *hōshi musha* left to beat up the mountains to the westward. Shizuka was taken into the priests' offices, and now was kindly treated. A messenger was forwarded to Hōjō Tokimasa in Miyako asking for instructions. Thus the very fact of her presence operated in Yoshitsune's favour. Taking the short inside line she had easily reached Yoshino. She was already a prisoner at the shrine when Yoshitsune and his party came to the main temple, but the absence of the *hōshi musha* necessitated a delay in attacking them. Already on the look-out for him in answer to the warnings sent out from Osaka and Miyako, knowing his presence from the message sent up the valley from Kōyasan that he had just crossed the river at Kamuro and was somewhere in the neighbouring mountains, they were thus prepared, but were thoroughly misled in judging his whereabouts from Shizuka's account. Kawakura Hōgan had lied when he said that Shizuka had confessed.*

The orders came to send her to Miyako. So on December thirty-first she started, to arrive in the city a week later. Hōjō Tokimasa was awaiting her. Ordinarily a cold and cruel man he belied his nature by treating Shizuka kindly. She found her mother also a prisoner. He saw there was little to be had from Shizuka at this date. They already knew that Yoshitsune was somewhere in the Yoshino district, and just where much better than she could tell them. But there was a complication. There was the possibility that Shizuka was with child. A report was made to Kamakura. Kajiwara Kagetoki was ready as usual with his advice. "In China her punishment for admitting the embraces of an enemy of the lord of the land would be to have her bones broken and her brain picked out. But it would be well first to bring her here for examination." Yoritomo grunted assent. He had no objections to bone breaking or brain picking, but he (and Kajiwara) knew that the Princess Masako had great curiosity to see the famous dancer. Hori Tōji Chikaiye was sent to bring her up to Kamakura. On March sixth, (1186 A.D.) they left Miyako and reached the new capital on March twenty-third. Hōjō Tokimasa himself left at the end of March to add his counsel in the present hunt for Yoshitsune; for on his brother's capture, and on everything in connection with him, Yoritomo laid great stress. This military genius was his night-mare. He must be rooted out, stock and branch.

On her arrival Shizuka was at first placed in charge of Adachi Shinsaburō Kiyotsune. On the twenty-ninth of

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* Japanese romancers, with usual gallantry and the desire to endow Yoshitsune with omniscience and omnipresence, adopt or give a hint of this form of the tale; without seeing that the young priest of Yoshino was the one who hit the nail on the head. He knew as much and no more than Shizuka, but his deductions were wrong, as hers might well have been. Casuistically speaking Shizuka did not lie at any point. She did enter the shrine to ask the god as to her lover's whereabouts and pray for his successful escape. She expected to find him at Yoshino, with a better reception.

March she was to be examined in the presence of Yoritomo himself by Son-no-Kami Chikugo Toshikane, and Minobu-no-jō Moritoki. All the time of these long journeyings but one thought remained riveted in Shizuka's mind. She must live to perform her duty to her lord. To kill herself meant to consign her child from the darkness of the womb to that of the grave, to be forever unhappy. In this spirit she appeared at the dreaded examination, for Miyako folk regarded the fierce Kwantō-*bushi* as little better than savages. As Yoritomo was to be present the ceremonial was to be elaborate. The court was hung with brocaded silk curtains, and the retainers stood in rows. The lord of Kamakura, seated on a dais behind a bamboo screen, saw and heard everything. At one side Masako and her ladies listened behind a like concealment. Knowing of the important prisoner, the Kamakura people lined the streets through which Adachi Shinsaburō brought his two prisoners—Shizuka and Iso-no-Zensu.

Thus these harsh proceedings took their course. Shizuka, when brought in by Adachi, showed the effects of her wanderings, which more refined her beauty than injured it. "Her face was beautiful as a gem. Her eyebrows fresh as the velvety-green sward. Her lips red as scarlet flowers. She was more beautiful than the Princess Kakuya."* It was no severe task for these judges to confuse the two women. But this very confusion added nothing to the general knowledge. They were much better informed than the prisoners.† It was easy to tell Shizuka that the days she mentioned did not agree with her known movements; but when she said that she did not know where Yoshitsune was they could not charge her with a lie. Then they turned on Iso-no-zensu. Why had she allowed her daughter to become the mistress of a foe of the Tennō and of all good government (of the Kamakura variety)? The dancer had seen much in her world. She had the Miyako contempt for the provincial, and had seen much in dancing before the Court and the great nobles. As she felt her position rather desperate she answered bravely; for Shizuka to desert her lord simply because of misfortune would have been most base. It was her duty to follow him at his command to the end of the world. For her part she felt deeply the disgrace in which they had fallen with the lord of the land, the one commissioned by the Tennō to restore and keep the land in peace. For Shizuka's sorrow she mourned deeply. Proceedings were then interrupted by a direct question sent down by Yoritomo. He had been gazing at Shizuka in open admiration of his brother's good fortune in securing such a concubine. "You are a dancer. Your relations should be with the *kugé*. It was not your place to become a concubine of Yoshitsune in this official manner." Shizuka merely answered with bowed head and deep sobs. Iso-no-zensu spoke for her, with some fire in her tones. "Shizuka did attend the noble houses, dancing with me up to the age of fifteen.* But at that time, when barely nubile and a maid, Yoshitsune saw her. She thus became his concubine; not summoned to his couch as were the other female attendants, but always having the right of free entrance to his apartment. It had been a great honour. Alas! of short duration;" and Iso-no-zensu ended in tears.

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* The Japanese favoured type in their ideal of female beauty—Minakami.

† The despatch as to Shizuka's capture, the destruction of the fleet, and concealment in the Tennōji, was sent by Hōjō on January 7th. He credits Yoshitsune with a five days stay at Yoshino—Adzuma Kagami.

This brought up the question of pregnancy. The judges reported that it was true that she was with child, and more than four months gone. Yoritomo straightened up as he summoned Kajiwara Kagesuye to him. "Let her belly be ripped up at once, and the child cast away." A murmur ran around the assembly as this harsh sentence was given out. Even the *bushi* turned and looked from one to another. Shizuka and her mother bowed to the floor, the elder woman wailing and clinging to the daughter who sought to comfort her. Shizuka cared little for life, but in her almost sick brain her one idea, fastened there, was threatened with destruction. An unexpected friend appeared behind the bamboo curtain. The strong-minded Masako entered her appearance. She remembered her own early days, and Shizuka's obstinate faithfulness had touched an answering chord in herself. She protested against such coarse cruelty as sure uselessly to anger powerful interests. Captains who had fought under Yoshitsune—Hatakeyama, Miura, Doi—were exchanging savage glances. "You will injure yourself more than any trifling advantage this deed may bring you. You know the custom in such cases." As usual Yoritomo, hen-pecked in this direction, yielded. "Very well: let her lie in of the child, and if a boy it shall be exposed, if a girl she can retain it and bring it up." Kajiwara Kagesuye asked to be given the charge. Shizuka in frightened pain then begged death in place of such a guardian. Now there was an old tale of Kagesuye's unsuccessful pursuit of Shizuka. Adachi Shinsaburō came to her rescue. Kneeling respectfully he told Yoritomo of the reasons for Shizuka's request. Yoritomo was tender of his family honour, and would not allow even the breath of suspicion indirectly to rest upon it. "Then let Hori Tōji Chikaiye take her in charge, and be responsible with his head for her presence and that of her child. She ought to die. But so let it be as ordered. Remove them at once from my presence." Then the great man disappeared. Thus ended this scene of examination and satisfaction of Yoritomo's curiosity.

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* Japanese; by western reckoning fourteen years old.

§ 2.

Now more than anything else Masako wanted to see the most famous dancer of Miyako. And so did Yoritomo. Kamakura was a savage kind of place, and the warrior chief felt it that his court lacked the polish it ought to have as the seat of the country's real ruler. The armour should be hidden under silk and brocades, and behind painted screens, as in the glorious days of Heian. "Ya-a! An easy matter. What your lordship commands, all the realm must forthwith obey and hasten to accomplish. Order the dance." Thus spoke the Japanese Polonius, Kajiwara Kagetoki. So son Laertes (Kagesuye the brawler) was sent to the house of Hori Tōji to carry the command. Shizuka pleaded illness, and refused to see the enemy. Iso-no-zensu, in spite of her disgust, went out to meet him. She bowed down before the great honour, but pleaded Shizuka's condition and illness from the long journey. "A dancer must be in the vein physically and mentally, if there is not to be a miserable failure. Please so report to the Lady Masako." Kagesuye controlled his anger. Said he:—"You are doing wrong. Yoritomo and Yoshitsune have quarrelled for public reasons. The Lady Masako knows that on seeing the dance Yoritomo will forget Shizuka's connection with Yoshitsune, and his pleasure will do much perhaps in bringing the brothers, through Shizuka, on good terms again." Thus he lied cheerfully. Iso-no-zensu stood her ground, and he rode off to report; but his words sank deep in the woman's mind.

Kagesuye brought back his pleasant little report of failure. Yoritomo chafed and fumed. "If I should treat this dancing girl as she ought to be treated, then in court and country people will give me a bad name. Such trifling fame as her's spreads far. People will think me a fool; I, lord of the sixty-six provinces! Come; devise something. Polonius and Laertes were plunged in thoughtful shame. Kajiwara Heisō Kagetoki as usual found an outlet by loading the business and odium of failure on other shoulders. "Kudō Sayemon Suketsune as ex-courtier knows the Hangwan well, and has visited him in Miyako. He knows Shizuka, apart from his official connection with her. Let him try to persuade her." So Kudō Suketsune was again summoned, and the task was laid before him. "If your lordship would give me a mission to fight an enemy I would accept it gladly. Anything rather than to face an angry woman. However, I shall try. But seeing her physical condition the matter is delicate and she has a ready excuse"——"The quicker, the better. She must dance, even if she dies for it—or die," was the grim reply. Now Suketsune's wife was a clever woman, and she told him at once that he would fail. "Shizuka hates Kamakura-dono. All the eloquence of Sōshun and Chōji, Saigō and Shikō, the silver-tongued of Chinese orators, could not persuade her. But leave it to me. She and her mother constantly visit the shrine of Hachiman Daibosatsu at Tsuru-ga-oka, the one to pray that the grandchild be a girl, the other to seek the god's intervention for her lover. I can work on her in that way."

She soon appeared at the house of Hori Tōji with gifts of fish and sweets. As a waiting maid of Komatsu Shigemori she knew Iso-no-zensu, being herself skilled in music and on the biwa. The dancer received her gladly and with respect. The *zen* was set out with the feast. The sad presence of Shizuka was excused, and the visitor readily accepted her abstinence, and condoled with her on her love. But she urged on Iso-no-zensu, and the older women soon got a little light headed from the *saké*. Iso-no-zensu sang a song. Although *passé* her voice was still fresh and vigorous, enough so to surprise her hearer. Then she induced Shizuka to sing. And so they heard the "*umegae*" in tones "that one would have thought came from a bush-warbler in the vale singing its sweetest song on a plum tree, or the cuckoo practising his notes in the early spring." Suketsune's wife marvelled. "No wonder the prayer for rain was a success at Shinsen-en. How could the Hangwan have sent you away. He must have been pitiless indeed. But rely on the Lord Buddha. Why not try the efficacy of prayer? Here at Kamakura, at Tsuru-ga-oka, is the shrine established by Hachiman Tarō Yoshiiye, a shrine sacred to the tutelar god of the Minamoto clan. Dance before it, for the Hangwan's sake, and to secure the reconciliation of the brothers." Shizuka, unsuspecting, fell into the trap. She agreed to go with her mother and the wives of Suketsune and Hori, to dance at the shrine. The day was fixed at three days later on April 29th, and Kudō's wife departed, exulting in the easy triump of her diplomacy.

It was the end of April, and the long bunches of purple wisteria hung in clusters within the sacred precincts of Tsuruga-oka.* Suketsune in joy at his wife's success gave the necessary orders, and the workmen were soon busy in putting up a covered gallery around the court in which Shizuka would dance. "In a few days, the work being done at the order of a great lord, it was finished."† With the shrine the platform for the dancing made a fine stage setting. The pillars of the gallery were wound with *kara-aya-monsha* (a thin silk).‡ Early on the morning arranged Yoritomo and his Court were in their places to see the Hōraku dance given by the famous Miyako *shirabyōshi*—Shizuka. The place for the lord of Kamakura and his immediate suite was raised and separated off by golden screens. Carpets covered the flooring, and damask curtains concealed the view until they would be drawn up when the dance began. Feudal lords and retainers overflowed in any place they could find, dressed in the gayest silks and patterns that time and purse allowed to the rather loud taste of Kamakura. Pressing as close as it dared to the sacred enclosure was a motley crowd of priests, farmers, and "cits" of Kamakura. From long distances they came to attend the dance of the famous Shizuka. As so often in this land of the wisteria attending answered for seeing, and afforded almost as much scope to talk about. Great was the confusion and noise. Yoritomo, hearing of this diversion, was annoyed. "Drive them away," was the curt interpretation put on the wave of his fan. But it was a sad effort. If head-gear alone had been broken it was a small matter. Few had any. But most of them as yet possessed a full allowance of limbs, and many of these were broken. Of the officials none were inclined to go and break up the people from the outside, and perhaps lose the chance to get back again. So the guards contented themselves with driving them as far back as the crush allowed. In the midst of the struggle the crowd was seen making way for the *kago* in which came Iso-no-zensu and Shizuka, accompanied by the wives of Suketsune and Hori. Shizuka shrank back in pained amazement at the throng. Her eyes wandered around the curtains, embroidered with an imitation of the delicate blossoms of Yoshino, so painful to her mind. In the midst was the raised dais, ready for Kamakura-dono. Bitterly she regretted the deception. She made her prayer for Yoshitsune to the god of the shrine, and then, as if the gathering were for some other purpose, said that as the crowd was so great she would dance some other day. Kudō's wife had her answer ready. "If you do not dance after having made your vow to the god, if you turn your back on the shrine without offering him your best skill, his curse will fall on you and the object of your prayer."

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* This temple, originally built by Hachiman Tarō on the strand at Yui-ga-hama (where the Kai-hin-in hotel now is), was moved to Tsuruga-oka by Yoritomo.

† A wise reservation: anyone with experience of Japanese workmen will agree with this. The work is excellent and leisurely, and the capacity for dawdling and drinking tea still better developed than the undeniable technical skill.

‡ Saitō Kōzu says that the temples were differently constructed in those days, the *rōka* not being intended for a promenade. We can take his word for it. Twelfth century structures still existing are a question of dubious archaeology. Yamada says the platform was erected opposite the *samurai-dokoro*. This was recently constituted to regulate the *samurai* on Yoritomo's new plans. Its quarters *might* have been at Tsuru-ga-oka near the palace of the Sōtsuibushi and the great Hachiman temple.

Shizuka remained in thought. An idea came into her head. Yoritomo should remember this dance. "Kamakura-dono has condescended too far in ordering such a humble person as I to dance before him. I should not like to fail. When I danced before the Court I had as accompaniment Kura-no-Kami Nobumitsu. At the Shinsen-en it was Shijō Kisubara. Both were musicians of great skill. Here there is no drum nor flute. For a poor prisoner such as I, to try and please his lordship by my posturing alone would mean failure. Pray my lord that famous musicians be brought from the capital." She could at least annoy these impertinent courtiers, perhaps balk them entirely. Yoritomo, irritated at the delay, asked the reason. Kajiwara, a little cast down, told him what Shizuka said—that there was no fit accompaniment. Perhaps he had more slitting and slicing, bone-crushing and brain picking on his tongue's end, only it seemed a pity to waste such preparation more fit for a different kind of entertainment. As it was Yoritomo laughed at them all. He was decidedly put out, and derided his favourites. This would be a shame on us. Everybody will laugh in Miyako at our being halted because a little dancing girl could find no one to accompany her on drum or flute. Here are Adachi Shinsaburō, Hatakeyama, and others. She can hardly complain of such skilled musicians of noble lineage. If she finds another pretext to refuse, it is her death warrant." But Shizuka no longer sought evasion. She meant to lay her message before Yoritomo in the eyes of all. The dance was made ready.

The costumes were rich and gay. "First advanced Adachi Shinsaburō Kiyotsune. Under his yellow court dress appeared a blue skirt. He wore *eboshi*, and carried under his arm a sandal-wood *tsuzumi* (drum), its sheepskin tightly bound down with silken cords. His manner was graceful, and his touch so skilful that the sweet and far reaching sound of the drum echoed far along the ceiling of the corridor. He took his seat in the middle. Then Nagami Gorō Muneharu stepped forward. His blue skirt appeared beneath a grey robe. He too wore *eboshi*. He carried a pair of cymbals made of Chinese copper and decorated in gold with a chrysanthemum pattern. Holding these by their cords he seated himself on the right of Kudō. When he clashed his instruments it was as the sweet song of the *suzumushi*.* The last to appear was Hatakeyama Shigetada. On him alone Shizuka cast a kindly glance; and the handsome giant deserved it. He was "dressed in a white skirt with a white court dress over it. He wore the *ori-eboshi*,† and carried his favourite flute '*matsukaze*' made of Chinese bamboo. His stately presence, large form, and fine complexion attracted the favourable attention of all." Yoritomo took his seat at Kudō's left. Then Shizuka appeared from the temple precincts. She had made her last prayer, and Iso-no-zensu had carefully dressed her for the occasion. Her sufferings had thinned her delicate figure, but she was still charming, and every movement was marked with grace and elegance, as with slow and stately step she advanced to the front of the stage. The Kamakura people for the first time saw the great professional dancer posed for her chosen task. And they had seen none like her. Iso-no-zensu had dressed her in white silk *hakama* (divided skirt). A red skirt appeared beneath the Chinese twilled silk *kimono* above it. In this peered out the edge of an apple green *eri*. Over all was thrown a *suikan* embroidered with *takedabishi* (split water-caltrops). Yoritomo and Masako gazed at her as if Yokii, beautiful wife of the Emperor Ri of China, was standing before their eyes. Shizuka's long hair was piled high on her head, surmounted by a *kaze-ori* (風 折 ?).* Her eyebrows pencilled in with all Iso-no-zensu's skill, the face slightly powdered, with her red-edged *ogi* (folding fan) she looked like a divinity.

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* *Homeogryllus Japonicus*, and to be purchased in August at any night fair for a few sen. Their song is most agreeable, and the insect tolerably hardy.

† Ori-eboshi—with folding top. Cf. Brinkley's dictionary for different figures. *Hakama*—Japanese trousers, skirt-like. *Suikan*—light over-robe. *Takedabishi*—Minakami: cf. also Brinkley's dictionary. The illustrators even of the *shōsetsu* (novels) at ten *sen* try to follow these descriptions of costume more or less accurately,

At an almost imperceptible sign from Shizuka, the musicians began the Jin-mu-jō (Inexhaustible Happiness). Wonderfully clear and sweet rose the singer's voice on this theme so incongruous to her situation except by the most outrageous symbolism. The graceful shaking out of her long sleeves, the exquisite posturing, the skilful manipulation of the fan which almost had voice itself, aroused the greatest enthusiasm. Dancer and musicians wove the theme in and out in wonderful harmony. "As Shizuka swayed her scarlet fan, so light was her dancing that she seemed a very butterfly on the wing." At the proper point Kiyotsune would have quickened the music for the congratulatory stanzas to the lord of the entertainment. With some astonishment and misgivings he followed the slowing movements of the singer's fan and voice. Little of congratulation was she thinking. Yoshitsune was on her mind. Shielding her eyes with her fan and turning to the South, as if gazing far off in slow time she sang:

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* It is a kind of head-dress: not defined in Brinkley's "Dictionary." *Eri*—an edging on an inside *kimono* (bosom).

"On the peak of Yoshino-yama
"Falls the white snow hiding all;
"On this scene the wanderer enters,
"Seeking trace of him she loves."

Says the romancer; "her voice rang out clear as a bell, and those present held their breath entranced." Then she sang again

"The winding, winding, of a trifling ball of yarn:
"Thus feeble are my lowly wishes for his once-time fortune."

Thus "she sang lightly as the gleaming dust in the sunshine, and every one had tears of pleasure in their eyes, many of them at heart thinking of her lot in life."* Not so the master of the feast. Shizuka's very slowness of diction made every word sink into the minds of all present. "Those who sing thus seek to influence the divinity of the place. Her pleas in Yoshitsune's favour are the same as curses upon me." He half turned to give the order to have her struck down. But the Princess Masako was there to protect. "A woman should be faithful. She sings just as I felt in former days, when I grieved for love of you. Such conduct deserves reward. Give her your applause, and all will praise you." And so this astute woman lead him as she willed. It was with rich gifts from Yoritomo and Masako that Iso-no-zensu followed Shizuka on the return to the house of Hori; "gifts as to one allowed to go without let or hindrance." At this Yoritomo could smile grimly. Let the singing girl go free-yes; but as to his brother's spawn—time would show.

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* These songs are given:
"Yoshino yama,
"Mine no shirayuki,
"Fumiwakete.
"Irinishi hito no,
"Ato zo koishiki."

"Shizuyashizu,
"Shidzu no odamaki,
"Kurikaeshi.
"Mukashi wo ima ni
"Nasu yoshimokana"

§ 3.

Among the rough Kwantō *bushi* Shizuka was hardly likely to escape without insult. Let us give an instance. The Japanese romancers call it "Shizuka's Kyosha."* It was only a few days after the famous dance at Tsuru-ga-oka—on May 5th—that there was a feast given by Hori Tōji Chikaiye to other members of the Bakuryō, those concerned more immediately in the administration of household affairs—the Home Department, so to speak. Among those present were the courtly Adachi Shinsaburō, Kajiwara Kagesuye, Kageshige, Chiba Heiji Tsunehida, and some four or five others. The feast took the usual course of such entertainments. There was competition in making little poems,† dancing and singing at which Iso-no-zensu appeared, and songs by the diners who became more and more ribald as the *saké* cup freely circulated. Kajiwara got drunk. His old passion stirred in him, and he sought out Shizuka in open insult. It was no difficult task to escape his clumsy grasp, and with tears of shame and anger she turned on him. "I am she who belongs to Iyo-no-kami, Kurō Yoshitsune. It is only because he is compelled to fly that you dare to act in this manner. Dearly would you pay for it, in thus taking me for a woman of the streets. You, a mere vassal! Would you have it come to the ears of your lord, Yoritomo? After all the Hangwan is his brother." It was the last words, and no good feeling, that made Kagesuye stagger off in shame and some little fear. Yoritomo had an erratic and heavy hand in family affairs. He put his kindred in their graves, and sent his instruments after them with commendable promptitude. But Kamakura was a rough place. Says the romancer,* "the young *bushi* never thought of the wearing of the world's trials on a yearning and upright heart, and how the sorrow over one's trials was made keener by the degradation of the insults offered by this rough company."

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* A cowardly, mean-spirited fellow.

† In construction extremely formal and mechanical—with catch phrases and words of technical meaning forming a regular dictionary. A lively imagination can churn out a poem on these lines much as Mr. Pott's young man wrote on Chinese metaphysics. The elaboration in condensation has perhaps militated against the production of any really great Japanese poet. The complicated metres and heroic measures of western poetry are lacking.

Time passed, however, and with it came unhappiness for Shizuka in ill-omened birth rites. She and her mother had prayed earnestly for a girl. On the fourteenth of September she was taken with the labour pains. Fortunately or unfortunately these were long and severe, and the young mother lay half unconscious in the care of the midwife. Iso-no-zensu wept and wailed in the neighbouring apartment while the Kitanokata tried to comfort her. Hori looked gloomily on—the infant lying in their midst and doomed to death. Iso-no-zensu besought him to find a way out of the difficulty. But there was none. It was as much as the lives of all of them were worth to even delay reporting the child's existence. In Kamakura men lived beset with spies, and even from the lips of one's children suspicion marked its victims. He besought her to silence her noisy grief. "If Shizuka hears you she will know a boy has been born. In her condition it may mean the loss of reason and life. I must do my duty, and report to the Bakuryo." Iso-no-zensu in an agony of tears continued her supplications. Then the weak voice of Shizuka was heard from her bed of sickness. "Send the child to Yoritomo. Do not let me see it. My tears may check its happy way to Paradise." Hori Tōji admired the courage of the girl-mother. But Iso-no-zensu, pushing aside the sliding screens, laid the babe in Shizuka's arms. She, smiling in grief, by a natural movement put its tender face to her breast. The women remained, mutely watching mother and child. Hori Tōji heavily took his way to the palace at Tsuruga-oka.

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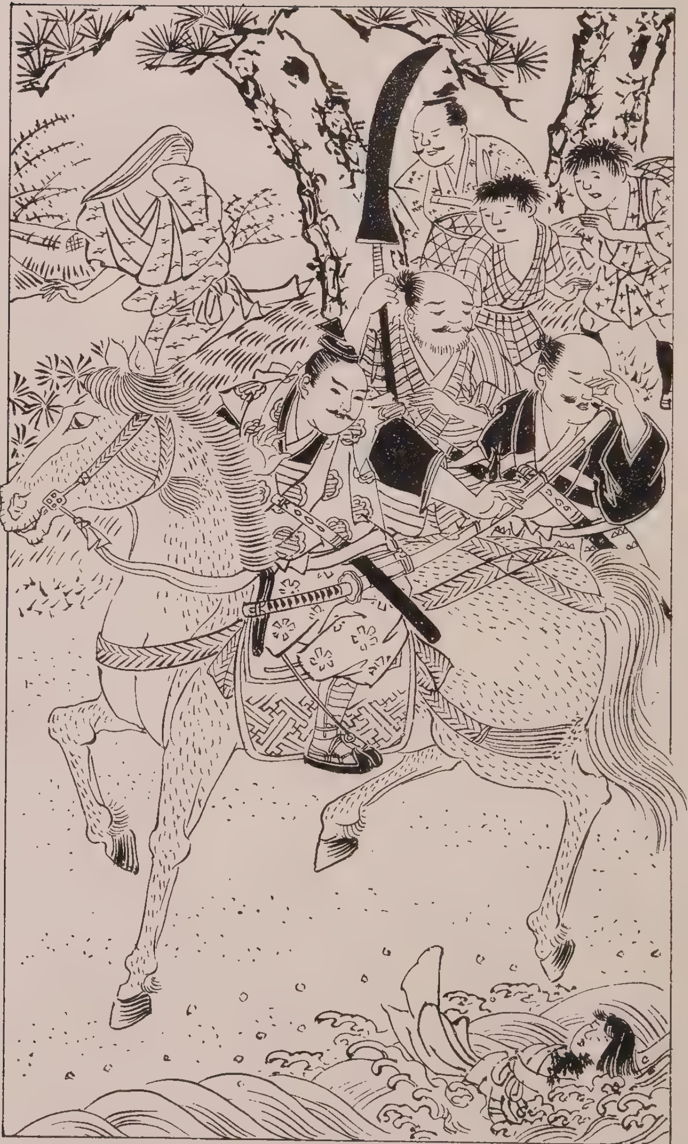
* Saitō Kōzu. The Adzuma Kagami refers to this dinner under this date. Saitō Kōzu places it June 4th (fifth month fourteenth day).



"BEAR IT TO SOME REMOTE AND DESERT PLACE": THE EXPOSURE.

The orders were sharp and clear. In a short time Hori reappeared, accompanied by Adachi Shinsaburō Kiyotsune to whom the child was to be delivered. They found the babe delicately wrapped in softest silk and clasped in its mother's arms, who was ready to use every means that Nature and woman's defence in her weak condition put at her command. This weak barrier was too trifling. Shizuka refused to part with the babe. Adachi Shinsaburō Kiyotsune, becoming impatient, refused to wait. It looked as if the atrocious means of tearing it from her by violence was a last resort. When this was threatened Iso-no-zensu leaning over intervened, with gentle force removed it from Shizuka's arms, and with averted face delivered it to Adachi. He left at once. Shizuka, weeping bitterly, fell over the empty hollow marked on the cushion by the infant's tiny body. Iso-no-zensu, begging for one last look, followed Adachi. He, however, leaped on his horse and galloped away. In desperation, without sandals, Iso-no-zensu ran after him. Hori, anxious lest more ill would befall them, followed after her. Adachi was soon out of sight riding towards the sea. When Iso-no-zensu reached the shore there was no sign of him, and she wandered up and down seeking traces of fresher hoof-marks. At the Inasegawa she came across some children playing in the sand. On asking them whether a man on horseback had passed that way the eldest answered "yes," and on his pointing the way she followed the direction. Here on the strand of Yui-ga-hama, within reach of the advancing tide, the babe was found. An ugly gap in its little throat showed where the keen knife had entered to take its life. A heavy stone was wrapped within the silken swaddling clothes. "Only a short time before pink like a bud, now it was a white waxen doll." Iso-no-zensu took it on her knees and cried until she was exhausted. Her eyes blinded by her tears she sought a place of burial, to dig a grave deep in the sand with her own bare hands. The place, however, was open; "a common ground trampled by horse and ox." She looked toward a little wood close at hand. Hori Tōji, however, came up to her. "Let not your tears hinder his quiet sleep. We will take the child back with us, and it shall be buried at my expense in the Chōjū-in."

Thus they took her child home to Shizuka. With a little surprise Hori found several yellow-robed priests at the entrance. His wife signed him to wait. The saintly bishop of the Tōdaiji, Tokugyō, had entered on his own mission to Hori, to find himself in the presence of distress. It was he who was with Shizuka. Sadly and mournfully rose and fell the voice of the venerable man as he counselled her as to those evils—birth and disease, parting, old age, and death, all rooted in ignorance and delusion, themselves the source of all pain. Iso-no-zensu silently entered and laid the dead body of the infant on Shizuka's couch. And so the two women bent over it as the priest bowed his head and silently told his rosary. It was with a wild cry of anguish that Shizuka half rose to answer verse for verse in the lamentation of Suddhodhana the king:

> "O holy man, surely the prince cannot be born for
> "my sorrow? I have with difficulty obtained a
> handful of water,
> "surely it is not death which comes to drink it?"

Then in a tempest of tears she fell forward on her dead child.—There comes sometimes into the evening of our lives one of those gleams of purest happiness, a rainbow at the close of day—like it to be broken and shattered in clouds and darkness. These are visions sent to teach us the happiness and unhappiness of life: visions of little children, the pain of which we love and to which we cling. And thus to young and old there is a sorrow the edge of which is keen and never dulled.

Then with rites, respect and courtesy, the babe was laid to rest as Hori Tōji Chikaiye had promised. Proscribed, it found its refuge at the Chōjū-in. And Hori stood none the worse for it with his cold-blooded master. There was now nothing to detain Shizuka and her mother in Kamakura. They were free; but on what terms! Shizuka's prayers were no longer directed to Hachiman Daibosatsu, but sadly to the gentle Jizō-sama. For some weeks Shizuka found consolation with Tokugyō. The great bishop liked to play the saint, in these days when as friend and protector of Yoshitsune he had been brought up to the North, a prisoner. Of her lord's whereabouts he could not breathe a word to Shizuka, although Yoshitsune was to learn from him these scenes taking place in the northern city. And there was kindness from others. The cold, ambitious woman, Princess Masako, was taken by the similarity of the woes of the dancing girl and of the great lady, so different in outcome. The gratitude of Shizuka, conveyed through the wife of Hori Tōji, brought back not only gifts but valuable letters, forbidding any interference with them on their return journey to Miyako. On the eleventh of October (1186 A.D.) they set forth to return to the small house at Kitashirakawa, attached to the Tenriuji temple. Here Shizuka lived in strict retirement. With her own hands she cut off her beautiful hair, and as the nun Saisei she donned the black robe, to finger the Hokkekyō and make daily visits to the Jibutsudō, and to pray for the safety of her lover. Where Yoshitsune was, she did not know. Not even Kamakura knew. But exposure and sorrow had done their work. "The people pitied the sad-faced girl, going to and fro from house to temple. They thought of Ukibune, living her lonely life on the Ono Hill." With the fall of the leaf in the following year came release to Shizuka, and in the third year of Bunji (1187 A.D.) she died. She had not yet reached her twentieth year. Thus on all, old and young, men, women, children, nay even infants, did this Old Japan lay its iron hand. And so ends the tale of the life and fortunes, the happiness and unhappiness, of the Lady Shizuka.*

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* Shizuka makes reference to the beautiful Buddhist idea that tears distress and injure the little child spirit; keep it from starting on its lonely journey to the world of souls. In the dry river bed—some local *Sai no Kawara* (River of Souls)—there will be seen piled up little heaps of stones, to which the kind-hearted traveller is careful to add his quota. It is the distressing idea of the little Japanese mother, mourning her dead child, that playing all by itself (*hitori asonde*) it is waylaid by the evil old woman Shozuka no Baba, robbed of all its little possessions, and naked and cold compelled to this useless task of piling

up pebbles. Jizosama, the gentle and benevolent, alone can aid the little ones in their task, and to him go up daily countless prayers for his merciful assistance to the helpless little toilers. This is one of the sad features of this sad religion which condemns mankind in the mass to a round of endless misery in life, leaving to a cold and selfish philosophy alone the enjoyment of an existence in which feeling and thought have the distinctive qualifications of—non existence! [Cf Rhys Davids—"Questions of King Milinda" Vol I, 78; Vol II, 181.]

CHAPTER XV.

THE FLIGHT TO OSHŪ.

> "Let him not desire to die, let him not desire to live; let him "wait for his appointed time, as a servant waits for the payment "of his wages.
>
> "Let him instigate to rebellion those who are open to such "instigations, let him be informed of his foe's doings, and, when "fate is propitious, let him fight without fear, trying to conquer.
>
> "When he fights with his foe in battle, let him not strike with "weapons concealed in wood, nor with such as are barbed, "poisoned, or the points of which are blazing with fire.
>
> "Let him not strike one who in flight has climbed on an "eminence; nor an eunuch, nor one who joins the palms of his "hands in supplication, nor one who flees with flying hair, nor "one who sits down, nor one who says, 'I am thine.'"
>
> Manu.

§ 1.

It is necessary again to take up the thread of our story, and follow Yoshitsune in the last windings and twistings of his skein of life. We have left him and his party on the way down the mountain slope of Yoshino, their sandals tied on in reverse fashion to deceive any pursuers seeking their trail. It was but a short distance to the few huts which made up the hamlet of Iigai at the foot of the mountain. Here they silently loosened one of the larger boats, and thus crossed the Yoshinogawa. Arrived at the farther shore Ise Saburō gave the craft a vigorous kick, and it was soon on its way down the stream, thus to give little inkling as to the real direction of the fugitives. Then passing rapidly through Kamiichi, in the darkness they started upward to reach Ryūzai-toge.* This beautiful walk in spring or summer was not so pleasant when deep in snow. The pilgrimages—and the trail was used for little else—were confined to the summer, when the rough and hollow places were plain to view. Now with the surface one treacherous level, and the snow blinding them, they often found themselves up to the neck in a drift, or on the edge of a gaping precipice. Struggle as they did they failed to reach Tonomine that night, and had to camp in the storm and among the trees on the snow-covered ground. They were close to the shrine of the Taishokukwan, to which as warriors they offered prayers, without daring nearer approach. A freezing rain was falling, and they were wet, hungry, and dispirited. Even Yoshitsune was much discouraged as he witnessed the sufferings of this little band of men so devoted to him.

Benkei, seeing it, to encourage them told the story of King Shirana of China, who had fallen into difficulties with his powerful neighbour King Barana. Now Shirana had an elephant. Like the Lord Buddha in a previous birth he seemed the very king of elephants.† At least he ate four hundred *koku* of rice a day (nearly 2000 bushels), and threatened to eat Shirana out of palace and kingdom. His courtiers thought that the elephant's feed would be better placed on their backs or in their pockets. His captains thought that it would be more suitably bestowed in lining their gullets. His people thought that a few more companies of soldiers drawn from themselves and drawing pay would be better protection against the wiles of King Barana. Not so Shirana, who stuck to his elephant with all the true obstinacy of an Oriental and a King. The news came that the feared regiments of Barana were on the way after Shirana's crown and the head within it. The captains looked sour. The people were frightened. All thought of the missing companies of soldiers. Shirana thought of the elephant, and he went to consult and condole with his huge pet. The beast received him kindly, waving its trunk and trumpeting loudly, swaying backward and forward its huge body, and waving its feet—as elephants will do. Shirana took this as a good omen, and put the elephant in the van of battle, to the great joy of all as one way of getting rid of the monster. The move was brilliantly successful. Frightened at the turmoil the beast ran—forward. The foe was trampled under foot. Barana succeeded in escaping with difficulty, accompanied by four others, and only then by reversing the sandals. Shirana returned to gird up his loins for a vaster effort, which resulted in the complete discomfiture of Barana, and his elimination as an active factor in Chinese politics and an item of its census. As Yoshitsune looked around at the bright listening faces, and heard the suppressed laughter at Benkei's comic account, so encouraging in their present woes, his admiration and affection for his versatile body-guard found expression. "Benkei there is none like you. As priest and soldier you are never found wanting."

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* Much better taken from Sakurai to Yoshino than in the reverse direction. From Sakurai, a pleasant little town with a plain but good inn, and the beautiful Hase temple close at hand, the road by Tonomine over the Ryūzai-tōge and Yumihari-toge is very easy walking, affords beautiful views, and from Tonomine the climbing is insignificant. The burial mounds of the Tennō in this district are as apocryphal as the majority of the once inmates. They have been named by Japanese archaeologists under the stimulus of finding a last resting place for the early mythical *Tennō*. The same ingenious speculation could well have been turned to the vague notices of the Nihongi and Kojiki and their inconsistencies. But thus the twentieth century Japanese turns positivist!

† "Then the Bodisat was an elephant, decked with all manner of ornaments so that the king (Devadatta) might make use of them"—"Questions of King Milinda" I p. 285 (Rhys Davids. S.B.E. XXXV). Cf. same p. 297, where the man-slaying elephant Dhana-pâlaka, bearing down on the Buddha, is converted into a lamb of temper to allow its ears to be scratched. In I, p. 20 (Milinda) the king refers to the Buddha as "Six-Tusks, the Elephant King."

The morning light brought cheerfulness and shelter at Tonomine.* In the beautiful wisteria room of the South

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* With its surroundings, a charming place. Very much out of the world, which is no drawback to its venerable shade.

Hall, the Bettō, Jūjibō, received Yoshitsune with great kindness. A Minamoto, he had little favour for the harsh man in Kamakura, but he pointed out that if a demand was made upon him he could oppose but little resistance to the force Hōjō Tokimasa would direct on him from Miyako. He was too near Yoshino not to be suspected; and it would be better for him to be able to deny the presence of Yoshitsune, and throw open his doors to any investigation. So under the escort of some of the younger priests, eager enthusiasts and proud to guide the famous general, Yoshitsune in a few days left for Totsukawa. This place was deeply isolated in the mountains, amid rocks and precipices, steep slopes, and gloomy forests. "To reach it was difficult for any but a bird." The few peasants were the best of their kind; thoroughly rustic and ignorant, fine bow-men, and ready to fight blindly at the orders to their superior. A few men could hold an army at bay on these slopes.

If safe there was one serious drawback to Totsukawa as a basis of campaign. It was so isolated, so difficult of access, that there was no news of the outside world, and this had to be Yoshitsune's scene of action. Taking the bull by the horns he determined to seek refuge and counsel in Nara itself and with Tokugyō, to whom he stood in the relation of disciple to master. Here his reception was of the kindest. The Abbot of the Tōdaiji, plain and simple old man as he was, held one of the most powerful ecclesiastical appointments in the country. But he laid before Yoshitsune his danger in the plainest way. This had been much accentuated by recent events in politics. Yoritomo had sent Yamato-no-Kami Shigehiro, and Ipponbō Shōhan, to Miyako to protest sharply against the Hōō's action in granting Kyūshū and Shikoku to such notorious rebels as Yoshitsune and Yukiiye. It made little difference as his own feudal lords held their fiefs firmly in their grasp, and would not listen to the treacherous designs of these plotters. The wrecking of Yoshitsune's expedition had made his own further movements unnecessary, and he had returned promptly to Kamakura to deal out "rewards" for past events. Thus Abe Shigeyori, a relative of Yoshitsune through Tokiwa, lost his fief. Shimokawabe Shirō Masayoshi, the son-in-law, suffered the same fate, and the heads of both were in no small danger. Yoritomo took Yoshitsune very seriously, and he made others realize it. At least the Hōō did, and thus he was prompt to issue the order of arrest against the two fugitives. But this by no means was satisfactory. It was said that it was Oye Hiromoto, Inaba-no-Kami, who in the council had made the proposition that was to have such influence on Japanese history. As long as Kamakura and its governing power had to resort to the civil arm to conduct proceedings against delinquents it was helpless. In every domain of the petty lords, independent practically as representing the Tennō or influencing his representative, a check was met. The *Buké* (military caste) must be all brought under the direct control of the military commander-in-chief. This latter must have his own representative, and in matters affecting the public peace such representative alone was to act, with appeal only admitted to the head at Kamakura. Practically this proposition meant a creation of martial law all over Japan, and when a few years later Yoritomo conquered the northern provinces of Dewa and Mutsu it made him and his successors masters of Japan. Yoritomo seized the idea eagerly. His master mind undoubtedly saw that this was no mere measure of police. Craftily the order was drawn as more to cover the exigencies of the times than as a permanent method of procedure. Kamakura was no longer to be compelled to send out armies, where the local *possé* was the appropriate means to use. Hōjō Tokimasa took down the commission to Miyako to secure the Tennō's seal. The agitation was great, but fear of Yoritomo swayed the council. At the beginning of January, 1186 A.D. Yoritomo was made Sōtsui-bushi, or Chief of Police, of the country.* The administrative power could now only act with the consent and aid of the man who held physical force and the formal permission to use it. With undisguised glee Hōjō brought back this valuable grant of unlimited power to his worthy son-in-law.

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* However, see note on "Politics of Yoritomo." Sōtsui-bushi should then be sō-jitō.

The pursuit after Yoshitsune was hot. To be sure was in May that the Hōō went in pleasing procession to Ohara to pray for the eternal rest of the unfortunate Kenrei-mon-in.* Exposure and suffering had been too much for the once Taira *nyoin*. Early in June Yukiiye was finally cornered in Izumi, and bagged by Fujiwara Yoshiyasu, or troops sent out at his orders. His head, sent to Kamakura, secured to this lucky man the governorship of Miyako.† Tokugyō urged on Yoshitsune the only course which might promise safety. "Your brother has secured a control which will be very difficult to shake. This grant of the Tennō is practically an extension of the Household Law of your clan to all *bushi* outside of it. What has caused your downfall I do not know. Perhaps it is the angry ghosts of the Taira thus vindictively pursuing you. Shave your head and turn priest. This open abandonnent of all ambitions should stay your brother's arm. The priest's robe is still a source of protection." He spoke somewhat doubtfully on this last point, and anyhow Yoshitsune was obstinate. Said he:—" You are perfectly right. But it has been by my exertions that my brother is able to exercise his present power. It is to destroy Kajiwara, Hōjō, and the band of slanderers, and not against my brother that I pursue my ambition. Only as long as they have his ear is it nominally directed against him. Please let me have my way in the matter." Tokugyō sadly acquiesced. Thus for the time being Yoshitsune safely stayed at the Tōdaiji of Nara. To avoid suspicion his retainers were dismissed to different places near

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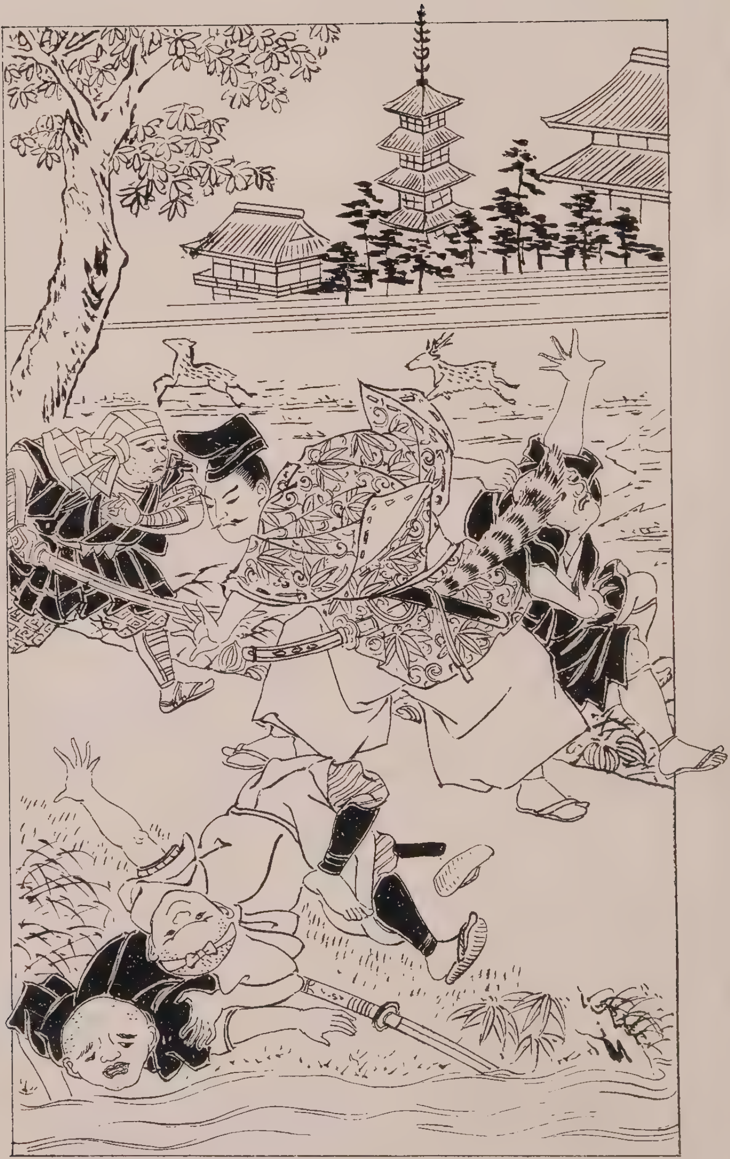
* O-Dai Ichiran under date of May, 1186 A.D. Much better authority (Dai-Nihon-shi) says she lived to 1213 A.D. Cf Papinot's "Dictionnaire," under Taira Toku-ko. The Gempei Seisuiki says she retired to the Jakkō-in (temple).

† Says the Adzuma Kagami he was detected and arrested at the house of Hyuga Gon-no-Kami in Izumi, at which he had been staying. The head reached Kamakura on 14 June 1186 A.D. "Number one," quoth Yoritomo as he "clutched" it. This Gon-no-Kami is an under district lord. "Gon—*vice* or assistant" says Brinkley's "Dictionary."



YOSHITSUNE CROPS THE EARS OF THE NARA HŌSHI.

Miyako. Kisata alone stayed with him. All, however, could thus keep within easy touch of him, against whom alone the pursuit was centred. They meanwhile were so many eyes and ears for Yoshitsune. Benkei is said to have again concealed his giant form at the lonely little moorland hut at Ohara.

An unexpected event put an end to this rustication. There was at the Kōfukuji of Nara* a monk named Tajima no Ajari. He was the leader of a band of *sohei*, who robbed swords and made open boast of their skill and prowess in doing so. He had noticed a slender youthful *samurai*, who was accustomed in the evening to walk in a little meadow attached on the east to the Kwanshubō. This youth practised much on a valuable leaf-flute, and wore a handsome gold-ornamented sword. The flute was no bad thing in itself. The sword he determined to have. With six or seven ruffians he laid in wait. The proposed victim was very cautious in his idle sauntering. After a week's delay, however, Tajima thought the opportunity had come, the flute player strolling later than usual. It was a cloudy evening at the end of April. Suddenly Yoshitsune found himself surrounded by the band. Tajima confronted him. He was a giant fellow and made small account of such a light-weight. "That's a nice weapon you have; and the flute also. I think these two would be better in my hands than yours." He reached out to grasp them. The next moment he was sprawling on the ground. Tajima's companions at once began an attack, but they might as well have tried to grasp the air. Yoshitsune was here, there, and nowhere. He found these priests an easy task. Six lay dead. Tajima, who had hovered on the outskirts of the fray, had escaped with a few slight wounds. He took to flight but Yoshitsune was soon upon him. Fleeing from this goblin swordsman the priest stumbled, and in pure terror fell in a dead faint. Yoshitsune, as a preliminary to more radical surgery on this chief of the band, turned up the face. "Why, its Tajima, the bragging bully of the Kōfukuji! Well, I shall not kill him, but he shall have cause to remember this night." So he cut off ears and nose, and sweetly playing his flute returned to the Kwanshubō. Tajima, roused by pain, found himself most extraordinarily wet. It could not be dew. Feeling pain in his ears thither wandered his hands. No ears! He looked at his fingers and found them covered with blood. And his nose? No nose! Putting different little incidents together he soon reached a good guess as to who this extraordinary swordsman was. Yoshitsune, once at Totsugawa, had left there; so much was common gossip of the monks' refectory. The next day what was left of him was on the road to Miyako. He had the tale of Tokugyō's revolt, of six men killed by an extraordinary fencer, his own nose and ears cut off, and this as a punishment for his virtuous refusal to join the movement.

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* The great monastery on the South fought its battles with Hieisan on the North; and in company with Onjōji (Miidera), all three terrorized the authorities of Miyako.

Yoshitsune was not a whit behind him. To kill six men of the Kōfukuji *sohei* was certain to cause a sensation. Tajima would seek revenge. So he went Tokugyō and told him that he must leave. Hōjō Tokimasa would soon be in Nara. "I shall retire to Tabu-no-mine. Kisata will summon the retainers, and as soon as possible we will escape to Mutsu and Hidehira. I can do nothing here. All acquiesce, and only in the North can a diversion be created which may cause a rising here." Tokugyō urged him to be in no haste. The Tōdaiji was the Tennō's place of worship. Its abbot was the court preacher, and to violate its precincts without an order from the court was sacrilege. Yoshitsune smiled. "I see you are not only the most learned in the Wheel of the Law, but you have politics at your fingers' ends. But there might be a battle, and your remaining buildings would suffer. This would grieve me greatly. Let me have an escort to Tabu-no-mine." Tokugyō reluctantly parted with him, sending six *bushi* with their guards to accompany him. Kisata left for Miyako to pass the word to Benkei and the others that their master was again in need of his fighting men.

§ 2.

Yoshitsune, therefore, was no longer at the Tōdaiji when Hōjō Tokimasa entered the town with five hundred men. Hōjō made the mistake of not seeing the bishop in person, but sent Hiki Tomomune.* His message was couched in contemptuous terms. Denial was useless. Tajima had exposed the whole plot. He must give the fugitive up or suffer the consequences. Then Tomomune asked whether the bishop would deliver the prisoner, or should he himself seize and bind him. The bishop answered him in cold and measured tones. "Your informant is a thief and a liar. Tajima, the Ajari, is notoriously of bad character. He has been caught at his own game, and hence has concocted this scandal. As for suspicious persons, you can examine the premises, if you will—by force. Remember the penalty of such a step. Of course you have an order under the Tennō's seal. Also return Tajima to me for punishment in respect to breach of the monastic discipline." Now the worthy bishop was very polite and very embarassing, and so Hōjō understood when Tomomune reported. "You must take down a report of this to Kamakura. It would not be safe to violate the temple precincts without instructions." He knew Yoritomo's strange bigotry, which strained at a knat and swallowed a camel. An order would come in time. Thus he shifted the responsibility of the moment.

It took time, but by the middle of June the order had come; that is, a request to the Tennō to order the bishop down to Kamakura for examination. It was a bold petition, and the court sighed heavily over this iron hand in the velvet glove. Tokugyō gave an immediate recognition to the command. "For the first time in many days Yoritomo shall hear the truth as to his brother"; thus thought the worthy man as to his journey and opportunity. A long train of *kugé* and priests, headed by the famous Genkū, bishop of Yoshimidzu, accompanied him as far as Awataguchi. The procession was an imposing one. The bishop journeyed, accompanied by temple guards, priests, and disciples. Hori Tōji Chikaiye with five hundred men formed an escort. At Kamakura the bishop was lodged at a separate mansion belonging to that nobleman, at Ōji-ga-yatsu. On the following day he was received with full court ceremonial. The Gen-nii Udaishō, Minamoto Yoritomo was seated on a dais behind a bamboo screen. At the sides sat the great nobles of his court, men whose names were famous in war and council. Serried ranks of *bushi* surrounded the audience hall. "It was a brilliant sight to see the great men seated in regular rows like stars, dressed in their splendid *daimon* (ceremonial robes), and with *eboshi* on their heads." Into this assemblage of soldiers the bishop was introduced, and led to an isolated cushion placed in the centre of the hall. The attendant priests turned to each other in helpless and undisguised anger. With no sign of emotion the old man seated himself. He was arrayed in a coarse cotton orange-coloured robe. A purple upper garment was thrown over it. To the awe of the less hardy he fingered a rosary of crystal beads.

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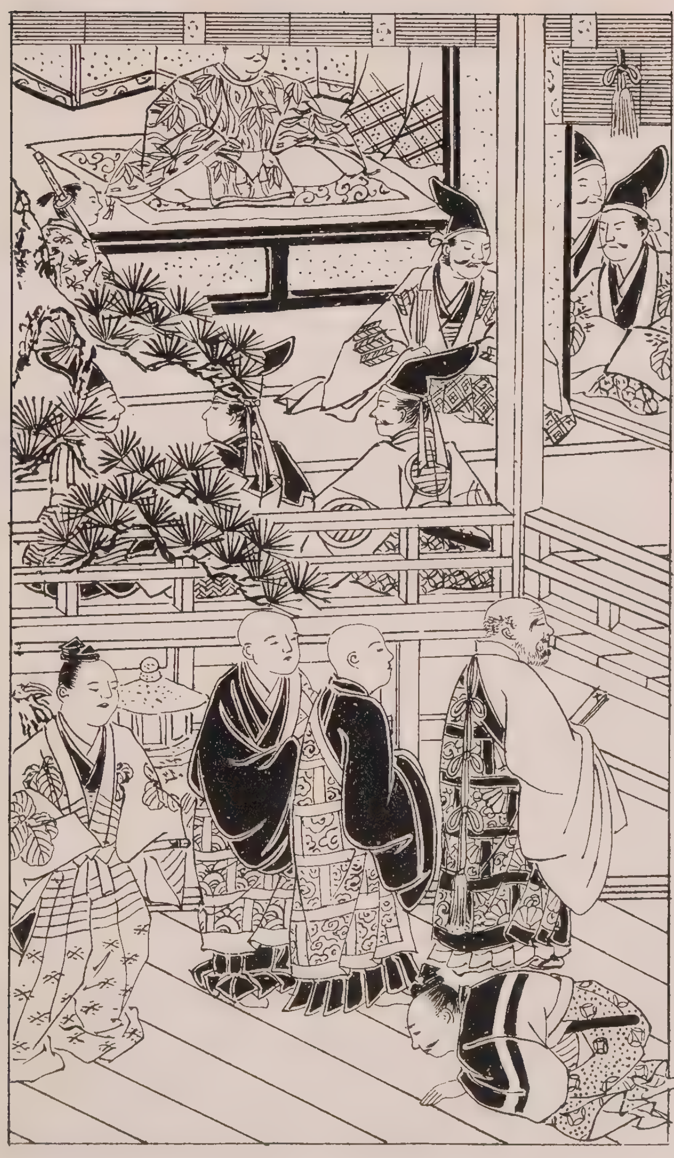
* These domiciliary raids became frequent. Thus it is recorded that on the 21st day of the intercalary seventh month (6th September 1186 A.D.) Hiki Tomomune raided the Kōfukuji. When not ordering these raids, Yoritomo was ordering prayers for his brother's capture.

Yoritomo viewed him with amazement. "Is that Tokugyō?" Thus he asked Chikaiye, hardly concealing his contempt for such disregard of the ceremony of life by those in high position. Chikaiye bowed assent. He rather feared the outcome, knowing the bishop's sharp and fearless tongue. Yoritomo made a motion to Sagami-no-Kami Hōjō Yoshitoki. This latter advanced to deliver Yoritomo's command. "A priest prays, consoles, teaches, and converts the wicked. Without family connections he does not interfere in politics. Kurō Yoshitsune, disloyal, plotting disgrace and ruin to the country, is now under your protection. We know all about you.



TOKUGYŌ SHŌNIN BEFORE KAMAKURA-DONO.

You even urge him on in killing those backward in joining your plotting. When he should be arrested you conceal him. Now where is he? Be careful not to lie. We have the torture here to make you tell the truth." The bishop answered not a word. With eyes shut, calm, he told his rosary. "Come!" said Hōjō impatiently. "Let us have your answer." He got it. "Rough, clumsy clown! A mere servant thus to address the *Ajari* of the Tennō! Here I am, seated in this place of one undergoing examination as a criminal, while these—*bushi*, occupy the places of honour!" The old man's tone was vitriolic. "That I should come to Kamakura has been too much for your heads. Let your lord Yoritomo speak for himself." Hōjō, amazed and discomfited, drew back. He had handled a burning brand. Miura and Hatakeyama laughed at him.

Oye Hiromoto tried softer methods. He, a man of great literary attainments, understood how such a man as the learned bishop would simply feel contempt for these clumsy soldiers. Said he:—"We are much obliged for your coming to Kamakura, a place so distant from the Southern Capital (Nara). But this makes it all the more important to crush rebellion at the start. We would not have you come to regret in time your support of these people." And thus he veiled his threat. Then the bishop broke his silence in a manner never heard before at this harsh court. "You, Oye, are known as the good, far-seeing, Governor of Kamakura. You should know then that I harbour no rebels against the Tennō at the Tōdaiji. But why should Yoshitsune, he who so deserves reward instead of a pursuit to destroy his life, be treated in this manner? To balance faults against merits is the duty of a leader such as your lord Yoritomo. All the more is it necessary since Yoshitsune is his brother, not one of the feudal lords. To accuse one's brother is to accuse oneself. But it is treacherous and self-seeking retainers, men such as Hōjō Tokimasa and Kajiwara Kagetoki, who seek to divide Yoshitsune and Yoritomo. It is Yoritomo who is the disturber of the peace. If he doubts this let him come out and face me in person. He sits on a dais; I, priest and primate, sit in the criminal's place! If he charges Yoshitsune with offences, I shall answer for him. Come on! Come, Yoritomo! Come forth Yoritomo!" The quick eye of the aged bishop caught a movement behind the screen. Turning to it directly he spoke in slow, cold, measured tones that made the assembly stand aghast. "Minamoto Yoritomo, he of the second court rank, claims to be a great man, just and benevolent. I shall teach him that the monk is no soldier's plaything. From me, Ajari of the Tennō, Bishop of the Tōdaiji in the South Capital, let him learn how foolish and merciless he is, how superior is his brother Yoshitsune. Sama-no-Kami Yoshitomo, Akugenda Yoshihira, Tomonaga, lost their lives like soldiers after the battle at Rokuhara. You hid on Mount Ibuki, to be captured alive after betraying yourself in a brawl. Two of your enemies, Ike-no-zenni and Komatsu Shigemori, saved you from the hands of the public executioner. Then you passed years at Hirugashima under Munekiyo's supervision. You lucky fellow! Yoshinaka was much the better man. If Yoshitsune had not joined you at Ukishima-ga-hara, and beaten Kiso, you would not now be seated where you are. If he had not defeated the Taira at Ichi-no-tani, Yashima, Dan-no-ura, you would in all likelihood be a fugitive with Noto-no-Kami in hot pursuit, and the Treasures would not now be in the hands of the Tennō. You speak of peace, and pose as a great soldier. So much in his debt, you can give ear to your brother's slanderers! Well, remember this:—'a brother's love is necessary to a nation's peace.' You have failed in the first duty of a soldier. If you think torture can secure anything from me and make me lie, try it. I am a priest of Buddha. This world is little to me. Kill me if you wish."

For a long time Yoritomo sat silent. Then he signed to Hatakeyama. "A great blunder has been made in bringing this old man to Kamakura. Rokuhara is the place for examination. We have acted very foolishly, and been brought to shame by this bold stand that cannot well be punished. He is truly a bishop, and no wonder the Tennō and court reverence a man of such moral merit.

We must find another pretext for his presence here, and publish it." Hatakeyama was quick witted. He announced in loud tones. "The bishop of Tōdaiji well deserves his saintly eminence in speaking boldly. It is well known that he is innocent of any offence. His lordship considers his presence a great benefit, and orders that fit entertainment be made. He hopes that he will remain some days to teach our rough Kamakura *bushi* morals and manners such as alone can fall from saintly lips." He bowed respectfully before the prelate. With a kinder look to him the old man addressed his last cold words to the impassive man behind the screen. "I recognize your worthy spirit. May you come in time to treat your brother as well." Thus ended the famous audience of Tokugyō Shōnin of the Tōdaiji of Nara. He acquiesced in the request urged by Hatakeyama, Sayemon Kudō Suketsune, and others, on Yoritomo's orders, and for some days he preached daily in the city. Says our romancer, "it was merely a way of wriggling out of an apology for bringing him away from the Tōdaiji." Thus it was that the bishop remained with Hori Tōji. And thus it was that in the course of weeks to him it fell to console the unfortunate Lady Shizuka.

§ 3.

Yoshitsune had long left the Kwanshubō of Tōdaiji and continued his wanderings. Over this period of his life there hangs a curtain of mystery. Keenly as the Kamakura authorities were on the look-out they could not, and certainly we in the twentieth century cannot, follow his movements with any certainty. And yet it is reasonable to believe that almost the whole of this time he was well within their grasp. For some weeks he was at Tabu-no-mine; again, at a little village called Mimuro; again, at the house of Kawagoye Gontarō, brother of his nurse of early days, and who lived at Nishi-no-oka in Settsu.* But it was time to move. Shizuka was undergoing examination in Kamakura. On June 25th (1186 A.D.) an order of general inquiry in all the provinces had been issued under the Tennō's seal. Yoshitsune's name was changed to Yoshiyuki, and his mother Tokiwa was arrested (in the intercalary seventh month—17th August to 15th September) and in her turn compelled to go before the judges, this time without the aid of her pristine beauty. And, apart from sympathy, refuge was no longer safe where formerly found. A great stir was made everywhere in the monasteries. The head priest of the Hieisan temples at this time received official orders to search his many establishments for the fugitive said to be there somewhere in concealment. This time it was Kōfukuji which was raided by Hiki Tomomune. On December 31st a general order for prayer, under the Tennō's seal, was issued ; subject—the capture of Yoshiaki ! Some grave man (wag, let us imagine) pointed out that Yoshiyuki meant "good walker." Surely the fugitive would never be trapped under such a name ; so it was changed to Yoshiaki (well caught), and the Tennō (or rather Hōō) thus religiously hoped that to give a dog a bad name was equivalent to catching it. Certainly if the star of Yoshitsune had not set he was in for a bad time of it, provided he lived long enough.†

To meet this general man-hunt the retainers were therefore summoned. The only safety lay in getting down to Mutsu. Yoshitsune turned to Benkei. The latter spoke readily. "The Tōkaidō is the route of general travel. It is well guarded by a host of officials, and we would hardly get out of Yamashiro without trouble. The Tōsandō is rough, and but little travelled. It is too well guarded, and moreover there are many places on its mountain paths where we could easily be cornered, unable to escape numbers. We must try the Hokurokudō (the western road through Echizen and Kaga). Here we always will have an opportunity of getting a boat to Dewa, and so can cross to Takadachi in Mutsu." This seemed not only feasible, but the only outlet. There was little discussion. The question was, under what guise they should take their way. On all the roads were posted barriers. How could they avoid or pass through these, when the whole country-side was on the watch for any suspicious or unusual movements. Masuo Jirō Gon-no-Kami suggested that Yoshitsune should shave his head and go as a priest. This he refused to do. "It is still my ambition to fight out our battle in the future. Thus I hope suitably to reward you all. What Tokugyō Shōnin has suggested in earnest, I cannot do in jest."—"Besides," interjected Kataoka Hirotsune, "it would not only be ominous, but we could carry no weapons as priests, only iron bowls. These are only good to crack a man's head or his stomach. My idea is to go as *yamabushi*. The *kongō* stick is no mean weapen in itself. We can wear a *shibauchi* sword,* and thus be able to defend ourselves." Benkei roared with joy. "Thus my lord will turn 'priest' and be no priest." All enjoyed the idea of posing as these notoriously unclerical clerics. Said Yoshitsune:—"The idea is a good one, but there is Hiki-kongō-kai-no-miya in Echizen, Hakusan in Kaga, and Haguro in Dewa. These three famous schools of the *yamabushi* lie right on our road, and genuine priests of the order will swarm. Who will answer to questions peculiar to their doctrine—the little bamboo growing on the top of Ichijō-bodai, Shakadake, and other *yamabushi formulae* and doctrines. These are important matters"—Replied Benkei, "leave that to the rest of us. That your lordship, a prince of the Minamoto, should not know these doctrines is quite usual. Of priestly ways you learned all that was necessary at Kurama-yama. Hitachibō spent much time at Onjōji (Miidera), and understands thoroughly not only their particular doctrine (Jimon), but that of the Tendai. I learned these at Hieisan, and also know a good deal of the Shingon. These two more particularly concern us. The Taizō and Kongō scriptures come easily to us, as also the *yamabushi* preaching, confession, and exhortation. This is no bragging. Leave the talking to me. Until we reach Dewa we will be *yamabushi* of Haguroyama on our return home from Kumano. In Dewa we will belong to Kumano on a pilgrimage to Haguroyama. We must therefore take appropriate names. I am said to be much like Arasanuki,* head of the Daikokudō of Haguroyama in Dewa. I shall take his name. Hitachibō shall figure as Chikuzenbō, a priest well known as Arasanuki's shadow. Kataoka will be Kyono-kimi; Ise Saburo, Zenshi-no-kimi; Kumai, Jibū-no-kimi." Then to others, as less important disciples, he gave such names as Sagamibō, Isenobō, Surugabō, and so on. Thus he christened the party in priestly style, until he reached Yoshitsune. "Your lordship must be as far from your real position as possible, and strive not to forget it. It would be best if your lordship would be pleased to go as a coolie. Your deep broad-brimmed hat will thus shadow your face from people who know you only too well. You ought also to walk behind, and we will order you about as Yamatobō. Kisata must go some miles ahead, dressed as an ordinary merchant. Thus he can readily return to report any obstacle."

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* This is a convenient place to say that these long Japanese names are nearly all descriptive. Nishi-no-oka is simply our "West Hill." Thus Higashi-yama (East Mountain); Akabane (Red Wing); Tōkyō (East Capital). Perhaps *all old* place names are of this character.

† The Adzuma Kagami—A messenger arrives at Kamakura to report the arrest on the 28th of July of Goromaru a follower of Yoshitsune. He asserted that on July 8th Yoshitsune was living at Hieisan. This had was disbelieved as Hieisan sided with Yoritomo. No more is heard of Goromaru—and so the temple scribes of Chūsonji report.

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* Shinshinsai. シバ not 柴. Grass cutter? Or "lawn-mower"? He has put it in *kana* only. Brush-wood (shiba) would be proper game for *yamabushi* "to smite" or "throw down."

The arrangements seemed feasible to all. Of the principles of the Butsudō (Way of the Buddha) they knew nothing, "it being a very different thing from Bushidō."† One difficulty came to the mind of

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* Aranami Sanuki—Shinshinsai.

† Says Shinshinsai. To which we add—let us hope so. Shinshinsai names Kisata, "Kunembō"—a kind of orange. But he was only a servant. This name is too funny to be a fact" he slyly adds. It is one of his jokes.

Kataoka Hachirō. "Our helmet-shaped loose caps, our bell-hangers, luggage boxes, and *yamabushi* furniture—where will all these come from?" Benkei looked suggestively at Yoshitsune. Then he sat down and wrote. Yoshitsune sealed the letter which went on its way to Tokugyō at the Tōdaiji. In a week the answer came. They would find everything mentioned at the gate of the Omuro Gojō temple at Miyako. The party then split up, to slip into the city by two's and three's, with a rendezvous for the first day of the second month (12th March, 1187 A.D.) at night and at the temple gate. It was while they were dressing themselves that Masuo Gon-no-Kami Kanefusa asked Yoshitsune if he would take the Kitanokata with him.* She lived at Imadegawa near the Nijō district. Yōshitsune was a little non-plussed. He did not like Benkei, Ise, and the others to think him so attached to a woman. With Shizuka they had already run great dangers. He knew that the latter was close to him in Miyako, but at this particular time it was putting his head in the lion's mouth to go near, or to send a messenger to one so closely watched. Would not an attempt to communicate with his wife be equally dangerous. Thus he hesitated. Benkei who understood him thoroughly saw what was passing in his mind. "To go as a *yamabushi* is for her out of the question. It is also not possible to leave her without an interview. If she wishes to go we will try and devise some means of disguise." Perhaps never did Yoshitsune appreciate Benkei as he did at that moment.

Throwing a silk robe over his *yamabushi* garments he, with Benkei and Masuo, started for Ichijō Imadegawa. The others were to follow in small parties. In the darkness they easily escaped observation. The house, once so grand, was in a sadly neglected condition. It looked like an humble farmer's abode, with its grass grown roofs.

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* Kitanokata is the respectful term used in ancient days for a nobleman's wife. Yoshitsune had two wives: one early furnished by Yoritomo. This second wife, says the Gempei Seisuiki, was the daughter of Taira Tokitada, made prisoner at the battle of Dan-no-ura. She was twenty-eight years old, skilled in every accomplishment, and of beautiful appearance. The first idea had been to marry her younger sister, but she was not yet nubile.

The scent of the plum blossoms came faintly on the air. A sound of melancholy strains from the *kōtō*, touched by a skilled hand, came from a lighted apartment at the end of the little garden. Yoshitsune drew out his flute and played an answering bar. The music ceased at once. A moment later the Kitanokata, accompanied by a maid lantern in hand, appeared on the *rōka* and stepped into the garden. The men stood back in the shadow. She opened the rustic gate (*shi-ori-do*), and the keen eyes of affection quickly distinguished Yoshitsune. "Please enter," she said with reverential bow—"Excuse my presence," said he, as ceremoniously as if the great lord was paying a formal visit to his spouse. Then they entered the garden. Masuo and Benkei followed. Seated behind the closed *amado* Yoshitsune and the Kitanokata remained silent looking at each other, seeking the traces of unhappiness and a fugitive life. Then the Kitanokata burst into tears, and laid her head on her lord's knees. A magnificent ornament was the hair of this daughter of the Taira House. When loosened it trailed behind her on the floor. Yoshitsune explained his presence. "It has only been with great danger and in chance visits to Miyako that we have been able to see each other. Several months have already passed since our last interview in this room. Writing was only less dangerous than attempting to see you. Now I am on my way to Oshū, a rough and dangerous trip. I shall have to ask you to remain here alone. If we get through the many barriers successfully I shall send for you before the summer ends. We must now say good-bye. That is our mission to-night.

"Ah! You are cruel indeed," wailed the Kitanokata. "A man changes as quickly as the course of the Asukagawa. On one day if a bank be erected to direct its course, on the next day it is an obstacle in the midst of its current. It is hard indeed to be born a woman. At thirteen I had no longer a mother to guide my steps, and was 'helpless as a fish on land, or a bird off its nest.' For three years, during the war, I wandered hither and thither, subject to all the exigencies and privations of the losers. Then you appeared to me, as does a refuge to the traveller, a lantern in the dark night. Happiness disappears as the bloom on fruit. 'Thus have I been sobbing and weeping for you. I am like a cuckoo in distress, coughing blood and uttering plaintive cries times without number. Since we embarked at Oura my sleeves have never been dry.' Now comes this sad separation. But there is worse yet to tell you. My days are gloomy and anxious. I am seven months gone with child, and have long been wearing an *iwata-obi*. On your last visit, four months ago, I would have told you, but did not want to add to your cares. Now it cannot be avoided. The people hereabouts more than suspect it, although I keep in constant concealment. Rokuhara will get wind of it. I shall be imprisoned, and suffer worse than Shizuka's fate. I cannot dance; and besides I am the daughter of a hated enemy. Please kill me therefore at once;" and again pressing her face against his knees she wept bitterly.

This was stunning news. The three men looked at each other. The difficulty of the task was enormously increased. Benkei broke the silence. There was determination in his tones. "In some way she must go with us. Kamakura-dono is too rough a wet-nurse. The child will be killed, as was that of Shizuka." Then he turned to the Kitanokata. "We are going as *yamabushi*, and our mission here is only to see if your ladyship is willing to go. You shall be disguised as a *chigo* (nobleman's page). Do not forget that you are a man, and be sure to step out with the left foot first. Thus your sex will escape notice." The Kitanokata raised her smiling tearful face to the stern one of the giant. "You shall be my hairdresser, Benkei," she said. Then Benkei combed out the Kitanokata's hair, ten feet in length. He cut it off close to her neck, and dressed the remainder as a page's cue. Then she disappeared to seek a page's costume. When she reappeared Benkei glanced approval. "She wore a double silk suit of light blue, with leggings to match. Over this was a single yellow robe, and in addition a robe of wadded Chinese twilled silk lined with yellow. A *shitatare* (gauze silk over-robe), ornamented with a large pattern, was thrown over all For rougher work she had a cape of light blue, and her white skirt peeped beneath the folds of the blue dress. Benkei tied sandals on her feet, stuck a fan in her girdle, and also a small sword with the hilt stained red. She carried a flute, and a bag of brocade on blue ground in which was contained five volumes of the Hokkekyō." She made a very fine page indeed. Yoshitune complimented her on her good looks. He threw off his silken garment, and appeared as the coolie, attendant on *yamabushi*. He wore a Chinese grass skirt, and a dress of persimmon colour.* Dress and leggings formed one garment. Masuo produced the broad hat, and Yoshitsune put it on his head. He and the Kitanokata smiled at each other through their tears.

Not so did Masuo Kanefusa. He wept. His lord, descended from Seiwa Tennō! The Kitanokata, a princess descended from Taira Takamune, eldest son of Katsurabara Shinnō, son of Kwammu Tennō! Both accustomed to live in a golden palace, to ride even the shortest distance in a lacquered palanquin, with a long and glittering train of followers, to see the flowers and to sing sweet songs to the moon; his lord a famous captain, feared by his enemies and in command of great armies, with a name so famous that no stronghold gave men heart to hold out against him; now as pilgrims they were reduced to this pitiable disguise in order to escape to a far distant land and rough surroundings! It was too much for the honest and loyal soldier. Yoshitsune and the Kitanokata began to think their lot rather hard. Benkei was mad. He wiped away his own tears, and roughly rebuked Kanefusa. "Do not be so womanly. It brings bad luck. Rather we should congratulate our lord and the Kitanokata for a happy journey. Let us heat some *saké* and drink to health and safety"—"You are right," said Kanefusa. "I will get ready a feast to make amends for my weakness." Benkei began to give the Kitanokata detailed instructions as to the journey. A signal whistle was heard outside, and soon all the retainers entered. In a circle they sat down to the farewell feast. The Kitanokata

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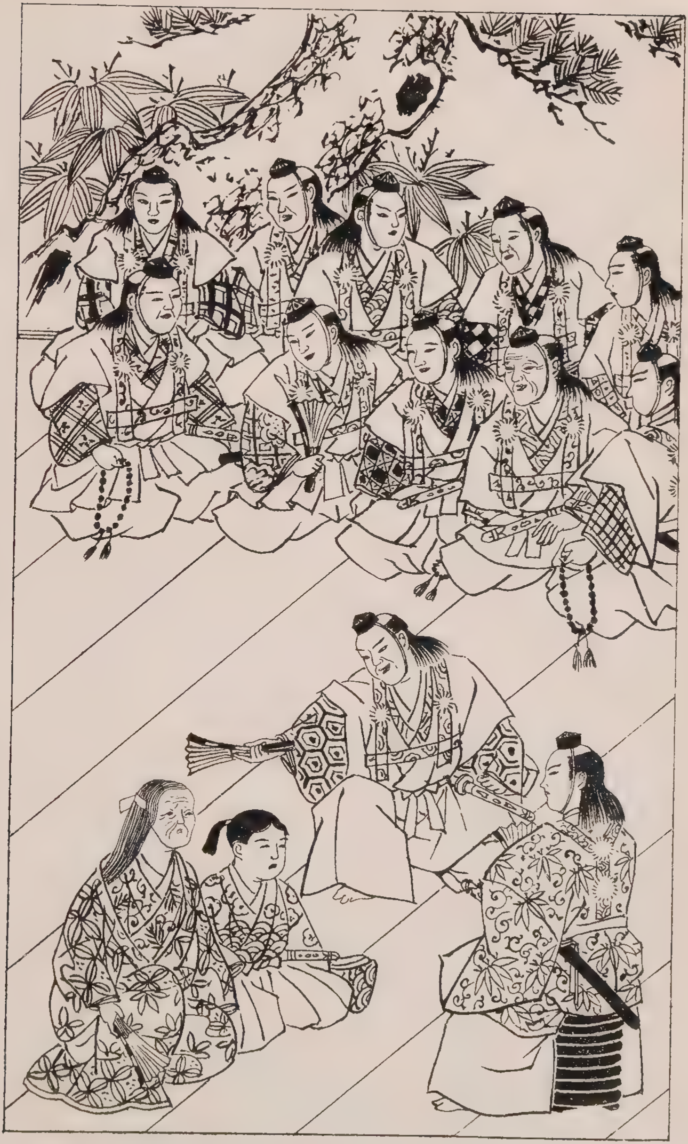
* Now the colour for the garments of jail-birds.



THE KITANOKATA ENTERTAINS YAMABUSHI.

took her place with the rest. Yoshitsune played a cheerful song on the flute. The lady, with *kōtō* in accompaniment, sang a song of the day. All admired the skill of the performers, but it was a sad party. In the minds of everyone was the wish that it was a party to see the flowers, not the signal to begin a dubious and dangerous journey. Thus they passed the hours until near dawn. "It was the second day of the month the poets call Kisaragi," in the third year of Bunji (13th March, 1187 A.D.).*

* I have come across nothing in the historical records to indicate that Yoshitsune's wife, daughter of Taira Tokitada (he was banished by Kiyomori, for being involved in the Fujiwara Narichika conspiracy, but again got into line with his relatives) was childless, and positive evidence to the contrary. Moreover, Yoshitsune's presence in Miyako, under the very claws of his enemies, is accepted by these grave chroniclers. This saves the lady's honour, and makes the tale woven by the romancers, more absurd in its emotional aspect. They make Yoshitsune and the Kitanokata shed floods of tears, not having seen each other since parting at Ōmo-no-ura near Tennōji (the unfortunate stranding at Sakai). This was in December of 1185 A.D., and the party leaves Miyako for Ōshū in March 1187 A.D., at which time the Kitanokata is with child! A remarkable instance of inconsistent consistency. They all sin as to this chronology. The Tokitada, mentioned above, was a stormy petrel in his family politics. He was a trusted councillor of Konoe, Go-Shirakawa, and Nijō. He was in exile from 1162 to 1165 A.D. Returning then from Izumo he was made Chūnagon. In 1177 A.D. after Shishi-ga-tani he was again exiled, but was back again to dress down the monks of Hieisan in the following year. He left the city with Munemori in 1183 A.D. Having surrendered to Yoshitsune, he was banished and died in Noto. (Cf. Papinot's "Dictionnaire.")

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MISADVENTURES OF YOSHITSUNE.

"The slave of Imperial despotism......expected his fate in silent "despair. To resist was fatal, and it was impossible to fly. On "every side he was encompassed with a vast extent of sea and "land, which he could never hope to traverse without being "discovered, seized, and restored to his irritated master. Beyond "the frontiers, his anxious view could discover nothing except "the ocean, inhospitable deserts, hostile tribes of barbarians of "fierce manners and unknown language, or dependent kings, "who would gladly purchase the emperor's protection by the "sacrifice of an obnoxious fugitive. 'Wherever you are' said "Cicero to the exiled Marcellus, 'remember that you are equally "'within the power of the conqueror.'"

(Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire)

§ 1.

Thus the little party started out in the early morning light on their desperate venture. As they passed Awataguchi they could see, fastened up on a notice board, the old order of December thirty-first stamped with the palace seal, and commanding all and every to seize or kill "Yoshiyuki" wherever found. A later one was beside it dated January seventh of the then year (1187 A.D.) giving the same order in reference to "Yoshiaki." The eyes of Benkei and the other retainers sparkled with rage. It was in some ways a relief to leave the ungrateful and hostile city behind them. They were, all told, fifteen in number: Yoshitsune and the Kitanokata, Musashi-Bō Benkei, Ise Saburō Yoshimori, Kamei Rokurō, Kataoka Hachirō, Suruga Jirō, Sugime Kotarō, Kumai Tarō, Washiwo Saburō, Masuo Kanefusa, Hitachibō Kaison, Kisata Kiyoyoshi, and two servants. As they passed out of the city some storks flew over their heads, bound to the same northern land. Yoshitsune improvised a song:

“ Cleaving fast the eight-fold clouds,
“ On the three-fold road they wing their way.
“ How I envy them; these storks homeward flying.*

And the Kitanokata took up the thought:

“ Why should these storks sing so cheerily,
“ Thus flying fast from gentle spring,
“ To seek the cold north-land.†

Thus in sorrowful spirit they left the scene of their old triumphs. As they did not dare to leave the city and travel in its immediate nighbourhood by daylight, they concealed themselves in the thick woods around Miidera and awaited darkness before entering Ōtsu. They were too near at hand to travel the highway openly. Near the site of the old house of Semimaru at Ōsakayama, Yoshitsune picked up a leaf of *shinobu* (refugee) grass, so he turned to the Kitanokata and asked her what it was. A Miyako girl she knew well this weed, so common on the hills surrounding the capital city. Her eyes were moist as she replied quaintly:

“ Drops of dew, like shining silver,
“ On the bladed *shinobu* grass,
“ Are as tears of those abandoning,
“ Miyako, their old and long-time home.” ‡

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* “Mi koshi ji ya,
“Yaye no shirakumo,
“Kakiwakete,
“Urayamashiku mo,
“Kaeru karigane.”

The three *koshi* are the provinces of Echizen, Etchū and Echigo. [Minakami]

† “Haru no dani,
“Misutete kaeru,
“Karigane no,
“Nani no nasake ni,
“Ne wo ba nakuran.”

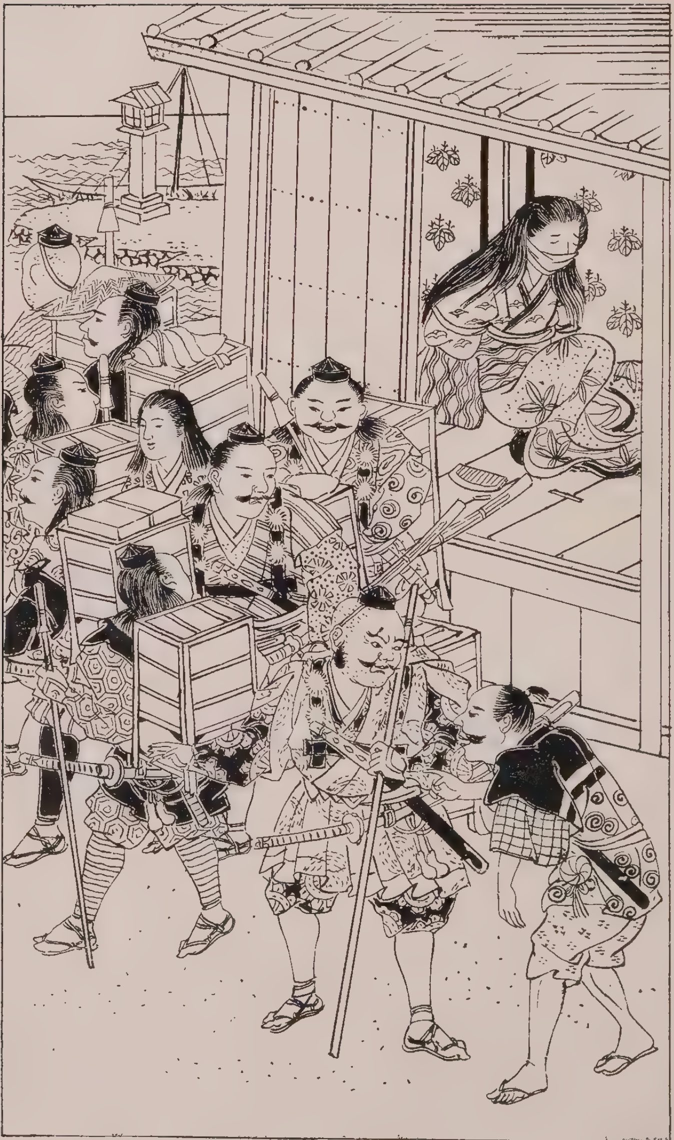
‡ “Sumi nareshi,
“Miyako wo idete,
“Shinobu gusa,
“Oku shiratsuyu wa,
“Namida narikeri.”

At dark they crept out of their concealment, to be met on the outskirts of Ōtsu by Kisata. At Seta a barrier had been established, and Yamashina Sayemon-no-Jō commanded in person one hundred men drawn from the Miidera *sōhei*. A keen inspection was also made of all the neighbouring houses, which were required to report at once any traveller seeking shelter. This first difficulty needed consultation. Benkei proposed to stop in Ōtsu. Kisata was to return and spend the night at Seta, and be ready to warn them of any movement of the guard stationed at that place. So it was arranged.

Now at this time Ōtsu consisted of but a few houses scattered at intervals along the roadside. It however made a first and last stage out of and into the capital city, and most of these houses took in travellers in every sense of the word. Benkei wanted an establishment, not overcrowded, but with rooms large enough for them to be together. On the west side of the road was one of these *pseudo*-inns, kept by a man called Ōtsuya Jirō. The house was old and dirty, but capacious. Not trusting to his own large and terrifying figure Benkei sent Kataoka in to make arrangements. The wife, a premature hag, gladly took them in. Such a windfall of guests was unusual to the establishment. She complained that their bath was out of order, and that it would be necessary to go outside. "Never mind," said Benkei. "For to-night we only need rest and food." All therefore entered; "*gomen kudasai, gomen kudasai*" (please excuse me). She was a little astonished at their large size, but went about her business of getting the food ready; no light task as her husband was absent at the Seta barrier in answer to a summons, and she had no servant. Her good man was also having his experiences. He found most of his neighbours assembled at the barrier—farmers like himself, who added inn-keeping to the gentle art of getting up at phenomenally early hours in competition with Nature and her farming. A movement of such a party as Yoshitsune's was bound to attract attention. Kajiwara Kagehisa suspected something, and sent out warning against *yamabushi*, the temples and priesthood giving the holy man Yoritomo, and the holy fraud Go-Shirakawa, more anxious nights than anything else. Warning was now going in every direction by couriers speeding along the mountain paths, demanding Yoshitsune's body or head. Therefore the Seta officials had summoned the house-holders to urge great promptness in reporting any party of *yamabushi*. Now herein lay a difficulty for the plebeian layman. If the Hōō and Kamakura did not like to offend the priests, in much worse shape was the man at the plough-tail. So old Ōtsu Jirō was persistent in his questionings. "A big reward? Ya! Ya! But suppose they are real *yamabushi?*"——"Nothing must be done to them"——"But it is difficult to tell a real from a false *yamabushi*——"All the more reason to be careful"——"But...... "——"Dont take in any doubtful characters"——"But......." The officials became a little impatient. Jirō's fellows pulled their ancient headman down. "Dont argue. Say 'yes,'——"But........ "——"Say 'yes' anyhow, 'yes' to everything." And so Ōtsu Jirō said 'yes', with no very clear conception as to just what all the pother was about. And the peasants carried him off, with the idea that it would be a good day when they had a more quick-witted fellow as *toshiyori* than Jirō.

Jirō found himself at his home out of the frying pan into the fire. His wife received him with a storm of abuse for his absence and laziness. Fifteen *yamabushi* in the house, and no one to aid her! Now one thing Jirō had got into his head, and he blurted out his tale. Her eyes glistened. Jirō had put on his *haori*, and gone to Yoshitsune to thank him for the handsome *chadai* (money as present). When he returned he found the woman in the greatest excitement. She was an avaricious foolish jade, and scented an opportunity. "I offered to spread the beds for them, but they would not allow it. Several years ago at a temple festival I saw the train of his lordship Yoshitsune passing through the street in Miyako. The big man is certainly Benkei. Never mind your supper Although it is quite late go and gather the villagers. When these people are all in bed and asleep have them surround the house. Meanwhile send someone to warn the barrier guard. If they are made prisoners we will get a big reward." The old man listened aghast. "Are you a woman? Say that Yoshitsune is really in this house, he is Kamakura-dono's brother. We are humble folk, and for such who meddle in the affairs of these great men the reward is death, as happened even to Osada Tadamune, who stood as much beyond us, as Yoshitomo and Yoritomo did beyond him. Besides, you speak inhumanly. Yoshitsune is a man of great merit. Why should I, who am comfortably off for my condition, try to add a little to it by such treachery. It would be blood money, and my sleep thereafter would never be easy. As for capturing them, it would take five hundred men; and soldiers at that. Benkei, Ise, and Washiwo, are equal to a hundred men. And if these men are really priests, then the Lord Buddha would punish the insult; and, more to the point, the monks of Onjōji (Miidera) would be his ministers, and not have far to go. We will treat them well, and dismiss them safely in the morning." To this wise counsel the woman simply answered with contempt. "You are a coward. Able to scold wife and servants you are good for nothing else. I need a new gown; have seen nothing new for the thirteen years I have lived with you. I shall go to the barrier myself and warn the officials. Thus I shall get the reward." This enraged Jirō. "You hag! A woman should be the reed which bends before the wind of her husband's commands. You forget the saying that 'one should not injure oneself even by blowing off a hair'." As she made preparations to leave the room in spite of him he fell on her and tripped her up with an oaken cudgel. A vigorous old man he administered a sound beating. Nothing daunted she began to cry out:—"Neighbours! Neighbours! Yoshitsune and his party are harboured here as *yamabushi*." The man stuffed a towel (*tenugui*) in her mouth, and dragging her to a closet threw her in and pushed the bar.

The master, or Jirō's wife, was not likely to go far. Benkei, returning from the rear, had overheard the dis-



THE DOMESTIC DIFFICULTIES OF OTSU-JIRŌ.

pute. Uncertain whether first to interview Jirō or Yoshitsune he had hardly time to step aside into the darkness when Jirō pushed the *shōji* and made his way toward the apartment of the travellers. Benkei went to the closet and examined the fastening. Satisfied he then followed Jirō. The farmer had entered the room and bowed low before Yoshitsune. "There is much trouble here over *yamabushi*, a report being spread that Yoshitsune and his party, so disguised, are trying to get to Mutsu. Even for genuine priests such as is your party it means a delay of several days. My wife wished to report your presence. I have shut her up, but she shouted out quite loudly, and I fear some neighbour may have overheard her. Please take my boat, and I can land you at Kaizu* before dawn. Thus you can avoid the guards and much trouble, and return to the Tōkaidō with no great difficulty." All were much surprised. Ise and Washiwo loosened their swords in the scabbards. They had every inclination to force the barrier and give the Miidera priests a lesson. Benkei entered with a smile on his face. "The good man is right. We are true *yamabushi*, but trouble at the barrier would greatly inconvenience us. Please get your boat ready." Yoshitsune took him aside. "If we are surrounded on the water we will find it a bad business," said he—"The man is all right, my lord," answered Benkei. "As soon as we have the opportunity I shall explain matters." Satisfied with Benkei's assurance all made ready. Just as they were about to push off a merchant (Kisata) jumped in, with a piteous request to take him along. As he squatted down respectfully beside the priests he passed the news that the Seta guards, from some rumour or warning, had decided to investigate the Otsu inns before daylight. At dawn Jirō landed them at Kaizu.

As they set foot on shore Benkei signed to Washiwo to hold the man in conversation. Then he took Yoshitsune aside and told him the story of the man's faithfulness. "He will take nothing but the gift money as reward for his boat. A present from your hand will be to him everything." Then he called Jirō. "This is his Highness Iyo-no-Kami, descended from Seiwa Tennō. He bestows on you these gifts for your faithful conduct, which in days to come shall have its reward." He handed him a belly guard and a gold ornamented sword.* The old man paid less attention to the sword than to the great captain before whom he was standing. He fell prostrate, his forehead to the ground. With profuse thanks he again embarked at Benkei's orders, all admiring and grateful for his sturdy integrity and openness of character. We will say here that he returned home to release his spouse from her long captivity. She was battered and suffering from her well-deserved beating, and the old man only gently rebuked her for trying to betray real *yamabushi.* "I took them to Kaizu this morning, and they refused to pay me anything for my boat. We had a quarrel, but I knocked one man down with my oar, and pushed off with these things before they could prevent me." He put the gifts on her *futon.* She eagerly seized them. "It is something, better than nothing." The *yamabushi* were gone, and she knew the necessity of backing up her husband's tale of his wife's night-mare, in which disturbed by the instructions from the barrier she had cried out about *yamabushi.* Whether his tale of the boat was true or false she never tried to find out for equally good reasons. For his part, Jirō looked on her with contempt—an avaricious, evil-hearted, false creature.

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* A town on the north western shore of Lake Biwa.

Yoshitsune and his party began their day's walk. By eight o'clock in the morning they were well up the Koshigoye pass over Arachi-san, between Ōmi and Echizen. It was hard work for the Kitanokata, used to her *norimon,* and she was soon very tired. Then, when no wayfarers were in sight, the men took turns in carrying her on their backs (*ombu*). She was sadly discouraged, and they stopped at Shiokoshi for a longer rest. They told stories to cheer her up and make her forget her fatigue. Kataoka gave them one on the value of self-control. "In my native district of Ariba in Kii, there used to live a priest, an excellent but most testy man. He was very popular with everyone, and his invitations to feasts were frequent as all knew that he had a very greedy gullet. Of course he was only provided with *shōjin*,* but this was prepared in the most enticing way, and often other things found their way into the *shiru* (soup). One day there was a fine sweet potato, but try as he would to spear it with his *hashi* (chop-sticks) it slipped hither and thither, and in no way could he get hold of it. At last he lost all patience, and in a rage plunged his two fingers in the hot soup. The scalding he got made him at once fillip out the potato, and the fine tuber rolled into the garden. Even here it did not stay quiet, but danced hither and thither in the hollows. In a rage he pursued it, intending to crush it under his tall clogs, but it always slipped into the hollow between the supports. Failing thus, at last he picked up the now dirty mass, and putting it in his mouth viciously crushed it, spitting it out on the ground. But alas! Coated with stones and pebbles it broke two of his finest grinders. In pain and regret over his hastiness he spent several days with suffering jaws in place of a well lined belly." The Kitanokata was delighted at the funny gestures of the story-teller as he mimicked the priest. All of them thought that they would take a great deal of care with such a precious thing (now) as a fine sweet potato (Satsuma-imo). †

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* The reader will perhaps think that Yoshitsune kept gold hilted, white hilted, etc. swords and belly-guards in stock, with a pack train to carry them. It is a weakness of the chroniclers, not of the captain. Yamada, in his account of this scene, tells us that these gifts are still kept by a descendant of Jirō's, living at Sakamoto, and proudly conservative of these hereditary treasures.

Thus they entered Echizen, but the comments of the villagers were not encouraging. "So many *yamabushi*! They certainly will have trouble at the barrier." These remarks made them uneasy. What barrier? That it was guarded by many officers was plain from what people said. They waited to hear from Kisata. He soon appeared. The barrier was at San-no-guchi, and had one hundred men for guard. On the gate was painted a *mon* of three doves, and an igeta (⌗). They were sadly discouraged, but Benkei told them they must be ready to face difficulties. "We will divide here into two parties. His lordship, Kataoka, Ise, Washiwo, Kumai, Suruga, and I will go ahead. Hitachibō, with the Kitanokata and the others, will come about half a *ri* (1¼ miles) behind us." And so the first party started off, Benkei loudly blowing his conch shell (*horagai*). "Yamabushi!" The guards were on their feet at once, striking the wooden board to summon their companions. The gate was opened, and passing within Benkei and his party were immediately surrounded by some fifty men. "Why all this disturbance?" asked Benkei in wonder,—"It is said that the Hangwan and his men are on the way down to Mutsu disguised as *yamabushi*. We are placed here to examine travellers. If you attempt to escape we will kill you all." Thus answered the guard; and they all frowned hideously. Said Benkei—"Ah! That accounts for the travellers' stories of the difficulties they are having. We could not understand it. You are perhaps taking too much trouble. We heard that the Hangwan has already been arrested at Awono in Mino. I am not sure. Examine us, if you wish. I am Arasanuki, chief priest of the Daikokudō at Haguro-san. I am ready to answer any questions of your chiefs. Who are they?"—"Tsura Hyoye of Echizen and Inouye Sayemon of Kaga," incautiously answered one fellow, to be promptly kicked by the next man—"Well, where are they?" asked Benkei impatiently. The guard whispered among themselves. To produce their chiefs, they could not. One was in Fukui, and the other had not yet come from his native province of Kaga. To question the head of the chief temple of Haguro-san was beyond them. Benkei frowned ferociously. "This negligence I shall report. Some one shall suffer for thus delaying us." (*Nota bene* that kicks are passed down, plus interest, in the hierarchy of the Japanese bureaucracy.

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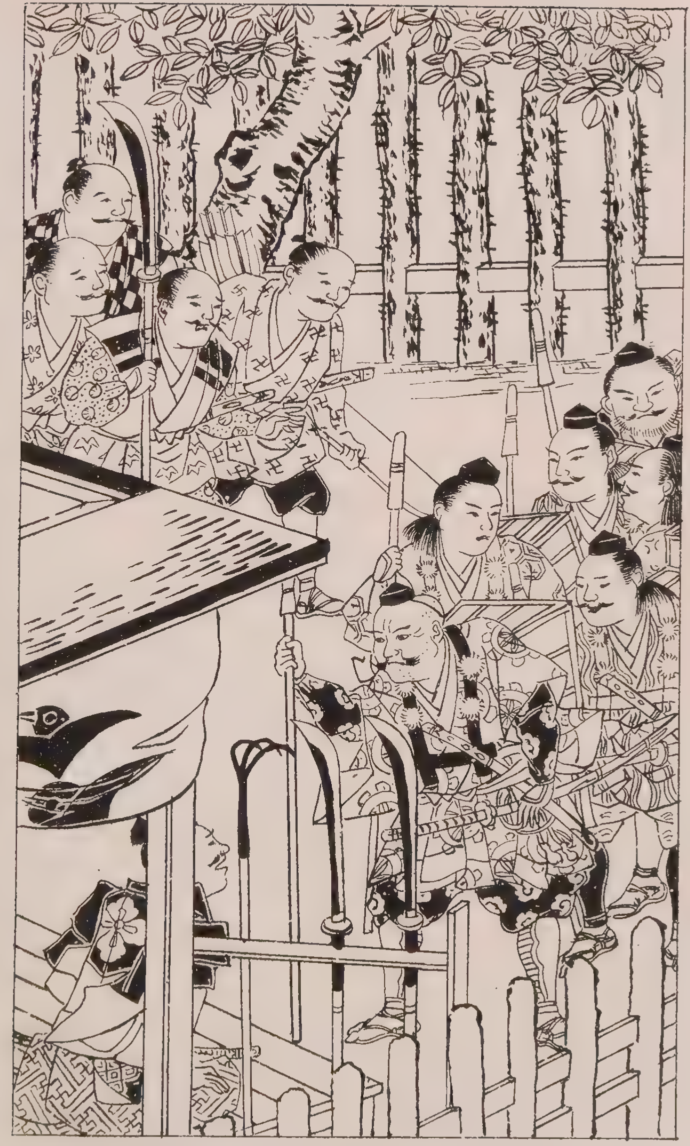
* *Shōjin* can have a much wider (esoteric) meaning than plain reference to the gullet. Cf. Dr. A. Lloyd. T.A.S.J. XXII p. 396.

† In spite of this story being found in the serious minded Yamada I suspect it to be an anachronism. Professor Chamberlain ("Things Japanese" p. 57) tells us that the sweet potato was not introduced until 1698 A.D. This perhaps can also be said of this tuber in all its forms.



BENKEI PASSES THE SAN-NO-GUCHI BARRIER.

The under-dog (or man) suffers severely from his chief's ill-temper). He gave his orders to his little band. " Sit down. We will wait here." Unpacking their luggage they strewed it all over the *rōka*. The guards looked on grumbling. These fellows leave no room for us even to move about in."

Their troubles had only begun. Benkei had need of hot water, and for every other necessity of his person. His companions took the cue of annoyance. The guards were getting tired of acting as guide to the establishment in response to these reasonable needs. If they could only be watered at once. But the inclination did not seize the visitors that way. How to get ride of them!" "If they are genuine *yamabushi* they will refuse to pay toll or show a passport. If not they are mere sham priests." Thus argued one. As the guards were considering the feasibility of this proposition in their provincial brains there came again the sound of a conch-shell, and a "thump! thump!" on the gate. In poured Hitachibō and his companions, having very slowly made their way up to the barrier. He and Benkei saluted each other with most elaborate politeness, as if they had never seen each other and could dispense with no formality. Many were the deep bows, deeper inhalations, sonorous phraseology; all begun over again in almost endless procession. The guards already had gone through a weary hour of messenger service. They yawned they were so bored. The priestly lingo was almost incomprehensible to them. Certainly these people must be *yamabushi*. Then came another flood of applications for hot water and guides to the compound (barrier precincts.) At last Benkei turned and demanded supper. Hitachibō Kaison coldly proferred the same request. The guards grew quite angry. "You are most unreasonable. This is not an inn"—"Nor is it our fault that your chiefs are absent." Then there was more whispering. Decidedly the suggestion of the one whose wits had been sharpened by weariness was the only one available. Said the spokesman:—" Well, we are convinced that you are genuine *yamabushi*. Pay the toll and show your pass-ports, and you can pass on." Benkei rose in rage, and at a sign every "priest's" hand was on his sword. "*Yamabushi* pay! Who ever heard of such a thing!"——Pleaded the guard, "Kamakura-dono has granted no exceptions, and to pay the expenses we have the right to take toll of every traveller passing the barrier."—"We, as priests, are under the Tennō's orders. We are not *buké*. Has His Highness Kamakura-dono ordered you to disregard this fact? Let me see your instructions." The haughty head of the Daikokudō thrust forward his huge hand.

This was too much. The guards drew back timidly with many excuses. They had instructions as extensive as Benkei's basis for his huge bluff. The priest was not disposed to let them off so easily. "*Yamabushi* do not pass a place without alms. We offer you the opportunity to contribute for your souls' sake." He signed to the rest to go on through the now open barrier. The guards were busy making a collection. "*O saki*", said Hitachibō, and he and the others respectfully bowed as they passed their leader and moved onward. With graver salutation Benkei and Hitachibō parted. The guards now came forward with apology for their small offering. "One light of the poor is worth ten thousand from the rich. Yamatobō, bag it! Go on and join the others. I shall first offer a prayer for the safety and health of these excellent people." Blowing his conch vigorously he began:—"By the Dairyū Gongen of Kumano; by Haidai Kongō Dōji of Ōmine, belonging to the Zō-ō-gongen of Yoshino; by the seven great shrines of Nara; by Inari, Gion, Kamo, Kibune, of Miyako; by the twenty-one shrines of Sannō in Sakamoto, by the six shrines of Otaga and Shirahige Daimyōjin; by the Hakusan Gongen in Kaga; and by all the great and little shrines in Nippon, may Yoshitsune's party find their way to this barrier, where these intelligent and faithful guards of San-no-guchi are sure to capture them, with special reference to their lordships, Tsura-Hyoye of Fukui and Tsuruga and Inouye of Kaga."*

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* From Yamada. I have altered the concluding paragraph. The vow is complete enough; but there is none extant so vigorous as the mighty curse of the Bishop Ernulphus, cited by Sterne.

Joyfully and enthusiastically did Benkei pray. He ended in a wide rumble, under which was concealed a vigorous supplication for their escape to Takadachi. "What is he muttering about?" asked one guard. Benkei overheard him. "That is a very mysterious *dharani* (charm) of the Shingon. Yoshitsune will certainly lose his way and come to your barrier." And so he too passed on. There was method in Benkei's procedure. He wished to pass this spot without suspicion, and took all the more trouble to do so. He found his companions camped some miles ahead in a little temple of Kwannon. Here they were to pass the night without disturbance.

§ 2.

The next day they continued their journey toward Tsuruga. Here, however, they met with disappointment. There were no boats available. A storm had lashed the sea into a wild mass of breakers, and to try and force one of the fishermen to take them would at once arouse suspicion in a place already on the watch for Yoshitsune's party. For the same reason such a large party could not stay too long where they were. They determined to continue on up the coast, and to take the first opportunity for abandoning land for water. They set off for Fukui, the capital of the province. After several days journey they were already nearing their destination when the idea came into Yoshitsune's head that he wanted to worship at the great temple of Heisenji, and thus to secure the interposition of its gods for his future good fortune in war. In vain his followers respectfully protested. It was a long and useless detour, dangerous in this hostile district and in their urgent need for haste. Moreover on this West Coast winter still held sway.* But their lord was obstinately set on the matter and they had to obey. " Their minds as cloudy as the weather" they turned their faces to the East. On the mountain slopes they walked into a snow storm. It was hard work for the men to plow through the drifts. The Kitanokata was soon exhausted, and in turn they carried her. She had trudged bravely along. "With the determination of a demon, and courage tense as a strung bowstring, she walked with this band of hardened soldiers." It was the physical frame which gave way. And a tough business it was in the cold north wind and deep snow of the mountain. However, at night-fall of the second day they reached Heisenji, and took refuge in the *hondō* to consult.

Their presence was soon known to the priests, and immediately there was a buzz of excitement. Yoritomo, that substantial lover of petticoats, whether on woman or man, had sent out wide notice to all the ecclesiastical establishments, and himself was praying like a dervish and losing sleep over his missing brother. He took a card out of Kiyomori's pack. " Only show me the head of my brother Yoshitsune, if you wish my soul to be at peace." This was his refrain. The younger element surrounded their *sōjō*. "These *yamabushi* certainly must be Yoshitsune and his party. Let us capture them, and send the glad tidings over-land to Kamakura. Lucky will be the man who carries the message." The bishop did not look at it that way. Said the old man :—" Rather let them alone, and do not burn your fingers as did the monks of Yoshino, who had no other reward beyond the ungrateful task of burying their dead. They had no less a leader than the notorious Kakuhan, and now the *bushi* everywhere, for and against Kamakura, are laughing at them as amateurs at fighting." The younger priests were in haste. "We will be charged with negligence, and perhaps have our temple burnt down over us. We can easily capture fifteen men, and they cannot deceive us by passing themselves off as *yamabushi*." Armed with helmets and swords two hundred men soon surrounded the hall. Yoshitsune and his party were much surprised at this early display of force. Benkei, Kumai, and Kataoka had fared forth to the Temple Offices to beg food for the party in orthodox priestly fashion. Hitachibō, who was a fighting friar if ever there was one, told them to keep quiet. He would go out, and if necessary would jump suddenly into the mass and scatter the whole clerical aggregation. His experience on pilgrimage had given him no robust confidence in ghostly or carnal weapons in the hands of fleshly friars.

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* Heisenji is close to Kataichi, and not far from Katsuyama in the Ono district of Echizen. It is on a little branch of the Kuzuryūgawa, and as the crow flies abont eight *ri* (twenty miles) from Fukui. Getting the full benefit of the winds blowing across the great plains of North Asia and the Sea of Japan, the climate of this West Coast is bitterly cold with deep snows in winter, and broiling hot with heavy rains in summer.

Benkei, a little concerned at seeing the crowd, hastened up before Kaison began his address. And Kaison willingly let slip this opportunity to distinguish himself on the rostrum. This sour and learned monk was not a man of words. The sight of the two huge priests staggered the confidence of the assailants. They listened the more peaceably to what Benkei had to say. "Why all this armour and swords? And these threatening gestures? If you are in any fear of attack we will gladly join and help you to repel it." Hitachibō gulped with glee. This avenue of approaching the question had not struck his less subtle mind. A priest stepped forward to reply:—"We have been warned that Yoshitsune, now called Yoshiaki, is on his way to Mutsu disguised as a *yamabushi*. His followers are widely scattered. Some are said to have taken refuge in Kyūshū,* but your party answer in every respect to the description sent out from Miyako." Benkei laughed easily. "The Hangwan would not try to escape with such a large party as we have. Yoshiaki is not with us. We are Haguro-yama *hōshi* returning from a visit to Kumano. And in no hurry to get there if this is a specimen of the weather still found so far South"—"Why then have you a woman with you?" asked one priest bluntly, pointing to the Kitanokata. Benkei was too quick to let them think. "My page? He is Kongō-maru, the son of Sakata Jirō, the rich man of Haguro; lord of the district. As for me, my name is Arasanuki of the Daikokudō, and this is Chikuzenbō. There should be some of you who know me well," he added confidently.* But the priests were little inclined to inquire farther. Benkei spoke in such true *yamabushi* style, and the fame of Kongō-maru was so wide spread, that all they thought of was a closer inspection. Handsome boys were a part of temple furniture in that degenerate age, and there was much rivalry as to these celebrities. They now urged their bishop to entertain the visitors.

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* On October 26th (1187 A.D.) Nakahara Nobufusa was sent to the aid of Amano Tokage to attack Kikaigashima, the supposed refuge of "Yoshiaki's men"—Dai-Nihon-Shi-Ryō.

To this the *sōjō* readily agreed. Better informed than his priests he did want a closer inspection of the visitors. It gave greater colour to his carefulness. If Yoshitsune was in the party he had the opportunity in this indirect way of expressing a kindly feeling toward the fugitive. The orders were given. A deputation was promptly sent to summon the new comers to a dinner. "Our suspicions are entirely dispelled, but we would like our bishop to see the famous Kongō-maru." The spokesman smiled apologetically at the well-known showman of the famous beauty. Benkei agreed very readily. "In this bad weather we could not pass the time better than in enjoyment of a feast." So following these guides they were soon seated at an ample *shōjin ryōri* (confined to vegetable diet). *Saké* was served, but here Benkei was adamant in his refusal for himself and his companions. Ise, Washiwo, some others looked black as thunder clouds. Hitachibō remained in silent absorption as to what Benkei would do next. Yamotobō was congratulating himself on the iron discipline he had established over these rough soldiers. The priests of Heisenji were somewhat astonished. "You *yamabushi* are notable champions at the *saké* flask, and the Daikokudō has never been known

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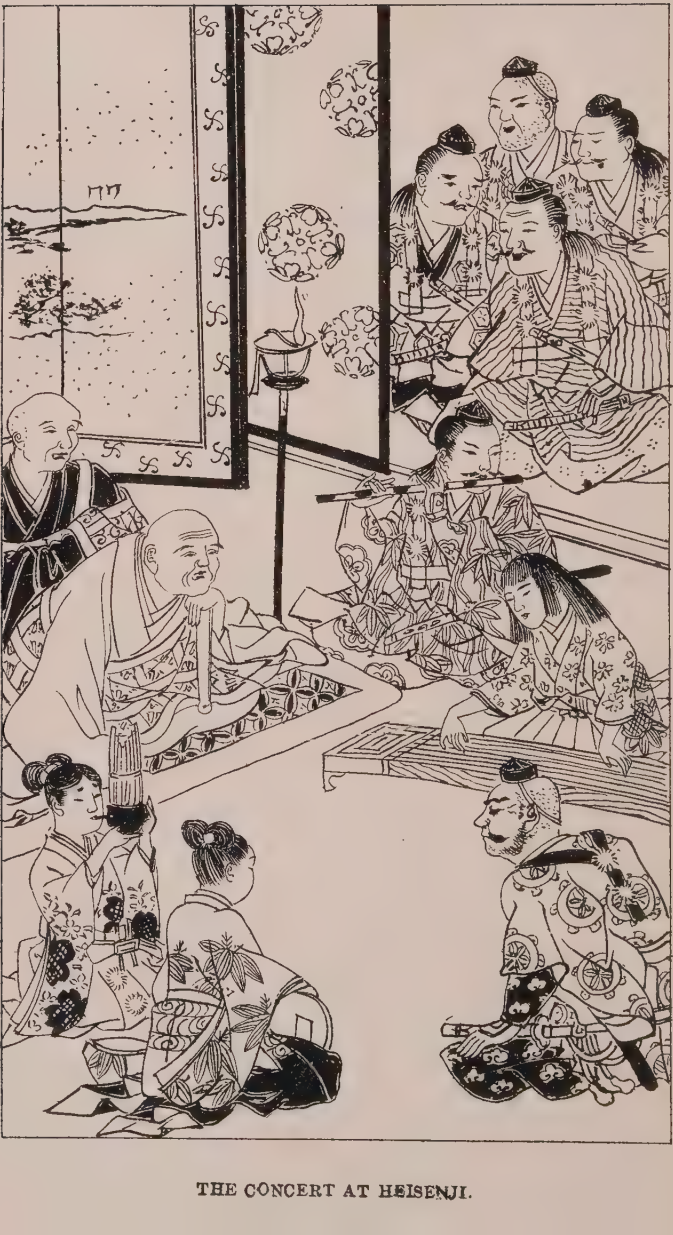
* So they ought. According to the Benkei Monogatari in his early pilgrimages he had visited this temple, and trounced its priests in a quarrel.



THE CONCERT AT HEISENJI.

as an exception "——"But we are on pilgrimage", explained Benkei, "and before leaving took the severest vow of abstinence until again within the *omote-mon* (outer gate) of Haguro-yama." He sighed deeply and heartily, for he too loved *saké*. *In vino veritas*, and he feared the effect of one careless word from his wild and desperate companions. Ise and Washiwo brightened up at this evidence of palpable suffering of their leader. The priests of Heisenji thought that very severe. They longed to see the graceful Kongō-maru, acting as cup-bearer to the master of the Daikokudō. As the feast ended they sought consolation in music. "There could be no objection to that. Would the beautiful page, so famed on the flute, give them a little music. This was a poser, for the Kitanokata knew next to nothing of this distinctly male instrument. Her unused fingers would soon betray them. Benkei hesitated. "He is indeed the best in Haguro. So persistent in his practice he has neglected his studies in reading and writing the Holy Law of Buddha. Only on his earnest petition has he been allowed to carry his flute on this pilgrimage, with the vow before the *gongen* on leaving not to use it. But—here is his teacher. Let him entertain you." He turned to Yamatobō, humbly seated behind him.

The entrance of the bishop created a little diversion which the good man turned to the advantage of the visitors. "Let us hear the teacher. We can well excuse the lad on account of his vow." Benkei turned to Yoshitsune. "Play for the honour of *Haguro*, Yamatobō." Yoshitsune understood the allusion. He was not to do too well, not to over-do his rôle of attendant in the rough northern monastery. However, he played so sweetly that all sat entranced. The bishop, his attention centred, was fairly positive as to his visitor. However, to make more sure:—"Kongō-maru is vowed as to the flute. But that does not cover the *kōtō*. Let him accompany his teacher." Benkei plead ignorance of the *kōtō*. The Kitanokata's hand and gestures of a woman would betray her at once to everyone present. He half suspected the bishop of playing a game. He had a wild hope that there would be no *biwa*. "Let him try a *Bugaku biwa*", he said. The bishop openly rejoiced, looking slyly at him. "Very good! Let us have a concert. Summon the two most skilful of the *chigo* (pages)." Thus Yoshitsune on his flute, the Kitanokata on the *biwa*, Nen-ichi on the *shō*, and Misawa on the *hichiriki** made such sweet and harmonious music that all thanked Hachiman Daibosatsu, and no longer regretted the *saké*. "They felt like the guilty brought from the torments of Hell to hear the sweet music of Kabu-Bosatsu in Paradise." Thus all rejoiced. The priests, at the unexpected diversion injected into their monotonous lives; the visitors, at the feast so different from the scanty and coarse fare of their fugitive life; the bishop, at the opportunity to show his good will to him who had so roughly handled those scourges of Buddha's Order, the Taira. Then they all retired, to sleep until daylight. The younger priests accompanied them to the foot of the mountain, to point out the way to Komatsu. All enmity and suspicion was forgotten. Just when Yoshitsune got the chance to say his prayers is not mentioned.

Then they took their way through the foot-hills, resting in caves, or making the root of a pine their pillow, to rise in the morning wet with dew and stiff with cold. Benkei, to himself, mourned their hard life "in these steep, rough mountains, where they humbly had to ask their way of the people who knew the country as they did their own homes, and to beg food from the peasants. Their fortune was indeed evil." Not seeking the large towns they crossed the main road near what is now Iburibashi. For the first time in a week they slept under cover at the little sea-side village of Shiohama. "With fresh mind and new sandals tightly tied on" they started next morning in good spirits. This day they came, at start and finish, nearer wreckage than they ever were to reach. Riding the sea-road from Komatsu (Kanatsu) they met a large train of *bushi*, nearly a hundred men. At the rear was carried a standard with three doves, and behind rode a nobleman in *daimon* costume (court dress), and wearing a *tate-eboshi* (ceremonial head gear). They recognized him at once as Inouye Sayemon of Kaga, a familiar figure in Miyako. Benkei ordered his companions to scatter, and so to avoid suspicion. They thus passed the bulk of the cortege. As the noble rode past, a gust of wind took Yoshitsune's hat, and putting up his hand to save it his face was turned up to that of the rider looking down. For a few seconds the two men thus looked into each other's eyes. Inouye dismounted and knelt. "As ascetics I ought to pay your company respect. It is rude thus to pass you on horseback." At this moment Benkei, who had turned back, came up. The others in their turn halted. "Is there anything wrong? This is our coolie. Has he been rude to you?"—Replied the noble:—"I am Inouye Sayemon of Kaga. On the way to San-no-guchi I am little prepared to make offerings, beyond the respect paid to such worthy *yamabushi* as you have in your company. You will find a difficult barrier close at hand, for there are orders to strictly examine all *yamabushi*"—"Thanks," said Benkei. "We will remember you in our prayers to the Lord Buddha, asking him to grant you long life and happiness. May we meet again." Inouye, with another respectful bow to the air in general in the direction of Yoshitsune, mounted his horse and rode off. "He knows us well," said Yoshitsune. "There is a model of a *samurai*. None would be stricter on his ground and duty. None more courteous to misfortune at his opportunity." And he was right. At night as Inouye rode into Fukui he told those immediately around him how that day they had passed Iyo-no-Kami, on whose head such rewards were set. "The famous captain who defeated Kiso and the Taira, and secured the Three Treasures for the Tennō! What a terrible descent, to pass in such humble guise!" His *bushi* admired his courage and knightly courtesy as much as did Yoshitsune and his party.

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* *Shō*—a kind of flute. Cf. Piggott—*loc. cit.* pp. 8, 153. *Hichiriki*—"this terrible instrument" pp. 8, 151: a good description of its effect in Japanese orchestration.

Still commenting on their adventure the little band of fugitives passed the *Ne-agari-matsu* (Root-Ramifying above ground-Pine), and with a respectful salutation to the distant Shirakawa Shrine approached the broad swift current of the Atakagawa, swollen by the melting snows from the hills, and with free exit from the ebbing tide. They found Kisata awaiting them. He felt very hopeless. There was a strong barrier at Ataka, its guard being under the command of Togashi Sayemon Masahirō. He had three hundred men at the barrier, and three thousand more were lined along the roads and country crossing the province. All this formidable array was for the inspection of travellers, and three heads of *yamabushi*, hanging over the barrier gate, were earnest of his ferocity. Benkei leaned thoughtfully on his *kongō* cane. The situation was serious. Of the eight *Suke* (governors), Chiba no Suke, Akita no Suke, and this Togashi Sayemon no Suke were known as the three wise and clever men in Nippon.* Togashi had been brought up at the Daishōji-in in Kaga. He was a learned man, and a rich and powerful noble. Once more Benkei hesitated. There were some children playing and throwing pebbles at each other. He called gently, fearing to attract attention at the barrier across the river. His voice could not reach the boys so he began to dance as if in wonder at the wide flood. Soon they came running up to see the funny sight of a big priest dancing. At their call of "more, more!" Benkei said:—"First tell me if there is another road by which we can avoid the barrier." There was a good deal of discussion. Gen'chan insisted there was one. Shigei'chan, a grave, round-eyed, round-faced little youngster of seven years, said there was none. "What will you give us to show you? Your cane?" This from the mercantile-minded Gen'chan—"That I cannot; but......," Benkei made inquiries and collected several fans from Ise, Washiwo, and Hitachibō. "Here! How will this do?" As the country boys had never seen the folding fan, better known East than West, in town than in country, he folded and unfolded one, and moved it across his face as in very hot weather. There was no question as to its "doing." But there were not enough to go around. "Come! Let luck settle the question. I will throw them up in the air, and the best boys will get them." Benkei cast them too far, or else the wind was stronger than he expected. The boys got their plunder at a distance and were safe from pursuit. Seeing them make off Benkei ventured to call still louder, but they merely mocked at him. Called Gen'chan :—"You foolish priest! If there was another road Etchu-no-Kami Togashi would there equally be on his guard." And so he made off, derisively clapping his hands; the careful little Shigeio unwillingly guarding the retreat. The incident touched Benkei. He felt a loss of ingenuity. "To go through so many years, requiring quickness of wit and cleverness of expedient, and to be so taken in by infants!" He fumed over the outlook, even with tears of rage at himself for being so fooled. The discouragement of others brought the self reliant man to himself.

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* "San-Suke," Shinshinsai is careful to add, "does not here mean 'a bath-room servant,' as it does to-day." He is an incorrigible joker. These Togashi of this West Coast played a great part in the civil wars. They were prominent all through the Kamakura Shōgunate, and later.

Yoshitsune stood gloomily in thought. "So many barriers to pass, with armies to guard them! My only use to you is to give you my head. I shall here commit *harakiri*, and charge you, as my faithful retainers, to take my head yourselves to Kamakura-dono. All men will understand my reasons, and absolve you of any taint." He seated himself in all calm collectedness, and was proceeding to carry out his intention. Ise Saburō and Washiwo forcibly stopped him, and looked to Benkei. Ise Yoshimori was all for fighting. "What are these swords for?" said he. "Let us make a sudden irruption into the barrier. If we cannot escape we can fight to the death, and our lord may succeed in getting through. This is our plain duty." All loudly approved. The old Yoshimori of Dan-no-ura touched a common chord. Swords were loosened, and fierce eyes turned toward the swift river separating them from the enemy. Benkei stopped them. "I beg your lordship not to think again of anything but your future vengeance and glory. We are going through much difficulty for your sake and to get you to Oshū, and there you shall get. The flag with the bamboo leaf in the circle shall yet be seen freely waving. Togashi is a man after all. I shall get past him, willing or unwilling. Success in fighting would be fatal to us. It would bring down on us, not three hundred, but three thousand *bushi*. So far from Mutsu, this is not yet the time to use force. Leave the matter to me." He blew his conch-shell loudly. The guard was heard striking the wooden clapper on the other side of the river. "The Ataka is swift as an arrow and hard to cross, but a raft of intelligence and good oars will land us safely," said Benkei significantly.*

A boat was seen starting on the other side, and rowing some distance up the swift stream. Then it drifted down to where Benkei and his companions were standing. It was a *peka-bune* (shaking boat) with very thin flexible bottom to bend in contact with rocks at the bottom of the river.† Benkei and the company entered, to be rowed up stream and landed in a similar manner at the barrier on the north side of the river. Over it were fastened the three fresh heads of which Kisata had spoken. The Kitanokata gazed at them as one fascinated. The bar was let down and Benkei and his party entered, on this third day of the third month (14 April, 1187 A.D.). The place swarmed with men at arms, and these at once surrounded them. "Don-gara-gara," and the heavy bar fell and shut them in. Benkei glared around him. "What means this rough behaviour? This is a public road, and we have a right peaceably to pass"—"You might under ordinary conditions," answered the *sonkai* (head) "but we are under orders to arrest Yoshitsune and his party who are travelling to Mutsu disguised as *yamabushi*. There are three heads of your fraternity, who chose to try and force their way past us."—"Are these the Hangwan and his men?" innocently asked Benkei

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* Quoted from Shinshinsai, who gets out of this episode all that he can, and admirably. Some make it a farce comedy (which the situation does not permit), and turn Togashi into an ignorant clown whom it is no particular credit to out-wit.

† Familiar to any who have travelled on the swift Japanese rivers; the Fujikawa, for instance.

—"No, you fool! If it was the Hangwan we would not stop you'—"Oh! Is that all they did?" said Benkei. What cruel fellows you are! Well, I shall stay (this to his companions) and answer the questions. The rest of you can go on slowly, and I shall try to catch up with you." With a reverential "*O-saki*" the others made as if to go on. The guard lined up in front of them with strung bows and arrows ready. "Stop! Stop!" cried Benkei loudly. "We are *yamabushi* of Tōdaiji in the South Capital, commissioned under the Tennō's seal to collect subscriptions to rebuild the temple destroyed so infamously by Taira Shigehira. Your triumph would be short, and your penalty heavy." He stood, his legs wide apart, in front of Yoshitsune. The guards at once lowered their bows, and squatted prostrate on the ground. For the first time Benkei played his trump card, only justified at such a crisis. Go-Shirakawa was very desirous to rebuild the Tōdaiji, a memorial to his beloved spouse, as had been the case with Shōmu-Tennō in similar circumstances. Yoritomo wanted to postpone such an expensive business. Then the Hōō turned to the idea of voluntary subscriptions. Yoritomo met this by suggesting Buddhist priests as the means. This meant *juppō* and *jimmen*—religious ceremonies almost as costly as the rebuilding. The Hōō was no mean diplomatist. "Priests? Yes: *yamabushi*." And so Yoritomo yielded; the Hōō, to take credit as proposer; Yoritomo as active agent; and Tokugyō Shōnin as active recipient. Notice was therefore issued, and good treatment especially ordered for these priestly beggars. Now this order was issued in December of the preceding year (11th month); and the order from Kamakura as to Yoshitsune and the *yamabushi* was issued in March of the present year (1187 A.D.). The confusion thus caused was very great. Incidentally it was the salvation of Benkei and Togashi. Meanwhile the guards made profuse apologies for their roughness, but osbtinately barred the way.

Togashi Sayemon Masahirō, who was dining in the rear, heard the uproar. With a small halberd in hand he came forward. Benkei's quick eye caught sight of him, and he advanced to the *rōka*, swaying his *kongō* cane and loudly protesting against the rude treatment to which his company had been subjected. Togashi answered in gentle terms. "They have evidently acted very rudely, and against my orders. Their conduct is due to the orders from Kamakura to examine all *yamabushi*, in which disguise His Highness Yoshitsune is said to be going down to Mutsu. Please pardon their impertinence. But—who are you?"—said Benkei: "I am Arasanuki the Ajari of Haguro-yama. My uncle Mimasaka goes to Shinano by way of the Tōsandō, I by the Hokurokudō, to get subscriptions as you well know. As for these fellows your lordship has answered for them. Perhaps you will aid us with a subscription?"—"I shall do so gladly," answered Togashi with a little smile. "And you I am sure will answer my questions, as from one seeking information as to the Wheel of the Law which never goes backward. Little chance do we get in this place to hear good discourse concerning it. It is really our duty to inspect you and your luggage"—"Your lordship knows the urgency of our mission," said Benkei. "Do not detain us so long as to anger the Buddha"—"Your stay will depend on your answers," said Togashi coldly—Said Benkei: "Then I shall have to report to the Tōdaiji. Can we find a proper place for our luggage?"—"Proper?" queried Togashi, a little in wonderment. "Where and how do you wish to be lodged?"—Said Benkei gravely: "We must have a store-house (*kura*) of purified and untainted wood. The image of Dainichi Daishō Fudō Myō-ō cannot be placed upon the ground. See!" he pointed to a long box on Kumai's back. "Can you carry it on your back, and stand upright so that it will not touch the ground?" Togashi smiled. "There are not many men of such stalwart proportions, outside your own company. I should find it difficult—for many reasons. Your luggage is indeed sacred, and we have little experience of such travellers as your party seem to be. This is indeed new to me. Is such care necessary?"—"The Shumi-no-Shiten keep no better guard than we," was Benkei's reply.

CHAPTER XVII.

BENKEI THE PRIEST. BENKEI READS THE KWANJINCHŌ: BENKEI BEATS YOSHITSUNE.

> "But Milinda the king was filled with joy of heart, and all pride "was suppressed within him. And he became aware of the "virtue that lay in the religion of the Buddhas, he ceased to "have any doubt at all in the Three Gems, he tarried no longer "in the jungle of heresy, he renounced all obstinacy; and pleased "beyond measure at the high qualities of the Elder, at the "excellence of his manners befitting a recluse, he became filled "with confidence, and free from cravings, and all his pride and "self righteousness left his heart; and like a cobra deprived of its "fangs he said: 'Most excellent, most excellent, venerable "'Nâgasena! The puzzles, worthy of a Buddha to solve have "'you made clear. There is none like you, amongst all the "'followers of the Buddha, in the solution of problems, save only "'Sariputta, the Elder, himself, the Commander of the Faith.'"
>
> "The Questions and Puzzles of Milinda the King."
> (translated by Rhys Davids).

§ 1.

Togashi Masahirō seated himself just within the *rōka*. The little band of pilgrims was marshalled in front of him; Ise, Washiwo, Kanefusa, careless looking but with eyes to the ten directions of space; Hitachibō curious and indifferent, his eyes on Benkei. Yoshitsune also seemed almost detached as he watched the man on whose answers and wit hung the lives of all. The Kitanokata, shrunk within the little band, was anxious only to suppress sign of fear and thought of those gory heads adorning the gateway. Surrounding them were the serried lines of the guard, eager to see their lord's learning pitted against these wandering priests, despised and feared both as soldiers and clerics. Benkei—he thought, "Togashi dies the first." He advanced to the open space in front of them. "Reverence to the Blessed One, the Holy One, the Fully Enlightened One." All in answer bowed their heads at the invocation.

"You speak of the four heavens of Shumi.* What are these four heavens?" Thus asked Togashi his first question. Hitachibō looked relieved. The examination promised well on the rudiments. Benkei answered," Konsantei Myōhō on the East, Gundariyasha Myōhō on the South, Kongōyasha Myōhō on the North, Itoko Myōkō on the west.† The four quarters indicate its square form. One side of the wonderful mountain is of gold, another of silver, the third of lapis-lazuli, and the fourth of crystal." The plebeians gasped at such gorgeousness. Togashi seemed absorbed in Benkei's head-gear. Pointing to the loose wrapping, rather than hat, on the latter's head:—"Your *tokin*?‡ has it some particular meaning?"—"Assuredly so," answered Benkei. "The image of the deity of the *yamabushi*, Dainichi-Daishō-Fudō-Myōhō, is also so covered.§

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* Sumeru, or Meru, or Sineru, the axis of our particular universe in Buddhist geography. (Cf. Eitel "Handbook of Chinese Buddhism" p. 163). This "king of mountains" is constantly mentioned. Thus Meru "blazing showers down the pulverized scoriae of the golden valleys." (Buddha Karita of Asvagosha. S. B. E. XLIX 143.)

† East, Gold-monarch-enlightened-king: South, an eight armed Buddhist deity: North, a deity with three faces and six arms: West, excellent-king-of-high-virtue, [Minakami]. The four quarters as viewed from Sumeru. For these guardians, the Tchatur Mahârâdjas, see below. Cf. Eitel, *loc. cit*, on Tchatur Arûpa Brahmaloka and the eighteen Brahmalokas. Its esoteric meaning is found under Vimokcha.

‡ Which as ex-priest Benkei affected even in the heat of battle. He is rarely figured without it.

§ Dainichi Nyorai and Fudō (Vâirôtchana and Achala) are often identified—Cf. Chamberlain and Mason in Murray's "Japan".

The form of the hat is really due to our founder, En-no-Shōkaku.* When practising his ascetic vigils on Katsuragi-san, his *eboshi* (hat) worn by rain, frost, and dew, carried away piecemeal by the wind, remained nothing but a fragment on the top of his head. Zenki and Goki, his faithful demon attendants, thus protected their master's head"—"Perhaps its celestical origin," said Togashi slyly, "has something to do with its circular shape"—"Yes," answered Benkei boldly. "Its circular shape symbolizes the universe, and its twelve folds refer to the twelve causes and effects"—"And what are the twelve causes and effects?" asked Togashi. Benkei smiled; a smile reflected on the face of Hitachibō. The exposition of the twelve causes and effects took some considerable space in the training of the acolyte.† Perhaps Togashi remembered something of his early days at Daishōji, or else he caught the mocking glance exchanged by the priests. "Never mind answering," he said; "but tell me, what does the scarf you wear (*kesa*) mean, thus cast like a wheel around your person"—"It is round; as are the heavens, the earth, the sun, the moon; as are things celestial," drily emphasized Benkei—"And its four tassels?"—"Are the Shidai Tennō, the four heavenly kings,* Komiku, Shumoku, Bishamon, Sochō," Benkei replied. Yoshitsune and Kaison were relieved. Soldiers had little to say of the niceties of religion in those days. No more so than now. Hitachibō was the less surprised at this familiar knowledge in a hedge-priest. Togashi began to think that perhaps his first suspicions were groundless.

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* 634—699 A.D. The Shugenja (*yamabushi*) really are to be attributed to Shōhō (834-909 A.D.), Rigen-daishi of the Daigo-ji. En-no-Shōkaku was the master of Gyōgi Bosatsu, the originator of Ryōbu Shintō. There were two branches of the *yamabushi*, Tendai and Shingon, meeting yearly on Ōmine-san. Yoshino is closely associated with En-no-Shōkaku and Gyōgi-Bosatsu.

† *Jū-ni-innen*. Dr. Lloyd (T.A.S.J. XXII p. 369) gives them as "1: The lusts and desires of previous life. 2: The deeds and sins of previous life. 3: The mind at the commencement of uterine life. 4: The first five weeks of uterine life. 5: The perfection of eyes, ears, nose, tongue, body, thoughts, during uterine life. (The six roots). 6: The period of birth, when the organs formed in the previous state come into separate existence, but are as yet unconscious of joy or pain. 7: The development of infantile life, with joy and pain connected with the organs of bodily sense. 8: The lust of the flesh and the lust of the eyes. 9: The pride of life, which impels a man to run hither and thither in search of actions which produce a new karma of good or evil. 10: The completion of karma in this life, and its consequence, death. 11: New life according to the karma produced in No. 9. 12: The completion of all karma by attainment to Nirvana."

He took fresh ground. "And as a priest you of course have no relations with women," and he looked point-blank at the Kitanokata, concealing herself as much as possible behind the massive bulk of Ise and Washiwo, themselves hiding Yamatobō from view, perhaps for that reason. Benkei caught him up at once. The topic was dangerous. His voice had all the gentle rebuke of the priest seated in the safe shelter of his own holy precincts. "It was in Ragagriha, the Beautiful, that Udaijin the Wise said, 'in olden time a great seer, hard to be conquered even by the gods, was spurned by a harlot, the beauty of Kâsi, planting her feet upon him. And a woman low in standing and caste fascinated the great seer Gautama, though a master of long penances and old in years. Many such seers as these have women brought to shame,—how much more then a delicate prince in the first flower of his age.' If the wise would thus think to tempt even he who was to be the Buddha, much more should feeble man avoid even the suspicion of such evil. 'There s no calamity in the world like pleasure,—people are idevoted to it through delusion; when he once knows the truth and so fears evil, what wise man would of his own choice desire evil?' The Princess Kandavatî, the moon-faced, in a former birth held captive even the Buddha."†—

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* The *kesa* is the scarf worn by Buddhist priests. In the Kokushi Dai-Jiten, a head-dress of the Kwantō man-at-arms figured is also marked "*kesa*". The Shidai Tennō are Jikoku (East: Dhritarâshtra), Kōmoku (West: Virûpâksha), Zocho (South: Virûdhaka), Tamon (North: Vâisravana or Kuvêra).

† Ragagriha, the city of Bimbisara on Gridhrakûta, the Vulture Mountain, and capital of the Maghada princes. This was the scene of much of the Buddha's preaching. Benkei is here quoting the Buddha Karita. In these quotations I turn to the standard translations in the Sacred Books of the East Series (S.B.E.) The above is Professor Cowell's.

"You must indeed as saints possess powers not belonging to the vulgar, To so control body by mind is granted but to few." Thus spoke Togashi. * Benkei came back on him also from the familiar text-book of the monks. "'It is not by reasoning that the law is to be found: it is beyond the pale of reasoning, and must be learnt from the Tathâgata'"—"In such case, why preach the Law? Why appeal to one man in this form, to another in a different way?" retorted Togashi †—"'Because the final aim is absence of all passion, annihilation, knowledge of the all knowing.' When men once realize that all pain, the round of birth, death, and re-birth, comes from ignorance and delusion; when once they have acquired such knowledge they are set free. The form in which we preach the Law disappears in the result. So spoke the Buddha when he turned the wheel of spotless radiance, that which has three turns and twelve parts." The twelve parts seemed to catch Togashi's ear. He turned, however, to more practical matters, and safer ground—as he thought.

"What is a *yamabushi?*" he asked sharply. "What is the rule of your order?"—"The Taizō and Kongō ‡ scriptures govern us," answered Benkei. "It is our business to roam mountains and plains, killing wild and savage animals and venomous serpents. By our ascetic lives we lead the wicked to Paradise (Gokuraku). It is our object to perform these altruistic practices Thus we wander through the sixty-six provinces, sleeping in the mountains in wet as well as dry weather and in such shelter as we can find (the wiser winked). Such was the practice of our founder, En-no-Shōkaku, who practised his asceticism on mountain peaks where food was hard to obtain.* From this practice we have acquired the name of *yama-bushi* (mountain sleepers). Thus we find or make many roads for travellers who come after us."—"And your *kongō* stick? Is it to rest upon, to aid you in walking, or is it a weapon?" †—"Something of the three," answered Benkei. "When Shaka was called Gudonshami he practised asceticism and learned the holy books of India under Saint Arada.‡ This latter was so pleased at his application and progress that he named him Shofubiku (Saint-Priest) and gave him a present of a cane like this. For this reason En-no-Shōkaku adopted it, and we are his followers"—"And the *horagai* (conch shell) in your hand?" asked Togashi—"Its sound re-echoes in the hills like the roar of a tiger or lion. Beast and robber, evil man and animal flee at the sound of the *horagai*; and the other *yamabushi* can hear it, if we get separated and lost in the mountains"—"And your rosary? Is that to secure the practice of the four perfections,§ or to heap up merit for your heirs?"—"'At a man's death there are doubtless heirs to his wealth; but heirs to his merit are hard to find on the earth, or exist not at all. There is no wrong time for religious duty, life being fragile as it is.' In our forest life we have opportunity to acquire merit. And as we practise the four perfections so men do not say to us—'be so good Sir, as to go on to the next house.' The 108 beads of our rosary represent the 108 evil passions." Togashi was rash enough to ask:—"and what are the 108 evil passions?"—"All those which influence mind and heart. As do your suspicions of such harmless priests as ourselves. They are……" But Togashi stopped him. He had balked on the exposition of the twelve causes; much more did he do so in this case.*

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* Having in mind perhaps the *buddhadharmas* referred to in the Saddharma Pundarîka p. 31. Eighteen in number. Benkei's answer is found on p. 31 (S.B.E. Vol. XXI.)

† This adaption of the contents to the measure to be filled can be very practical, but it certainly gives good ground for saying that there is an esoteric and exoteric form of Buddhism in practice if not in theory. The parable (Saddharma Pundarîka p. 72 and paragraph 4 on page 122) both support this contention, also found elsewhere. Benkei justifies the means by the end; as does the Saddharma Pundarîka. On animals and reason, Cf. Questions of King Milinda I p. 51 (S.B.E. XXXV.)

‡ As used by the Shingon sect, cf. Lloyd. T.A.S.J. XXII p. 390. "Kongōkai (Vajradhatu) the *diamond* world," and the "Taizōkai (Gharbhadhâtu), the womb element." Japanese Buddhism, as said, finds its basis in the Mahayana texts. As between this and Hinayana, the difference is well illustrated by the practical (Hinayana) and mystical (Mahayana) treatment of metaphysics. For instance—on the senses, Cf. Rockhill—"Life of the Buddha" p. 198.

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* He is said to have made a practice of climbing mountain peaks to dedicate them to Shakamuni (Sakya). His demons Zenki and Goki supplied food as well as head-gear.

† It was a staff (of iron says Kataoka) marked with octagonal cross sections. The *kongō* stick is, of course, related to the Kongōkai, "the diamond world of ideal" of the Shingon Sect. Cf. Lloyd as cited. T.A.S.J. XXII p. 390.

‡ Cf. Buddha Karita pp. 123, 169 for his life doctrine, and fate. (S.B.E. XLIX). Arara.

§ Charity, compassion, sympathy, stoicism, says Professor Cowell, in a note to the Buddha Karita p. 177 (S.B.E. XLIX.)

The examination was going favourably. Yoshitsune was gazing intently at Benkei; perhaps too much so as he raised his head in so doing. The guards were mystified, but took their cue from the evident admiration of their master. Togashi had his strong suspicions, more than strong. There was but one Benkei, and if there was disguise he certainly had the noted *bushi* before him. Between he and Benkei it was a battle of wits. To stop priests engaged on such a serious mission, and with such a bigot seated at Kamakura, might mean the sacrifice of himself. His policy in any case was to be thorough. There were eyes everywhere, and this incident would lose nothing in its transference to Yoritomo. Fastening his eyes on Benkei's dress, he said: "You wear *suzuwake*, more like skirt than greaves."—To the inquiring tone Benkei answered, "formerly it was called *sune-wake koromo* (priest covering for the shin). As such it was effective against brambles, sharp-pointed twigs, and branches encountered in our mountain rambling over trackless forest. Wrongly it has taken the name of *suzu-wake*, but when is not known."—"Why should it always have just eight folds," asked Togashi.—"To represent Tō-Zai-Nan-Boku (East, West, South, North), and the four perfections—benevolence, rightousness, courtesy, intelligence." Then anticipating Togashi's pointed finger: "the black leggings mean the darkness of the great ocean, and the eight-knotted sandals the eight petals of a lotus under foot"*—"And by use of leggings and sandals you can live by faith rather than by works.† If robust enough perhaps by some *ganana* you can acquire the gift of Iddhi?"‡—"In such case you certainly would not see us here," replied Benkei with a little smile, in which Togashi grimly joined, and which spread to the assembly. Master and men were much pleased with this clever priest. No such *yamabushi* had ever sailed within their ken, by Iddhi or on his legs. Benkei added: "but by purification even ordinary mortals can do much." Togashi gladly took him up: "What are the eight doctrines; the purification, the road for ascertaining Buddha's Law?"—"Bosatsu, Kaika, Shitsu, Boku, Bodai, Butsu, Hō, Nehan." Thus answered Benkei "as easily as water runs down hill."§

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* *Hyaku-hachi-bon-nō.* The number of beads are 112. Rev. Dr. J. M. James (T.A.S.J. IX 173) tells us that the sects differ slightly in the construction and as to the arrangement of the large and small beads. The rosary is called *Shōzoku-Jiu-Dzu.*

Togashi felt pretty sure now who he had before him. He did not press the question as to Yoshitsune's presence, but he was lost in admiration of Benkei's quick wit and learning, and envied him such a retainer. "I have had great good fortune to meet with such a learned priest. Will you answer a few more questions, although I no longer have reason to suspect you of being a soldier not a priest. Why do you wear such an unusual dress?" Benkei laughed. "We dress thus horribly to scare away demons." For this reason our hat is like a helmet, our outer coat like armour, we carry a heavy cane as did

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[*] Control of the eight-fold path. Cf. note of Rhys Davids as to this and other doctrines. Mahâ Parinibbhâna Suttanta. S.B.E. XI, p. 63. As to Buddhist ideas on the Great Ocean, cf. "Questions of King Milinda" p. 159 (S.B E. XXXV. Rhys Davids).

[†] A doctrine expounded in the Smaller Sukhâvatî Vyûha, cf. p. 98. S.B.E. XLIX M. Müller.

[‡] *Ganana*, mental arithmetic without the aid of the fingers. The old fashioned Japanese would be hard put to it to get along without this substitute for the *soroban*. *Iddhi* is the power of flight through the air. Cf. "Questions of King Milinda" II, p. 94.

[§] Marga—Eight rules of conduct, pre-requisites of every Arahat, the observation of which leads to Nirvana: i.e. the eight-fold path. This identifies Hasshō-jōdo with Hasshō-dōbun of Eitel. For obvious reasons it is not ventured to confound it with Hasshū, the eight principal Japanese sects, each obstinate in regarding its path as the only true one. *Bosatsu* etc. are merely written in *kana*. They are all, if not titles, references to Buddha.

Shaka, and wear the sharp sword of the Buddha. Thus we seem more soldiers than priests."—"So, indeed", accented Togashi; "and is your sword to kill or simply to frighten."—"We use it to kill beasts, serpents,—or men," coldly answered Benkei.—"An effective weapon against physical danger. What do you use to ward off spiritual evils?" asked Togashi. "That is a great secret," said Benkei. "The nine-fold division of the Scriptures, 'the word of the Buddha that deals with holiness of life and attainment of the path' forms our potent spell—Rin, Pei, Tou, Sha, Kwai, Kai, Jin, Ketsu, Zai, Zen.* Thus to pray *kuji* you must stand upright, beat your teeth thirty-six times, with your thumb draw four lines horizontally and five lines vertically # while you pray, kyū, kyū, go, ritsu, rei.† If you do this all the negative evil spirits, ghosts, demons, evil passions disappear 'as snow in hot water or as if by the famous swords of Kanshō and Bakaya, sharpest in China.' Thus in ancient times evil spirits were destroyed, say the old books. Military men should know these spells. In the Gunrin Hōkan by Shimi, and the Naihen by Hobokushi,‡ and in many others they learn their practice of war. But greatest of all are these truths of the Shingon, words from the Myō-Hō-Renge-Kyō, whose efficacy is still greater. But what I here tell you, you must not spread abroad.§

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* "Against—enemy-fighting-man-all-camp-row-is-front" (Minakami). Probably this has reference to the nine-fold division mentioned in the Saddharma Pundarîka p. 45. The references are frequent. Cf. "Questions of King Milinda" I. 34, 35 (the nine-fold jewel of the conqueror's word"), 137 II 246; "springing into existence by the law", Sad. Pund. 61, 72. In Japan this charm was called praying *kuji*. The incantation Rin, Pei, etc. is found in Brinkley's Dictionary. 臨兵鬪者皆陣列在前 under "*Kuji.*"

† Quick-Quick-is-like-laws-decrees (Minakami). This is more *dharanipadani*. It was a good part of religion in Benkei's time, and is yet for plebeian and peasant Japan. The Saddharma Pundarîka devotes a chapter to these Dharani charms (p. 370). They are favourably mentioned in the Amitâyur Dhyâna Sutra. 急急如律令.

‡ "Treasure House of Military Art": "Inner Volume." (Minakami).

§ These Darani spells—*formulae* thus made up of a string of ideographs—are on much the same basis as our "lady bug, lady bug, fly away home" etc. They are to-day considered of great effect by the lower classes. This scene, based on Shinshinsai, as is the chapter, "Most wisely and learnedly have you answered, Sir Priest. You fulfill the Buddha's law of action in your wandering lives"*—"Provided we keep within the three-fold law, recognizing the impermanency of all things, setting store by none. Thus are we, hermit-like, sons of Buddha"†—"Your law is three-fold, I grant," replied Togashi. "Now the ordinary priests have a robe of a certain cut and proportions. Their hair too is always shaven in the same way. Why should you *yamabushi* differ so among yourselves; some with hair cut, others wearing it long, others again with it cut in strange shapes; and so likewise with your robes? Have you a triple fold in your law as to garments?"—"There are three kinds of *yamabushi*," replied Benkei. "Bikugyō, Tekihatsugyō, Ubasogyō. As to these I must tell you something of the life of our Lord Buddha. Shaka had become a priest after studying the sacred books under Saint Arâda on Danzoku-san.‡ It was on the eight day of the eleventh month (about the end of our December) that he left the mountain. After he had progressed a little distance he heard a voice saying:—'all things are unstable; uncertain is all being.' Looking up he saw a demon sitting cross-legged in the sky. Now what had been said seemed so wise that Shaka begged the demon to continue, but the latter pleaded hunger and inability to proceed. To lose such a

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shows the difference between him and the romancer Yamada. This latter would have delved deeply into what Benkei and Togashi wore, what they had on their backs, not in their minds. He slurs over the whole scene. I am too much indebted to him in other ways to be more critical.

* Nâgasena speaks of the ten kinds of individuals despised and contemned in the world. Then he quotes the Buddha's words:—"let me as a master in action etc." Cf. "Questions of King Milinda" II, pp. 140-1.

† "Impermanency, inherent pain, absence of any abiding principle (any self) in the Confections or component things", explains Rhys Davids in a note to the Tevigga Suttanta. S.B.E. XI, p. 162. How valueless are our abstract terms is a doctrine laid down in the Sukhâvatî-vyûha. S.B.E. XLIX. M. Müller.

‡ Or Ârata (Eitel). The following story is found in one of the Gatakas, I believe. Tekihatsu—("Cut Hair Priest," Minakami). Ubasoku—Upasika. Ubasogyō—duties of a lay brother.

chance at getting celestial knowledge at first hand seemed too bad, so the future Buddha took out his knife and a chunk from his left thigh and passed it over to the emaciated demon. 'Existence in this world is against enlightenment.' This was not very satisfying; and to set the machine in motion again went another chunk, from the right thigh, into the slot of the demon's cavernous maw. 'Extinguish your being and all will go well for you.' Then he positively refused to work further except on stronger inducement. 'I want all of you. These little pieces are mere appetisers causing more hunger than satisfaction.' Thus spoke the devil. Thought Shaka:—'hesitate and balance life against the doctrine of enlightenment; not so!' And down the demon's gullet he went. He thought to be smashed on the rocks of the devil's grinders, but instead found himself seated (much in the condition of our friend Saigyō of later date) safe and sound, but dazzled. Then a voice in the sky said:—'to annihilate oneself is happiness.' Thus was Shaka taught *Shogyō-mujō*, *Sejō-meppō*, *Shōmetsu-ijaku*, *Jakumetsu-iraku*. To these he added *Shogyō Sangai Shōkogō Juppshō*. This is the secret doctrine of the Shinshū and is the origin of Bikugyō."*

"Again, Shaka, then forty-four years old, was preaching the doctrine of expediency on the sea-shore, 'and the people in crowds like mosquitoes in summer flocked to hear him.' It was at that time the Five Hundred were converted to his doctrines, among them the Sixteen Disciples and the Sixteen Rakan. Thus he preached Bosatsu and Nyorai, and Teki-hatsu-gyō had its origin in the time of Shaka.† Again when preaching on the guarded slopes of the Himalaya, by purely spiritual power Shaka's eighteen heads reached above the heavens, and his eighteen feet touched the bottom of the sea. The virtue of his teaching was beyond the disciples and the Rakan. Only forty-two Bodhisattvas in the audience could fully understand it. Shaka at that time received the name of *ubasō-gyō*. And so in our days *yamabushi* are also called *ubasō-gyō*. There are these three kinds of *yamabushi*, each with their *dhutangas* (special vows)."—"Among which are eating meat and taking wives. Can you explain this difference from other kinds of priestly orders? This is my last question to you, for my suspicions are completely dispelled, meeting a priest of such learning and readiness as yourself."—"Easily," replied Benkei. "The answer is a long one, and concerns the life of the Saint, our Founder." Benkei rejoiced at this passing from theology to narrative. He had a better chance to arouse the interest of all, and so leave their minds lulled by a pleasant story, instead of wits sharpened by the controversial or technical learning of the priest.

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* *Biku* here is "brother" of the order. Cf. Rhys Davids note "Mahâ-Paranibbâna Sutta" S.B.E. XI p. 5. The *gyō* 行 means here religious austerities, a contraction of *gyōsho* says Brinkley's Dictionary. All the above terms have reference to conduct directed to secure Nirvana, largely to contemplation of one's navel with a minimum of thought. From composition *Sejō mappo* would refer to that inferior body of doctrine destined for public consumption.

† *Bosatsu and Nyōrai* are titles of the Buddha.

§ 2.

In ancient days there lived a dainagon named Miyoshi Kiyotsura, who had as wife the daughter of Daigūji Koremori.* They had one child, a boy to whom was given the name of Saku-no-Kishō. As he grew up nothing would satisfy him except to become a priest, and very unwillingly his father placed him in the Tōsan Ennenji when he was nine years old. At the age of twenty years he was bishop (*sōjō*), and of wide reputation for his profound knowledge of the doctrines of the Lord Buddha. His handsome appearance and fine complexion added much to his preaching and to his congregation. To this advantage Kishō paid little attention. But he noticed that there was always present a little girl in whose face he saw signs of deepest love. One day, instead of leaving his desk at once, he waited for the people to disperse. Then approaching the child's nurse he asked the reason for this constant attendance. "I must bring the child," the woman answered. "Otherwise she will weep day and night, and give me no peace." The bishop thought this very impressive and extraordinary. "How old is she?" he asked. "Four years old," was the reply. "How attractive in her, at her age to like to hear preaching! And who will you marry, my dear?" he asked as a joke. "You!" lisped the baby girl bluntly, with all the frankness of her few years.

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* Seventh century. As a matter of fact Miyoshi Kiyotsura belongs 847-918 A.D. under Daigo Tennō. These court ranks were unknown to the time the story must apply. Shinshinsai tells it on his own account, abandoning all the chronicles. It is perhaps worth noting here that the offices of *sōjō* and *sōdzu* were first established by Suiko Tennō in 623 A.D. There is no mention in the Nihongi or Kojiki (the only available authorities) of the apocryphal Shiba Tatsu, the Buddhist of 522 A.D. Shiba Tattō displayed his energies much later.

The worthy bishop was terribly shocked. The more so as the word "marriage" found response in his own heart. Plainly he was not yet within reach of Enlightenment, of Arahatship. So summoning another *sōjō* he betook himself to China, there to study diligently, and practise asceticism. At the end of three years he returned and made his way to Miyako.* As he entered the city, crossing the little bridge at Ichijō he met a long and stately funeral procession. Seeing a friend in the line he asked whose it was. Much astonished the friend answered:—"Why! it is your mother, Kishō." As the news of his presence spread the mourners halted. Kishō approached the bier, and asked the bearers to set it down and let him have a last look at the deceased. They demurred, fearing it might not be correct. "It is entirely correct", replied the bishop. "For we who are ascetics, we must keep our minds separate and uninfluenced by the world's pleasures and sorrows. For none can we go to the grave as a mourner. Please open the coffin therefore, and allow me one last look and word." Yielding they set it on the ground and opened it. Kishō's mother was seated, and looked as one asleep. Telling the beads of his rosary Kishō prayed earnestly. Then addressing the corpse:—"Mother, I am your son Kishō. Vouchsafe me a last word before we part forever." Wonderful to say the mother opened her eyes. "It is you, my son?"—"Yes," answered Kishō. Then he quietly closed her eyes. "*Namu-Amida-Butsu*, *Namu-Amida-Butsu*," he prayed. Then he thanked those present, and signed to the bearers to pass on, and took his own way into the city. Great was the wonder and admiration at such profound learning and saintliness as to enable him to perform this feat. But Kishō was not yet pure in mind and soul.*

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* Miyako was founded in 793 A.D. by Kwammu, who had removed to *Uda*, close by, in 784 A.D. This therefore is another wild anachronism. The capital at the time these events occurred was at Afumi (Tenchi and Ohotomo), or Yoshino (Temmu).

One day he went to the home of Sanjō Sama-no-Kami Tadahiro to give thanks for some favour granted. In front of the gate were some little girls playing at *onigokko* (prisoner's base *a la* Japanese). One ran against Kishō in her play. Both stopped and gazed for a long time at each other. Kishō was the more attracted by the signs of affection in the child's face. "How old are you?" he asked suddenly. "I am seven years old", replied the child. With his mind still puzzled, and hunting in his memory, Kishō said almost mechanically:—"You will grow up into a fine woman, and will make a great marriage some day. Who will be the lucky man, I wonder?"—"None but you," replied the child with startling promptness, and pointing with her finger to accentuate the answer. A wave of feeling again stirred Kishō, and in rage he drew his knife and plunged it into the little throat. Then feeling that he was still far too immature in doctrine he departed at once for China, to remain there eight years more.

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* It is creditable to the Japanese that learning and saintliness went together. In contemporary Europe at this time great holiness and extreme dirtiness were associated with great learning. But great learning, apart from holiness, was becoming dangerous. In general terms for the real cleanliness of the Middle Ages, cf. Cabanés "Mœurs Intimes du Passé," 2nd series. It was at the close of the 15th century, and with the extensive use of linen, together with disreputable customers, that the bath houses came into bad odour.

At last confident in mind he returned. Now at that time the copper spire of the Yasaka pagoda* had been bent in a sudden storm, and the Court was staggered at the cost of removal and replacement. Kishō thought that here was a good chance to determine the efficacy of his prayers. As people gathered in crowds to watch the efforts of the saintly man, to their wonder the spire was seen to straighten itself. The news of this event reached the ears of the Court, and Kishō was called in to aid the Tennō, ill of some complaint. Finding him learned in the Buddha's law, he became a great favourite at the palace. But the Tennō wanted him as adviser in politics. For this he must leave the priesthood. As *dainagon's* son a career of priest was not *en regle*. Kishō, however, refused all advancement. Three times he refused, and the Tennō in anger forbade him to leave the twelve gates of the palace. Every night a different *uneme* (palace waiting maid) was sent to wait upon him. For twelve nights Kishō held his own. On the thirteenth night, however, dazzled by the girl's beauty he trod the path of love with her. In the cooler moments of dawn he noticed a scar on her throat. He asked at once who she was and how she came by it. She told her story. She was the daughter of Sama-no-Kami Tadahiro.† Eight years before when playing before the gate of her father's mansion a strange priest had stabbed her. "Fortunately I recovered", she said with loving glance and embrace. Then Kishō told her who he was, and their mutual history. "Whether our connection is fortunate or not remains to be seen. If you have no child in three years I shall kill both you and myself, our union being offensive to the Buddha. We shall then become demons in Hell.

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* Well known, near the Kiyomizu-dera in Kyōto. "Dainagon" as used below is an anachronism. The authors of the Nihongi (720 A.D.) say:—"Gioshi were perhaps what are now called dainagon," speaking of 671 A.D. This feat is attributed to Kōbō-Daishi.

† "Uma-no-Kami", says Shinshinsai, who tells this story. This would be very appropriate as Sama-no-Kami was "Groom of the Palace Stables".

This terrible necessity was avoided by the birth of a boy within the period named. Kishō called him Butsu-maru.

When the child was three years old Kishō wanted to determine whether his connection with a woman had affected the efficiency of his prayers. So he petitioned the Tennō to let him try to make the Kamogawa run uphill, simply by the force of prayer. Said he:—"If I fail, I, my wife, and child will spring into the river as sacrifice, and become demons in Hell. (He was always tempting Providence). Great was the excitement. At that time the monks gave less trouble than they did centuries later. But the river gave a great deal. There was a great pow-wow and excitement among the councillors. Curiosity carried the day over the possible disadvantages of a back-water in the Kamogawa. The Court suffered from stagnation. White pheasants, Three-legged Red Crows, Deer with Eight Legs and Chickens with Four *ditto*, were running short. It made little difference if the peasants suffered a bit to relieve the tedium of palace days. So permission was granted. Everyone talked over the matter, and for once people were generally agreed on a verdict. In vulgar parlance, and seventh century Japanese, the *sōjō's* name was "mud"; nay, that of he and his tribe. And as it was not themselves, they gathered all the more cheerfully to see them take their leap to Limbo. Hucksters and peddlers to supply the holiday excesses of the many-headed swarmed. The appointed day was like a great fair.

Now like other holy men Kishō made little account of the stir he had created. He was surprised to find a great crowd when he came with wife and child, neither very willing, to perform his feat of making the river run backward, or water run uphill. He was man enough, and had confidence enough in himself, not to want to drown the crowd. So he crossed the river, and took his place on the bank just below where the Gion temple now is. Gazing steadily, as he began earnestly to pray, he told his beads. It was "marbles for keeps" as the school boys say. "The skirt of his garment was seen to wave in the wind, his eyes turned red, his hair stood on end, and he looked like Fudō-Sama in a furious rage."* Amazed the people watched. The river began to run slowly in its course. Then it stopped. Agitated the spectators began to call to each other and to point to the river. It was as if a wall of water had been erected through the middle. On Kishō's side the stream began to run back towards the source. On the other side the water ran down. In triumph the Saint was escorted to his lodgings. Now thinking over the matter, and adding up the proverbial two *plus* two, Kishō reached the conclusion that his life with a wife, and his diet of flesh and fish, had nothing to do with the precepts of the Buddha, and was of undeniable convenience as to commissariat when he roamed plain and mountain. "As the Lord Buddha himself showed the folly of unwise asceticism, so did the founder of our Order offer his followers relief from useless discipline." Then looking meaningly at Togashi he added; "'What merit is there to him who brings sorrow on others.'"†

Togashi rejoiced profoundly. He was thoroughly convinced now that he had before him the famous Benkei, faithful and quick-witted. How he envied Yoshitsune such a man! To give the signal of arrest meant the destruction, not only of these brave men, but of many of those present. Form was more than satisfied, which was enough in these early days in which the political world was so unsettled, and he who was down to-day was up to-morrow. The bloody policy of "thorough" of the Kamakura chief was not as yet so thoroughly understood, and this feudal world had not set so hard or so vindictively in its mould. He gave his verdict. "I am without suspicion. None but a true priest could answer as you have done. 'You have been a light in our darkness.' I should like you to stay, and have converse with you, but on such a mission charged by high authority, and seeking subscriptions that is out of the question. You are in a hurry. Let me see your book (*kwanjinchō*). Read at least the preamble to it."—"*Naruhodo!*" thought Benkei. He could make bricks without straw, but not from empty words or nothing. That was pushing the doctrine of delusion too far. Himself, he had nothing but an old account book. He turned to Hitachibō as a last resource, and because he caught a meaning look in the latter's face. "Chikuzenbō, you have the book." Now Hitachibō by accident was up to the occasion. He had in his luggage a copy of the Shō-mangyō (Srîmâlâ Devì Sìmhanada), written not only in Chinese, but in the ancient script. "Here it is," and solemnly he handed it to Benkei whose eye lit up.* Togashi might be a light of learning, but outside of a few scholars, not found in official circles connected with the *Buke* Government of Kamakura, or of the Court which still affected in some degree Chinese learning, there were few in Nippon who could handle this ancient script. Taking it, at Togashi's signal he began to read.

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* En-no-Shōkaku was reputed a magician, and in 699 A.D. was exiled to Izu, to be recalled later. As he was *sōjō* at twenty-two years, and married the girl aged fifteen, with the child aged three years, this tale would be in 670 A.D. or a few years later; the close of Tenchi's reign.

† "Questions of King Milinda" II, p. 115. Says Shinshinsai—"Now this Yen-no-gyōja of Benkei was Shaku-no-Zōju-Kishō." This identification is "out of the question"; but to whom Shinshinsai really refers I have not been able to trace.

"'The autumn moon veiled its face in the heavy clouds of night, nor was there aught to disturb the dreams of any. Peace prevailed throughout the land in this reign of Shōmu Tennō. Then the *kōgō* died, lamentable event. The Tennō shed tears in sorrow, and erected to her memory a statue of Roshana-Butsu. In the battles of Jishō this was destroyed by fire, and never since has been replaced. Regretting the loss of so holy an image the Tennō now seated on the throne has graciously ordered Shinjobō, the bearer, to travel the provinces outside of the Go-Kinai, and to collect subscriptions for the re-erection of statue and temple. Whatever the amount subscribed, he who contributes shall enjoy happy life in this present world and be granted a seat on a holy lotus in his future existence. Kimyō Chōrai. Let the purport of this missive be recognized. Signed. Kadowara Shinnō.'"

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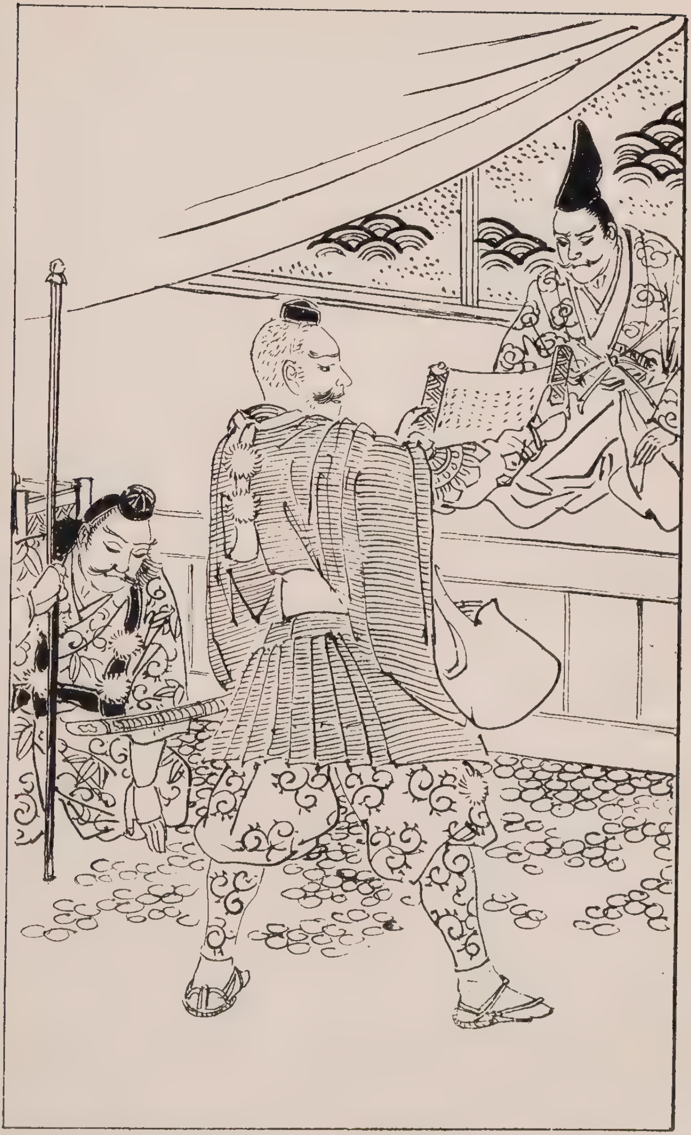
* As staged Benkei here proceeds to read out of the Hōrai (Eternal Youth and Felicity), a sort of primer. So few of the Kamakura *bushi* could read at all that although learned in comparison Togashi did not need to go very deep. But the Hōrai hardly could fool one educated in early youth by the priests.



BENKEI READS THE KWANJINCHŌ.

Then he handed it to Togashi, and turning to Hitachibō gave him a significant glance to be ready. Thus did Benkei read the *Kwanjinchō.**

§ 3.

Whether Togashi Sayemon Masahirō suspected a ruse, whether his learning went beyond the Chinese characters as taught for Japanese use to youths of the noble classes, we do not and need not know. He handed it to his steward with a nod of approval. The latter, who knew far less than his lord and was not willing to say so except in the way of flattery, followed his example. All were satisfied that the examination was ended. Then Togashi ordered that five rolls of Kaga silk, and a quill of gold dust (of about one ounce weight) wrapped in paper, both placed on an offering tray, should be presented as his subscription. To this munificence his wife added a white silk skirt and an eight sided mirror to free herself from worldly sin. All the related members, all the retainers, of the House brought forward their contribution. Benkei was somewhat staggered. " We are on our way to neighbouring places, and to beg in Noto. In a month we shall return here. Allow us to leave these generous gifts with you until our advent." Selecting a few he gave them into the charge of Yamatobō. " I shall stay here to offer prayer. " Thus he kept off too premature discussion of their party. With an "*o-saki*" Kaison passed his leader. Thus by two and threes the others left the barrier. As Yamatobō passed through the last an official thought he recognized him as Yoshitsune, and called out loudly. He was immediately surrounded. A peremptory motion from

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* Chinese texts were originally written in the "tad-pole" character. Ankwō (born 150 B. C.) deciphered and transcribed these in the current characters of the Han dynasty. Buddhist books were introduced into China 60-70 A. D. (Legge. S. B. E. III pp. XIII, 454). The Shō-mangyō, expounded by Shōtoku Taishi, was probably in this Han script.

Benkei sent the others slowly forward. Washiwo and Ise lingered. Togashi said :—"Anyone who resembles Yoshitsune ought to be detained." Benkei approached the coolie, roaring rather than speaking. "What are you stopping for? You are good for nothing. Weakling, you stagger under such a small burden! Get on!" The guard interposed. "Please, *sonkai,* (leader), hold your hand. We suspect him of being Yoshitsune." This only made Benkei more furious. "Often we are held up and delayed by your face. I thought it weakness of back. You had better stay here and take charge of the luggage. Meanwhile I shall give you something by which to remember me. *Baka*! (fool)", and with his *kongō* cane in both hands he fell to beating Yoshitsune in real earnest. So heavy were the blows that Yoshitsune fell to the ground. He begged for mercy and excused himself. Togashi rose in surprise. If this was Yoshitsune and Benkei he felt for both of them. "Let him alone. Do not beat him so cruelly. After so severe an examination we will not detain you on so trifling a matter as the suspicion of a resemblance. My man is over-zealous." At soul Benkei rejoiced. Outwardly he grumbled loudly. "I shall finish you yet. You well deserve to be beaten to death, but his lordship interferes thus kindly to save you. Get on with you!" and he aided him forward by picking him up by the neck and ribs and throwing him bodily out of the barrier. And Yoshitsune needed aid. Washiwo and Ise Saburō picked him up and assisted him off. It was with real storm clouds and disturbance of mind that Benkei told his rosary and prayed. Prayed so long and earnestly that even the guards hoped he would get through and be off. Never had a priest of such fluency in argument and petition been seen in these western parts. Again he promised that Yoshitsune should come to this barrier and fall into their hands. At which they all rejoiced. And again he mumbled *darani* charms (*sic*) at which they marvelled. Then he bowed profoundly to Togashi, and having given his master a long start, he passed out the barrier to hurry after—fleeing "as one who has escaped the attack of wild beasts and poisonous serpents."

CHAPTER XVIII.

GATHERING SHADOWS.

> "Ay! respondió Sancho llorando; no se muera vuesa merced,
> "señor mio, sino tome mi consejo, y viva muchos años,
> "porque la mayor locura que puede hacer un hombre en esta
> "vida es dejarse morir sin mas ni mas, sin que nadie le mate,
> "ni otros manos le acaben que las de la melancolia."
>
> (Don Quijote de la Mancha.)

§ 1.

Thus Benkei took his way from the barrier, with animated face chatting with some of the guards, who, unwilling to lose too soon such a spiritual father accompanied him for some fourteen *chō* (nearly a mile). With their departure, however, the cheerful look departed from his face. It would have been a brave man not to meet with some awe the frowning downcast face of the giant, as he rapidly strode along, muttering and savagely digging his staff into the footway. About an hour's walk beyond the barrier, gathered in the shelter of a little shrine dedicated to Kwannon, he found his party, busily attending to their chief who sadly needed it. Benkei strode on to the *rōka* and entered the hall. All made way for him, with genuine sympathy in their faces. Always notable among the retainers of Yoshitsune, in this dangerous voyage the resource and wit of Benkei, so ready, so effective, so apt and shifting had put him once for all distinctly their chief.

With their heads just out of the lion's mouth, their sympathy was strangely united in their feeling of devotion to their lord, and their admiration of the man who, sworn as themselves to his service, yet in necessity dared to lay violent hands upon him. Disregarding any, Benkei, hurling the offending staff to the end of the building, knelt prostrate before Yoshitsune, his forehead resting on his hands. "May my lord deign to pardon my offence. All the gods of luck seem to have deserted me this day that I should have been compelled to resort to such a disastrous strategem. But there could be no pretence under the eyes of Togashi and his guards. My arms seemed to weigh a thousand pounds (*kin*) when I tried to raise them, and every blow left them numb and nerveless so that I feared I would betray myself. Indeed it has cost me much to do this, my lord. Allow me to live and be your guide to the lands of Hidehira. Then have me torn into a thousand pieces, an object of infamy to men's eyes. Thus, my lord, I ask your pardon." Overcome, the huge shoulders of this giant form heaved in sobs, and the tears ran down to wet the hairy cheeks and outstretched hands on which his forehead now rested. Thus spoke Benkei.

It was a firm slender hand that was laid tenderly on his shoulder. "Wise and resourceful in wit you did nothing but what was necessary to save our lives, my Benkei." His voice lingered as in tones of deepest affection it spoke the priest's name. "It seemed to me, as I listened to you at Ataka, nay, when I felt your blows, that Hachiman Tarō himself, my ancestor had entered your body to save my life by your ready intelligence in meeting the most dangerous situation. Why, when Sō, in the disguise of a courier, was trying to escape through the hordes of Asō, his servant soundly beat him before the guards of his enemy, crying—'Come, you sluggard! You are too slow. Move quicker, or stay behind;' and the guards no longer doubted. Thus Sō was saved. To sacrifice life for one's lord is usual. To lay hands on him is difficult. Wit and wisdom alone can teach the devoted what the relation of lord and retainer really means—to sacrifice both self and feeling. Pained! In the days of the Tong dynasty in China there lived a lord named Bun, who came to be the minister of his king. When a boy he had been most awkward and mischievous, and his mother often beat him for the trouble he gave her. So at thirty years of age he gave her occasion to repeat her punishment. Surprised at his loud wailing his mother, a little angry, rebuked him. 'You did not cry so loud when as a child I corrected you. Now you deride me.'—'Not so, mother,' he replied. 'I weep because the years have made your hand so light that I feel sorrow at your weakness.' Angry, Benkei! Not so! I rejoiced at your strength; rejoiced to know that our privations have left you as you were. I was delighted at your faithfulness, ready for all to secure my safety. Without you our heads would now be dripping at the barrier at which we were so nearly halted. On you depends our safe arrival in Oshū. With one so faithful and ready, how could I feel otherwise than proud and grateful—my Benkei! my Benkei!" and as the giant slowly rose it was with both his hands grasped by his lord, and the two gazed into each other's eyes, admiration and affection in the eyes of the master, devotion and affection in those of the retainer.

Then with cheerful hearts all again took the road, intending to take boat at Take-no-hama (in Kaga), and thus to avoid the barrier between Kaga and Etchū. The guard in charge at the ferry, however, was by no means ready to accept them as passengers. He too was to be on his guard against *yamabushi*. "But why?" asked Benkei, in loud and angry tones. "I am Aranami Sanuki of Haguro. You ought to know me"—"Oh! I remember you well," replied Hirame, who was in charge. "Once you gave me a charm against sickness. But one of your party looks like the drawing of the Hangwan sent out to the barriers, and he answers to the description." His accusing finger pointed to Sugime Kotarō. This latter did have no little resemblance to his master, Yoshitsune, whose shoulders were not exactly ready for a fresh application. Benkei's eye lit up. At worst here was a scape-goat. "You may be right," he said to Hirame. "Properly he belongs to Hakusan in Kaga, and is with us as he did not want to go to Noto alone. He has been a great trouble to us." Then turning to Sugime. "You can stay here with these officials. We shall go on. We can afford no sympathy for the Hangwan or those like him." Picking him up he cast him into a sand bank, and fell on him with great apparent violence, wielding his fan in vigorous chastisement. Harime was quite shocked at such treatment of the holy man. "What a rough set you *yamabushi* are. To beat a fellow priest in this way, one over whom as a stranger you have no authority. Let him go with you." Going over to Sugime he picked him up and dusted him off. "Kami-na-dzuki,"* muttered Yamatobō mischievously as he passed Sugime. A smile passed over the faces of those around, which Kataoka explained to Hirame in an awe-struck whisper, looking at Benkei—"He is a man of wrath." Thus they all got in, and Sugime, in great apparent fear, carefully kept near Hirame. When they were in mid-stream this latter ordered the men to stop rowing. "You must pay your passage," he said curtly—"What! cried Benkei in astonishment. "Who ever heard of pilgrims paying passage money" — "Such rough customers as you shall pay," replied Hirame. Benkei frowned hideously. Pointing to the Kitanokata he said :—"This is the son of Sakata Jirō, lord of Sakata in Dewa. He will remember you in a way you will not like when he passes this way." But Hirame held his ground. Benkei reached over and took the cloak from the shoulders of the Kitanokata. "Dont tell other Haguro *yamabushi* that we paid toll. Take this cloak. It is a handsome one. I can promise you that whoever wants to present it at Sakata for redemption will be heartily received. Meanwhile, breathe a word of this present and I shall charm your soul from your body." He tossed the cloak to Hirame and grasped his rosary with fearful meaning. Hirame did not hesitate. It was not the toll he wanted so much as the cloak. He

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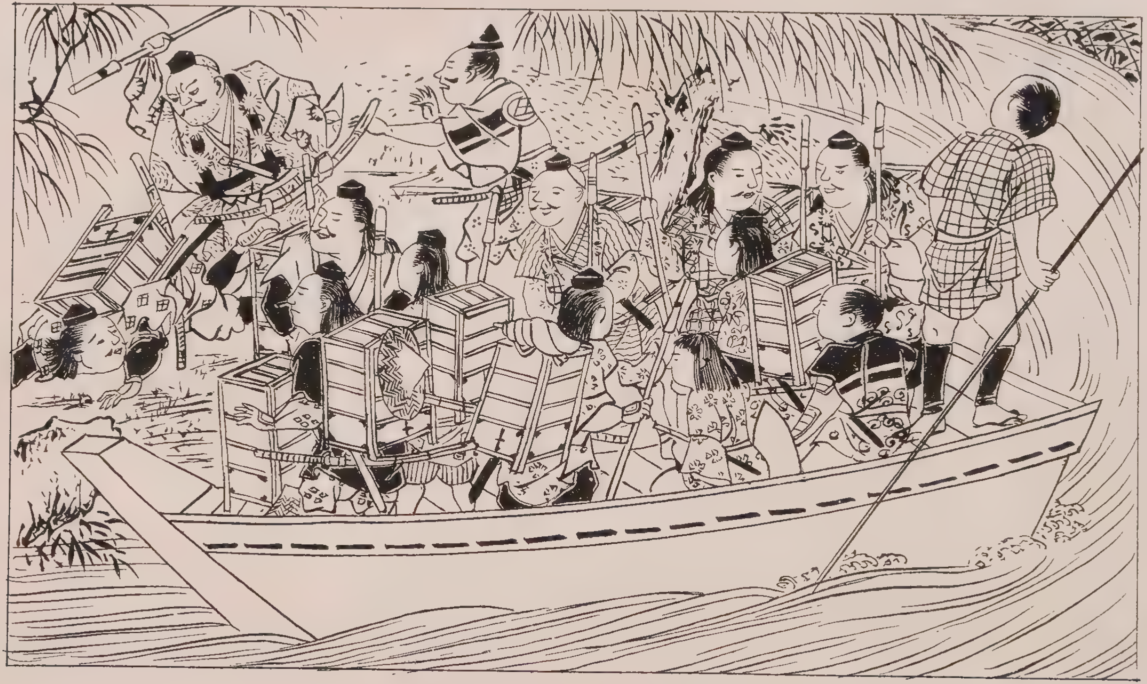
* When all the gods, including those of luck, are absent in Izumo.



BENKEI BEATS SUGIME AT THE NYOI FERRY.

had a counter charm at hand. He passed it on to Sugime with a respectful duck. "My words have brought you a severe beating. I beg you to receive this as an amendment." With a defiant look at Benkei, and a wink at the rest, Sugime took the gift with most grateful thanks. Thus they reached land, and the Kitanokata in due time recovered her cloak at the first turning in the footway. "*Kami-na-dzuki ga sugisarimashita*," said Sugime, as bowing low he restored her property.*

They passed the wood of Iwase and went on through Kurobemura. Thus they reached Iwatozaki. This was a mere collection of fishermen's huts. Watching the women picking up the sea-weed on the shore the Kitanokata was moved to tears. Their hard lot, compared to her's, in its peacefulness and certainty, seemed a residence in Paradise (Gokuraku). It was with moist eyes that she slowly moved the sand with her little foot, as she sang:

"Wandering far through hill and dale,
"By Nippon's lonely shore, wave dashed,
"I reach this spot, sad in mind,
"As never former days bestowed."†

With her life of delicate luxury in Miyako in mind, all sympathized with her distress, so exposed to danger; her woman's task, imposed by Nature, so close at hand. They consoled her as best they could, and hurried along the Etchū road to reach the Kwannondō at Hanazono. This shrine had been established by Naoye Jirō at the orders of Hachiman Tarō Yoshiiye. On his return from Mutsu, after defeating Munetō and Sadatō, the hero had worshipped here, and had granted land for the support of the temple, it being maintained for the worship of the deity of the Minamoto clan. Its efficacy had been tested by the neighbours, and it had secured their great respect. Yoshitsune wished to spend the night here in prayer, which seemed very reasonable to his retainers. Off came their sandals, and all put down their burdens and took their ease. Leaving the Hangwan, the Kitanokata, and Kanefusa;* Benkei and the others took their iron bowls and started off to the neighbouring village to secure food.

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* "The jaunt of the gods is over."

† "Yo mo no umi
"Nami no yoru yoru
"Kitsure domo
"Ima zo hajimete
"Ukime wo zo miru."

Now the officer in charge of the district, Gon-no-Kami Kamizuki, had received notice from the fishermen that a party of fifteen *yamabushi* was lodged at the Kwannondō. His orders were strict, so gathering together his few retainers and the villagers, with a formidable party of two hundred men he surrounded the shrine. Hearing the noise Yoshitsune came forth. He was a little non-plussed as to how to answer Kamizuki's questions of "who are you, and where are you going?" They were now well on the road to Haguroyama, whose priests made the western sea provinces their stamping ground. He answered:—"We are pilgrims from Kumano on our way to Haguro. Our leader will soon return and answer any questions you choose to ask." Thus he left it in delightful vagueness as to what their exact connection with Kumano and Haguro actually was. Benkei was already on hand. In the village he heard a chance word that Gon-no-Kami was on his way to the Kwannondō. He and his companions quickly found their way back. Followed by the band he forced his way through the crowd to confront Kamizuki. Yoshitsune pointedly repeated their mission. Benkei stood bravely up to it. The Gon-no-Kami replied:—"Of Buddhism I know little, but Kamakura-dono has given orders to examine all *yamabushi*. I must see your luggage." Benkei glared at him in a great rage, and in denunciation of such unheard of sacrilege. Then detecting no great intelligence in Kamizuki's countenance he decided to risk it. "We have nothing but an image of the god and the necessaries for our journey. As otherwise you would suspect us, we will allow you to inspect our packages. Of course you will purify them afterwards?"—"Oh, yes!" replied Kamizuki, with very hazy ideas as to ecclesiastical purification and fees therein implied.

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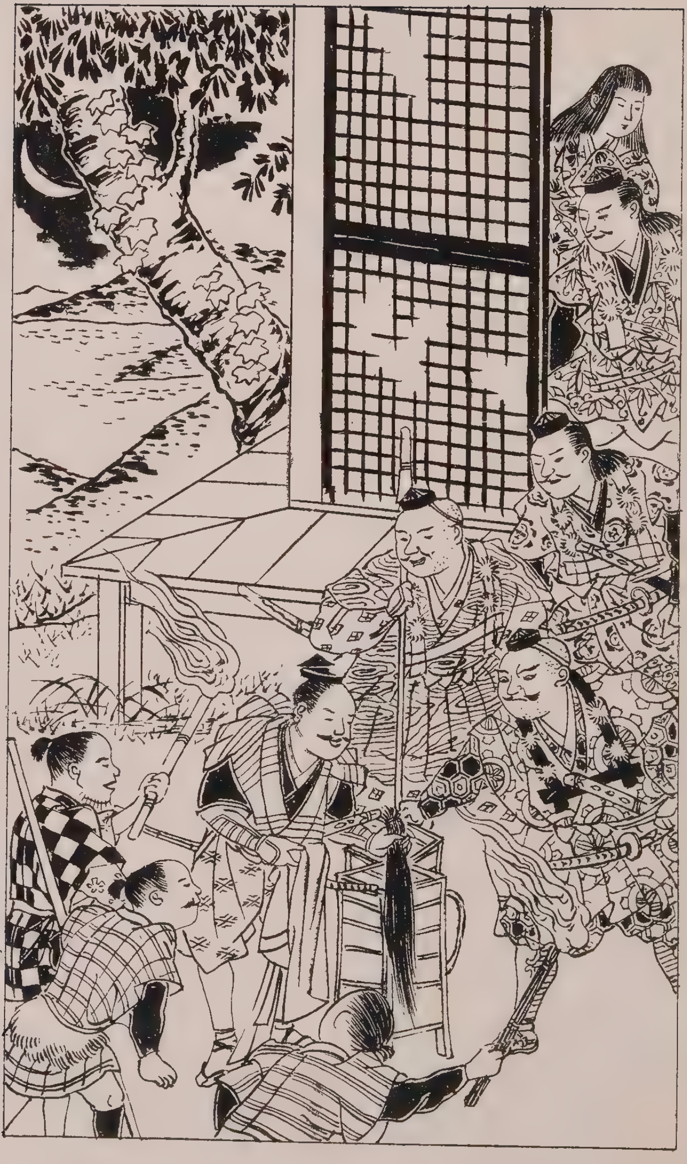
* Masuo Kanefusa was Yoshitsune's foster brother.



GON-NO-KAMI·KAMIZU-DOCTOR OF THEOLOGY

Benkei was surprised. Kamizuki's anticipated refusal not materializing he was forced to go ahead. Kaison's package only contained five volumes of the Hokkekyō. This, the Shō-man-gyō carried in his ample sleeve, his sharp sword by his side, and his heavy *kongō* cane, were all with which the learned but surly priest cared to trouble himself. The Kitanokata likewise was monastically theological. Her package contained five volumes of the Daiba-bon-Myōnin-jōbutsu. These passed well. Mibe Heizō's package, however, contained a skirt and comb, a *kōgai* (long hair-pin), and a bunch of black hair. Benkei looked on impassively. Yoshitsune looked quizzically at Kanefusa and the Kitanokata. The latter could not leave behind her precious hair. Sugime Kotarō and the rest looked *naruhodo* at Benkei. He was equal to it. "The mother of Sakata Kongōmaru," (Kamizuki bowed respectfully to the Kitanokata at the mention of the name of the powerful lord of Dewa), "is often ill of late. She cut off her hair, and with her clothes put it in a parcel to represent herself, when her son made his pilgrimage to the Kumano Sanzan. He is returning with us. A woman is sinful, as you well know. You can have no suspicion as to these articles. No! Oh, no! No! No!"

Whether he had or not Kamizuki passed on to the next parcel, that of Ise Saburō. All wondered when a pan (*domburi*) was fished out. "Is this *yamabushi* furniture?" asked Kamizuki—"As we live in the mountains we often have to cook for ourselves. We are therefore exempt from the rule of the ordinary mendicant priest." Kamizuki began to think that if there was anything suspicious he was not likely to get a doubtful answer out of this priest. In Kumai-Tarō's parcel was found an axe-head. "To cut paths, make bridges, fell trees, and such work. The mountains and country-side are the field of the *yamabushi*, followers of En-no-Shōkaku, as you well know." Thus spoke Benkei, anticipating Kamizuki's question. Then Kamizuki pointed to Kamei Rokurō's parcel. Now Kamei had slid up close to Benkei to tell him that within there was a helmet and suit of armour. "Loose?" asked Benkei. "No," whispered Kamei.

"It is wrapped in a white cloth and fastened with *yomai-ito* (a strong cord used in flying four sheeted-yomai-kites). It is also tied *koma-musubi* in forty eight knots."* Benkei was watchful. Kamizuki tried to open the parcel and failed. "What is inside?" he asked. Benkei pretended great wrath. "It is an image of Dai-Nichi-Fudō, the object of *yamabushi* worship. You shall regret having handled it." All placed their hands on their *shibauchi* (sword) and looked very fierce. Now Benkei in his anger looked like a Ni-o, and this was enough to frighten Kamizuki. As the stuff rattled like loose metallic images or their parts he had no reason to suspect that Benkei was fooling him. The latter fiercely mumbled and muttered a prayer that Kamizuki would go no further. Uncertain and fearful Kamizuki drew back, and waved to them to pack up and be off. Benkei still fumed in great anger. "That your suspicions are removed is good in itself, and to your merit hereafter. But we cannot take back the packages without purification. "But how?" asked Kamizuki. "Shall I wash them in cold or hot water?" Benkei looked at him open-mouthed. Said he:—"Do you address us as fools. Those who examine the luggage of *yamabushi* should know what they do. Keep it. I shall report the affair to Haguro-yama, and their priests will ransom it at heavy cost—to you."

At these words the fishermen and other villagers were thoroughly frightened. The hand of the militant priest lay heavy on them and theirs, and they saw their village, boats and hovels, in flames; and themselves, scattered in bloody heaps, lying in the rice fields and on the strand. In twos and threes they began to drop off before the fierce glances Benkei cast around him. Thus Kamizuki was left with some thirty retainers. He lost courage and the victory was to Benkei. "It is the fault of the head officials of the district. They have ordered the inspection. What is the purification required?"—"Since you confess ignorance I shall tell you," replied Benkei. He took breath. He had all the courage which had oozed from

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* A double knot—very tight.

Kamizuki, in addition to his own. How far should he salt this already briny specimen. He said :—" A private purification takes at least a week. One conducted in state takes several weeks, and is of great expense. We can let you off with the lesser purification, namely, 100 *jō* (4800 sheets) of thick paper, 3 *koku* 3 *to* of cleaned rice, 3 *koku* 3 *to* of plain rice, 100 rolls of white cotton cloth, 100 rolls of blue cloth, 50 eagle's tails, 5 *ryō* of gold dust, 100 pieces of straw matting, 7 horses of all colours. The greater purification would cost you this also, but the horses would be 12 in number, the gold 33 *ryō*, and in addition 15 mirrors octagonal in shape, and 3 *shō* of *saké*. What the lesser purification requires we will ask of you without further delay."* He looked blandly at the dazed official and his now diminished band. " Give at once, and we will offer prayers. If you refuse, you must deal with Haguro, and they will have their own charges to add to the bill." Kamizuki bowed in anxious respect. Said he :—" As we only opened a few packages please take less. I can give you three *koku* of cleaned rice, thirty rolls of white cloth, seven eagle tails, and a *ryō* in gold. This you can have by to-morrow. The *saké* we have here at hand." Benkei frowned hideously in thought. " As you acted under orders the fault is not entirely yours. We will take your offering. For convenience we will send bearers from Haguroyama. Please keep it here in charge." Then turning to the goods he murmured unintelligible prayers over them, with some real ones for their owner's safety and secure exit to Mutsu. Kamizuki was only too glad to get away from such expensive neighbours. Thus the little band drank *saké* " from the tiger's mouth." The weather was cold and the wine was good. No reason existed for abstinence as at Heisenji, and they all laughed at the simplicity of this western lord and his peasant followers.

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* A *koku* (dry measure) is 4.96 bushels. A *to* is 1.985 peck; the *shō* (liquid) 1.59 quart. *Hiki* is cloth measure: 64.62 feet in length (Brinkley). The *jō* (long measure) applied to straw matting is 10 feet (*shaku*). The octagonal mirror is very ancient, supposed to date from the luring of Ama-terasu. Cf. Chamberlain's note, Kojiki p. 56. Cf. also Aston's note, Nihongi I, p. 43 on Yata-kagami. The *ryō* of gold =an ounce. Its value was much larger at that day in other commodities; itsratio to silver less.

Their idea had been to start at dawn. But at evening Kataoka, who had been outside to note any suspicious movement on the part of the natives, returned in some excitement with the news that a boat was lying on the beach, fitted with oars and helm, and ready for the fishermen's early start. This seemed to all a gift from heaven. Collecting their scanty store of food, in the dark they took their way to the little harbour.* Their luck was better than anticipated, for the fishermen had stored fresh water and food in abundance for their party. Yoshitsune ordered Benkei to bury in the sand, near the mooring stake, a leather bag containing ten *ryō* in gold, a princely fortune for these simple folk, and an enormous price for the boat they were very unlikely ever to see again. This deposit was marked by a stake planted near the other, and marked by a strip of white cloth. Then they all set sail with a favouring breeze off the land from Hakusan and its range of fellow peaks.† At dawn they were far on their way down the Noto coast. Thus they held on all day, and rounded Rokkōsaki. In the late afternoon Kataoka pointed out the threatening clouds hanging over the Noto hills. Takusayama, Hodatsusan, Yamabushiyama, all seemed to threaten them with heavy black masses which sent out streamers as if pointing fingers of wrath in their direction. Kataoka, native of Kii, knew how to handle a boat; and Hitachibō Kaison, son of a fisherman, knew still more. The sky grew darker and darker as if the coming night was upon them. Fishing boats making for the Nanao-wan were seen, tiny objects poised on the top of the huge waves. Thus it was with themselves. The Kitanokata in terror clung to Yoshitsune and wept. Benkei pointed out the darkening mass of Sado far distant, but Hitachibō shook his head. They tried, however, to reach it in the teeth of the gale, and so to escape being cast on the rock bound coast of Echigo, but current and wind against them were too much. Thus they drifted helplessly on the huge billows. Benkei sighed deeply. "Heaven indeed seems against us. My lord's great deeds on the water have made the sea-gods envious and fearful of his prowess."

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* Naoye-tani-mura is in the Kahoku district of Kaga not far from Kanazawa.

† A mountain in Kaga near Tsuruga.

Then the Hangwan prayed to Hachidai Ryūwo, the Eight-Great-Dragon King of the Sea. He begged the god to call to mind the great deeds he had done for the peace of the kingdom and the happiness of the land. The cruel and impious Taira had been annihilated. The Three Treasures had been restored to the Son of Heaven. Then in the hour of his success two scoundrels, Hōjō Tokimasa and Kajiwara Kagetoki, had poisoned his brother's ear. These were the ones guilty, the ones to be punished. Would the god recognize merit in distress, forward his desire to save his country, and give him safe passage to land. Then he arose and took up a sword with a white twisted hilt. (They seem to have been kept in stock, so to speak). This he cast into the sea. The Kitanokata also gave her offering—a mirror of octagonal shape, and a skirt of Chinese twilled silk (perhaps the vicarious offering of Togashi's wife, thus passed on at last to its divine owner). The wind then subsided. At midnight the sea was smooth, "like a new green mat." Moon and stars lighted their passage, and the huge mass of the mountains of Echigo guided them. At day-break they reached land. A fisherman, in some surprise, answered their question as to what place they had reached—"Teradomari." They were still in Echigo, not yet in Dewa.* Benkei cheerfully said :—"Takadachi is almost in sight, beyond these northern hills." Three days they rested and then went on to Tsukumi, and to the Dai-bon-ji-dera in Izumi no Shō. They could see the sacred Haguroyama and Gwassan, and worshipped them in the distance. In their disguise as *yamabushi* they gladly would have visited the sacred mountain, in recognition of the service their new character had been to them. But the Kitanokata was entering on the ninth month of her pregnancy. It was agreed that Benkei should make the pilgrimage for all. The party therefore went on to Kiyogawa.

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* Shinshinsai, from somewhere, here makes Benkei visit the Haguro shrine (of Mi-Kambara?); then they cross the mountains by Aizu and Kamewariyama and came out at Shirakawa (Shiraishi), and the Kurihara-dera. His geography is decidedly mixed, for he too emphasizes the importance of Kiyogawa. Kurihara-dera is far north of where he places it.

§ 2.

Now the river at Kiyogawa* comes straight down from Haguroyama, and is very sacred indeed. Herein the deity washed his hands and purified himself, with the wondrous results common to men and things Japanese. "It is as widely known in Haguro as Inaba in Kumano, and the poets call it Iwafuna-Mogami." Yoshitsune spent the night in prayer at the Ojishima no Gōshō. The next day Benkei returned in the early morning, and without further delay they took boat and sailed up the Mogamigawa, between its grass covered and forest clad hills. Many were the boats of the peasants, descending the river with bark, wood, furs, silk woven during the winter months, all tribute for the lord of Sakata. The Hangwan and his men watched the craft carried along by the current, or against the current aided by oars and sails, these latter mere strips of *goza* (matting) hung before the mast and made of coarse brown straw. For the lord of the place, her afore-time putative father, the Kitanokata felt gratitude, now in the comparative safety of his domain. Down from the holy place of purification there tumbles into the river a beautiful and lofty fall. Turning to the boatmen she asked its name. "Shira-ito" (White Thread), was the reply.* Half to herself, half to her husband, she sang:

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* On the Mogamigawa in Hi-Tagawa of the present Uzen.

"The waters of Mogami foam amid its rocks,
"And when I try to stop its course,
"It twists and turns amid these stones,
"The White Thread water-fall."†

And Yoshitsune answered:

"Mogami river with wave washed rock,
"Lit by silver polished moon reflected!
"Pleasant is it to gaze upon,
"This White Thread water-fall."‡

There were two shrines near by, one to Yoroi Myōjin, the other to Kabuto Myōjin.§ On his way down to Mutsu, years before, the hero Hachiman Tarō had dedicated these two important adjuncts of the soldier to future worship. Thus the boatmen told the tale, and the great captain of this warrior stock bowed in worship as he passed this scene of his ancestor's visit and dedication.

At Tagaya-no-Seto there was a fall in the river bed, and the boatmen pulled into the shore to land the men who were to walk the portage. The Hangwan, the Kitanokata, and Kanefusa remained in the boat, although the woman's heart would gladly have taken her place on land if she could have done so. Her physical condition, and the steep rough path forbade this. In fright she watched the huge waves tumbling around and down upon them, as if eager to seize them. Yoshitsune listened to the monkeys chattering in the trees overhanging the river:

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* Chamberlain and Mason (Murray's Japan) give this fall a height of 74 feet, and a breadth of 24 feet. There are other beautiful falls in this country about Tsuru-ga-oka. Cf their Route 76 (p 512) for a description of this neighbourhood. Travelling in North Japan is as comfortable as anywhere else, and less tainted by mere globe-trotters. In this it shares with western and southern Japan.

† "Mogamigawa,
"Sese no iwa nami,
"Sekitome yo,
"Yotte zo tohoru,
"Shiraito-no-taki."

‡ "Mogamigawa
"Iwa kosu nami ni
"Tsuki sayete
"Yoru omoshiroki
"Shiraito-no-taki"

§ Armour-Enlightened Deity, and Helmet-Enlightened Deity.

"To aim one's bow at the monkey,
"Secured by its trainer's hand,
"Is pitifully easy.
"But who has skill to strike the mark,
"Of this one wild and free,
"Gaily clambering."*

Thus passing along the river Yoshitsune, could worship at the Kurabu-no-Sugi and Yamake Myōjin. And so they reached Aizu.

Here Benkei laid before Yoshitsune his choice of roads to reach Hiraizumi and the headquarters of Hidehira. "If we go over Kamewariyama and by the Yasugawa, which route passes Aneha and Mura, we should reach our destination in two days. If we go by the main road for the pack trains it will take three days. The first named is very bad and mountainous. The other, as travelled by pack-horses is easier. All depends on the state of the Kitanokata." Yoshitsune considered the matter. "Time is of more importance to us than the road. One will be nearly as difficult for her as the other. Besides, it is nearly a month before her time is due. Let us take the shorter route." So they set out; to find the road much rougher than even the worst report had warranted. At times it seemed no road at all, mere clambering up and down the mountain side from one valley to another. In places it skirted landslides, which left little between them and the valley below but wind or a smooth slope and a few inches of foot hold. This rough toil hastened Nature's work, and when they were half way up the pass the Kitanokata was taken with the labour pains. All were non-plussed at such an unexpected disaster. Two, however, recovered their wits. Benkei said :—"the foot way is no place for a lying-in." He glanced around. "We must take her over yonder, beneath those large trees." This he attended to in person, and with a leathern wrapping he fixed up a kind of seat for her. Then the Kitanokata took her part. "My lord and Kanefusa should be near me, although it is the proper duty of women. Let the rest withdraw to a distance." Yoshitsune waited, anxious and speculating as to what to do. Said he to Kanefusa :—"I feared this, and prayed that it would not take place until we reached Takadachi. To take her with us was wrong ; to leave her behind was worse. A birth on this rough mountain side ! Wretched mother ; unfortunate child !" Masuwo wept until his sleeves were wet at this new misfortune of his lord and lady. Could the longed-for child survive such terrible birth rites ? The Kitanokata was faint with pain. She asked for water. Feeble as was her voice it reached the sharp ears of Benkei. Off he started at once, to find it within a thousand *ri*. He scrambled through darkness, brambles, and bushes, over rock strewn slopes, and down precipices ; to any place promising the grateful liquid. There was none to be found. He raged in soul. "Everything seems to be against us. A descendant of Seiwa Tennō, a grandson of Sama-no-Kami Yoshitomo, is about to be born, and not a cup of water for her ladyship : how pitiful !" Our romancer says, "even in a demon's eyes tears stand." Benkei was not a demon ; and least of all on his mission of mercy. But he did look like one as with angry eyes and features he struck his heavy *kongō* cane fiercely against a protruding rock on the moss strewn precipice. The stone was dislodged, and a copious stream of water gushed out from a hidden spring. Rejoicing he filled his conch shell (*horagai*) and hastened to find his way back, guided by the fire lighted under the trees.*

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* "Hikimawasu,
"Uchiba wa yumi ni,
"Aranedomo,
"Tagayate mashira wo,
"Itemitsuru kana."

"It is too pitiful to shoot the monkey in the hand of the monkey player. But who can shoot that wild one," is Mr. Minakami's exegesis added to his literal translation. Without it I would not know how to express the thought of this poem. A constant feature of the old chronicles, I do not like to leave them out and lose native colour.

With joy Yoshitsune saw him approach. The Kitanokata was nearly senseless. Kneeling down Benkei spoke in her ear, begging her to drink. Prohibitions were forgotten and their cause. All were eager to aid. The Kitanokata recovered, to seize Yoshitsune's hand as if seeking support. "Kanefusa you are too timid. This is no time for weeping. Leave her to me." Thus Benkei put aside the two men, almost useless in the emergency. He took charge. He and Hitachibō went on their knees and began vigorously to tell their rosaries, and pray for an easy delivery. At a moment of her pain Benkei rose and gently lifted her to ease her. The Kitanokata gave a sharp cry, with which was mingled a very different wailing. Thus her child was born a little before its time, and in this strange place and manner. At the news all rejoiced, and began to dance with joy at this male issue of their lord. Benkei cut these demonstrations short, and sent them far off to spare the Kitanokata. Yoshitsune took the child up in his arms and looked at it. "Why should I feel so anxious now? Why have such foreboding as to the future. My misfortunes in this life must be the fruit of some misdeeds in a previous existence. The poor infant in the womb has undergone peril as of one treading on the tail of a tiger or facing a venomous serpent. Like the young of deer or wild pig thus is it born under a tree and on a stone, without warm water to cleanse it. As yet it has no knowledge of the harshness of the world. Better it would be to put an end to it, and spare it a life of hardship such as mine has been."

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* Shinshinsai perhaps had been reading Genesis. Yamada, the much older writer, makes him find a stream in a neighbouring valley.

Faint as she was the Kitanokata heard him. Amazed she wept. "Poor infant, to be so blamed by its father! How can you wish to consign it to darkness after but a moment in this light.* Kanefusa, give the child to me. I shall return as best I can to Miyako, there to try and rear it. She attempted to raise herself, but was too weak and fell back again. Benkei stepped forward and took

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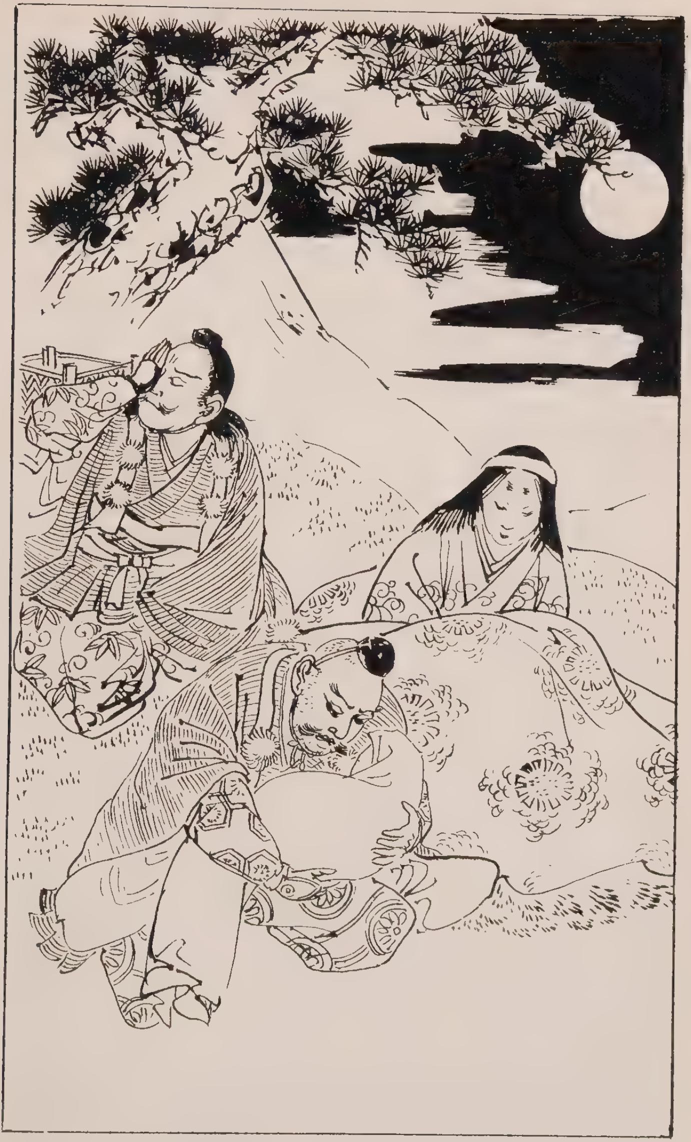
* A Buddhist idea. The child in the womb has existence. To pass from darkness—from the womb to death—is dreadful. But Roman Catholicism, Protestantism, and Law ancient and modern, from their different points of view, thus split hairs over the condition and the rights of the *foetus* as a human being.



THE BIRTH-RITES OF KAMEWARI-YAMA.

the babe in his arms. "Never mind what our lord has just said. It is only in a despondent moment. I shall take it in my care. Come! I shall give you a name. May you be lucky as Yoritomo, wise as Yoshitsune, brave and dauntless as myself, although that sounds like bragging. For long life I name you Kame-tsuru-kimi (Tortoise-Crane-Prince), as this mountain is called *kame* and the *tsuru* (crane) lives to a great age." Benkei's jesting manner carried them all with him. Yoshitsune rejoiced at the favourable omen of the name. Thus came day "without the cry of the crow to foretell the dawn, far away from all human dwelling." All rejoiced at the safe delivery. Some built a hearth, collected twigs and dry leaves, and prepared the morning meal. Others built a shelter. Thus they spent several days in camp, until the Kitanokata had recovered her strength enough to make it possible to carry her on a rough litter. At the foot of the mountain they found a village. Here horses were secured, and a more comfortable couch prepared. Then they took their way to Kuriharadera, no longer under necessity of concealment. The babe fell to Benkei's charge throughout, and through the day was carried in his arms. If we are to believe him, or the Kitanokata, or the romancers, it never cried for food on this historic passage. But then Benkei and his lady were now linked by the strongest ties. For none, with the exception perhaps of Kanefusa, had the Kitanokata such feeling as she had for this strong, rugged, resourceful, unexpectedly tender hearted giant. On the sixteenth day of the third month (26th April, 1187 A.D.) they passed within the temple precincts of Kurihara. Abbot and monks came forth to give them hearty welcome. Here they stayed, while Kamei Rokurō, Kataoka Hachirō, and Ise Saburō set out to announce to Hidehira their lord's presence within his domain.*

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* Kurihara takes it name from the local district (or *vice versa*) which lies just south of Niiwai in which is located Ichinoseki and Hiraizumi.

CHAPTER XIX.

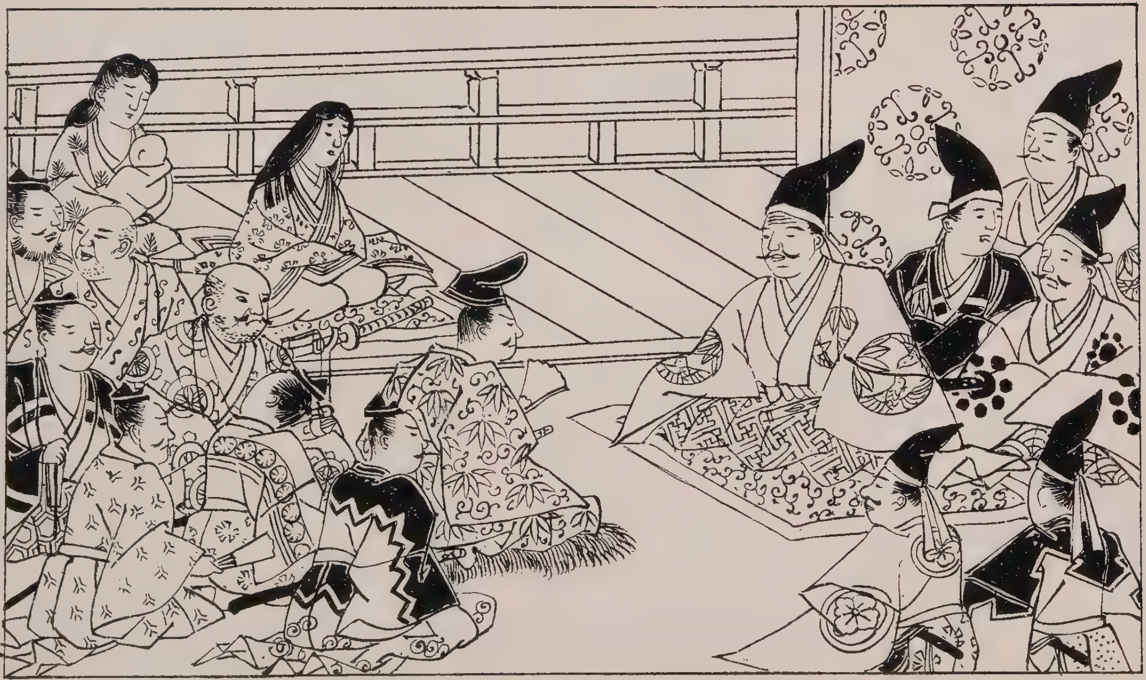
HIC JACET.

"Oh life of mortal men! If that it fareth well,
"'Tis like a painting sketched, but, comes adversity,
"The wet sponge, blurring, touches and the picture's gone!
"And this than that I count more piteous by far."

(Cassandra, in the "Agamemnon" of Aeschylus.
translated by F. and A. Allinson).

§ 1.

Their stay at Kuriharadera was a short one. Without surprise Hidehira heard that Kamei, Kataoka, and Ise Saburō, sought audience with him. "I had heard that Iyo-no-Kami had left Ise for the North, but having no guide in the provinces under the control of Kamakura I feared that he might not succeed in getting through to me. That you should have any trouble in Dewa I did not suspect, for all were ready to welcome and aid you." Then he summoned Izumi-no-Kwanja Tadahira, and with an escort of a hundred and fifty knights he was despatched to Kurihara to bring Yoshitsune to Hiraizumi. The journey was short, and soon the travellers were lodged in the guest house called Tsukimi. Eager to see his guest, the aged Governor—rather king, for he was such in this northern quarter of Hondo—asked that Yoshitsune would receive him on the following day. So



HIDEHIRA RECEIVES IYO-NO-KAMI AT HIRAIZUMI.

it was arranged, and the next day he entered his guest's reception room, dressed in full ceremonial costume, and prepared to bend his aged frame before the young general. The Hangwan, however, rose to prevent him, and with respect drew him to a seat by his side. "I was a fugitive when first I came to you in the company of the merchant Kitsuji. Now as such I again come, broken in name and fortune, and through not following your advice. I should have committed *harakiri*, and am ashamed to be present here before you. Only my duty to the faithful men in my service, who have so bravely stood by me through evil fortune, has held my hand." Then he gave Hidehira a full account of his exploits, and of the underhand intrigues which governed affairs in Kamakura and Miyako. "The defeat of the Taira has, as you foretold, resulted in nothing but my brother's elevation to my own destruction. He has never fought anything but a skirmish in his life, and it remains to be seen if he could. Unless he himself is a great captain, he has none in his army. Such is not to be found among his present captains"—"And may he have the chance of showing himself such!" was the brave old warrior's reply. He sincerely pitied the young man before him, a commander without an army. His eyes were moist. "Yes, I told you so; told you not to aid your brother on your own account. A tall tree which towers above the forest is the plaything of the storm. But you are a worthy descendant of Hachiman Tarō. You shall have all my resources to aid you. Ill success will break the influence of such slanderers as Hōjō and Kajiwara You can await here the favourable opportunity These provinces I hold in my hand. Nenjū and Shirakawa, defended by a capable captain, are impregnable barriers to any force Kamakura sends against us. 'We would smash it as easily as one breaks a rotten branch.'" Then he and his guest plunged into the account of the adventures passed through in reaching Mutsu, for it was beyond Hidehira's comprehension how such a large party, of which notice was given, could slip through the fine mesh spread by the Kamakura officials. Thus, over *sake* and a feast, he heard the tale of Benkei's wit and resourcefulness. It was with a look of admiring approval that the old man surveyed the alert stalwart figure of the giant retainer." You have there a man worth ten thousand others." Then he took his leave.

The provision made for the young prince was on a scale in accordance with Hidehira's resources. For his immediate train a hundred knights, horsed and armed, were provided. Fifty bowmen, fully accoutred with military arrows, were always on guard. The armoury was fully equipped, and a district covering 3800 *chō* (14.5 square miles) was set apart for the support of the establishment. This formed, so to speak, the private purse of an uncrowned king, until, as Hidehira hoped, Yoshitsune could take his place as Shōgun of the Country, under the Tennō's seal. It was a substantial return to the descendant of Yoshiiye, to whom these Fujiwara owed the original grant of their fief. For the retainers, support was granted according to their rank and importance. Perhaps a most delicate attention of all was his presentation to Yoshitsune of two fine steeds for use in his private pleasures. With regret the Hangwan thought of the loss of his faithful charger Tayukurō, drowned in the storm off Shoshasan,* thought of all his misfortunes. He seemed changed from the cheerful confident leader of a few years before. To distract him Hidehira ordered a round of entertainments among his dependent lords. He had not lived to ninety years of age not to know the importance of hope as the mainspring of future attainment. At the close of the fourth month (May, 1187 A.D.) a new mansion which Hidehira was building on Takadachi reached completion. This he turned over to the Hangwan for his residence. The place was a very strong one. Perhaps it was for this reason that Satō Shōji Motoharu had pitched his own residence on the spot—the Koromogawa-kwan—the careful old strategist knowing the importance of position in the troubled times. Takadachi formed a series of three hills, easily defended at the sides and rear, and with the rapid

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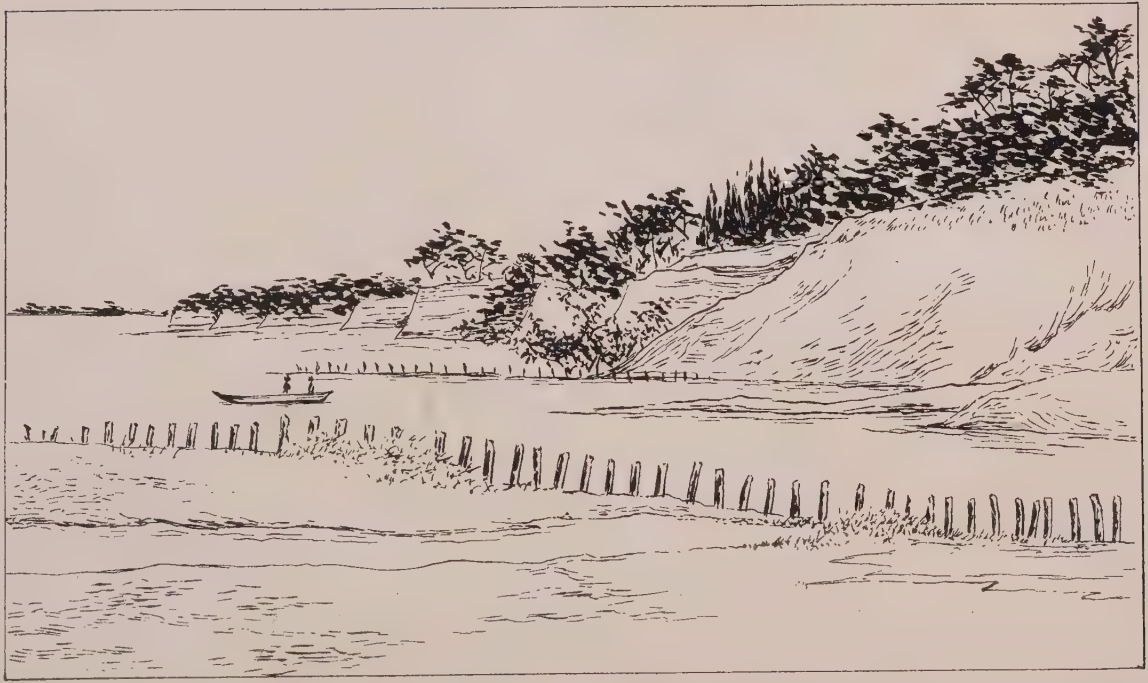
* The Heike Monogatari says that this horse was presented to the Yashima shrine, on the occasion of Satō Tsuginobu's death.



JUNCTION OF THE KITAKAMIGAWA AND THE KOROMOGAWA: HANGWAN-KWAN.

flowing river (Kitashimagawa) guarding the front. This alluvial plain was dotted with a cluster of hills, and backed to the west by the steep Horane range. To the east was the tumbled intricate country which lies between the river valley and the sea, to this day difficult of access by anything but boats, pack animals, or one's legs. Behind Takadachi on the slopes of the foot hills lay the many buildings of Chūsonji. On the river, at a distance of but two *ri* (five miles), was the castle of Hidehira; a valuable neighbour in the hands of friends, a source of disaster in the hands of a treacherous enemy. Of the latter there was no reason to have suspicion, and Yoshitsune rejoiced in the friendship of the master of Oshū. Thus time passed for him who was now known as the lord of Takadachi, in his residence of the Yanagi no Gōshō—(Willow Palace).

His neighbour on the hillside thus was his old teacher Satō Shōji Motoharu. It was with pain in heart that he and his train, soon after their arrival at Hiraizumi, took their way to render to the old man an account of his sons. Motoharu received them, kneeling at the *rōka*. They were ushered in, and the Hangwan took his seat on a raised cushion at the upper end of the room. Shōji and his family seated themselves humbly at the lower end. The wife of Shōji, mother of the two young men, sat by her husband's side. Sasanami, the daughter, was seated at her father's left. Next, on either side, sat Harumo, a girl of nineteen years and the wife of Tsuginobu, and Harukaze, aged seventeen years, the pledged wife of Tadanobu. Servants and handmaids attended in the rear, the whole household being assembled in respect for the formal occasion. Then the feast was brought on. Everything that land or sea in this distant Mutsu could afford in the way of delicacy was provided. When the guests were fairly satisfied old Motoharu, with an apology for the interruption, presented the women by name and condition. Said he:—"They are very uneasy. Tsuginobu and Tadanobu are not to be seen in your train, and with wonder and concern we speculate as to whether they have incurred blame, and so have been banished or fled your presence. Please speak openly to us." It was with tears in his eyes and voice that the old man spoke, thus proudly anxious in heart. Sasanami, the young sister, moved forward a little, but Harumo spoke first. "Excuse me, father. I am afraid........" She broke down here, and covering her face with her sleeves became silent with bowed head. Yoshitsune puzzled and pained looked down. There was a long silence in the room. Then he said, his voice a little uncertain—"Benkei, tell them all."

Benkei hardly knew how to begin such a tale. Thought he—"when there is an unlucky lot to draw, my lord always sees to it that I am the one to get it." He sat up straight. All turned toward him; the retainers curious to see how he would acquit himself in this difficult matter; Motoharu and his family eager and dreading to hear his words. Yoshitsune kept his eyes on the spot in front of him. Then Benkei slowly began, his deep voice taking fire as he proceeded until it rang out in almost joyous passion at the description of brave deeds. He told of their mad ride in their lord's train to the Kisegawa, of their riding boldly with their few numbers into the huge camp of Yoritomo, of the meeting of Yoshitsune and Yoritomo, and how the latter was struck with admiration for Tsuginobu and Tadanobu. "To both he gave a sword. And both used the weapons well, until Tadanobu exchanged his for a better one." Then came the idle life at Kamakura. On the way to Miyako they learned of the doings of Yoshinaka in the capital city, and it was Tsuginobu who escorted the messenger with the Hōō's appeal to Kamakura-dono. Then came the assembling of a great army. "'Their leader was a warrior with a golden baton (*saihai*) in his hand. He wore a helmet with a dragon shaped frontlet, and his armour was sewn with red thread (*hiodoshi*). At his back was a quiver so full of arrows, feathered from storks' wings and with three forked heads, as to look like a forest of trees growing upright. In his left hand he carried a bow twisted with rattan and of the thickness of more than a hand's grasp.' Who was this noble leader! Our lord, Iyo-no-Kami." As did Benkei, so all made obeisance to where Yoshitsune was sitting. Then he continued. By their lord's bounty his followers formed a brilliant train. Thus they met and defeated Yoshinaka. Then they left the brilliant life of the capital, to go again on the Tennō's order to the war against the Taira. Crossing Tekkai-san they had fallen unexpectedly on the Taira rear at Ichi-no-tani. Crossing the stormy waters they had burnt them out of their refuge at Yashima, to annihilate them finally in the depths of the sea at Dan-no-ura. And here died the famous Taira archer, Noto-no-Kami Noritsune. It was at Yashima that Noritsune sought to slay their lord, but a knight had ridden between, and received the deadly arrow in his stead. Thus the hero died, to the admiration and regret of all. "This brave warrior was Satō Tsuginobu. All envy you for having had a son of such bravery and brilliant merit"; and Benkei bowed respectfully to the proud old man seated upright, immobile in face and figure. But it was with broken voice that the girl-wife Harumo said:—"We rejoice to know that he died thus faithful to his lord. I thought he might be with you. To my shame I have prayed for his return." Again she covered her face, her form shaken by weeping.

Harukaze said:—"My sister's husband has died with honour. Please tell me the fate of my betrothed. He did not run away, or commit a crime? Or, without acquiring fame, was he killed by some stray arrow?" Sasanami joined in the inquiry, and both turned pleading tearful faces to Benkei. Motoharu interrupted with even stern voice. "Why do you weep? Have you forgotten my lessons—that the wife or daughter of a soldier is not to shed tears at tales of the battle-field? You do me discredit." But Benkei came in with his strong voice. "Great was the merit of Tadanobu; great as that of his brother Tsuginobu. Then he told them of the unrighteous displeasure and jealousy of Kamakura-dono, of the fruitless letter at Koshigoe, the return to Miyako, and of the attempt of Tosabō on their lord's life. Thus slander led to the hapless expedition westward. They were separated and wrecked. Many were drowned, and with only a few followers their lord had escaped to the mountains of Yoshino. Here Tadanobu had found his opportunity;

"for it was he who took our lord's armour, and remained at Yoshino alone to face the attack of Yokogawa Kakuhan and the priests. For long we could not learn his fate, but when we came last through Miyako we heard how he had killed and scattered his foes, and then had come to the capital to get news of our lord. Here the faithless woman, his concubine Koguruma, had betrayed him. After killing many of his enemies he had died such a death at his own hand as to make even Kamakura-dono shed tears of envy at the loss of such a man." And Benkei hid his face behind his fan, to conceal his own emotion.

Harukaze moaned a little. "Then he is no more; gone forever. If I could only speak one word to him. How shall I live without him!" Weeping she sank to the floor. Yoshitsune and these stern men, "able to devour demons", felt terribly saddened. They sat stiffly upright, keeping down exhibition of feeling; but great was the coughing, and some got up and left the room to conceal their tears. No one ventured to speak, and so betray himself. Sasanami said:—"They died as brave men, and their fame in the mouths of men is wide-spread and envied. How can we woman show our loyalty to them, and yet be filial in our duty to our parents?" and she joined her sisters in tearful prostration. Motoharu spoke in anger. "Your tears are out of place. You had best retire." So they left the apartment, while the old man with counterfeit sternness apologized for their behaviour. Then repenting a little he ordered the maids to attend, and when the ladies had changed their garments to ask them to return. So they did; but how? It was three women dressed as nuns that glided into the room, their luxuriant hair cut short. Thus they prostrated themselves before the Hangwan, and addressed their father through him. "Please grant us your pardon for thus acting without your permission first obtained." Rising they bowed gracefully, three women the like of which could not have been found in the Court itself. Motoharu sat in silent agreement. Then the Hangwan said:—"'It is to my sorrow that such beautiful flowers have faded before they have fairly opened. It is my fault. To you I owe the apology." But Motoharu, the stern old soldier answered, :—"my sons have died as they should, and by their own choice a true soldier's death in the service of their lord. For them I do not sorrow. For the women I feel pity."—Said Benkei, in admiration :—"Ah! These women of the North are loyal as the men. Both deserve the highest praise." And so all present mourned and rejoiced together over the brave deeds of the two heroes.

§ 2.

Yoritomo was now supreme in the land. He held the *buké* (military caste) and the *kugé* (court nobles) in his hand. But—he did not have the head of his brother Yoshitsune. And what was worse he was very uncertain as to his whereabouts. He had been reported killed at Mimasaka, and Yoritomo had such confidence in the messenger that he wearied the priests of Tsuru-ga-oka with services, praying for his brother's capture. Into this miserable business he pulled the Hōō; and Ise, Kongōhōji, and other temples rang with similar petitions. Nothing seemed to avail. "Yoshiyuki" was the name of an official of the third rank at court. "Yoshiyuki—good walker—you never will catch him" jeered the wags of the palace circle. So they changed to "Yoshiaki" (clear light), under the expectation that their eyes would be good enough to detect the fugitive under this extra and vicarious illumination. Then from the fact that a boat had been carried off in Kaga, and a purse of gold found in its stead, they began to put things together. As early as March 22nd they heard at Kamakura that the Hangwan had left for Mutsu disguised as a *yamabushi*.* The Miyako authorities had acted promptly, and Kamakura was not behind them in sending out warning. Then an Echigo official finally reported that Yoshitsune was in Mutsu, living under Hidehira's protection, that they were getting ready for war, and that Yoshitsune occupied an almost impregnable position on the banks of the Kitashimagawa, with a large train of knights and attendants. Yoritiomo was much put out. "My barriers have been nothing before the ingenuity of this slippery fellow. Unless he is caught and quickly finished I shall have a task on my hands." So Oye Hiromoto, the grey-bearded aged and arch-plotter was called into consultation. His advice was brief and to the point, as usual. "Hidehira is a good general, and holds his people in his hand. Devoted to him they will fight like demons. In the Hangwan's hands Nenjū and Shirakawa would be impregnable. First ask him to secure Yoshitsune"—"Which he will refuse to do," interrupted Yoritomo. "He has taken a liking to my brother, which means much with Hidehira. Besides, he is not one to further my interests." Oye smiled. "Then let Tokimasa get an order from the Court. The two messengers can go down to Mutsu together. Hidehira cannot oppose such a mission. If he does, our soldiers will fight all the better, for the Court once involved must support you with its prestige. The mission at all events can spy out the land, and ascertain the truth of the rumour.

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* Adzuma Kagami.

Thus it was arranged. The Hōō granted the order against Hidehira. Kimimutsu and Kagehirō brought it to Kamakura. At this Yoritomo greatly rejoiced, and the messengers profited by his good humour. Then they took their way northward, escorted by Makishima Jurō Yasushige. Fortunately or unfortunately for them Hidehira had his spies in Kamakura, and was promptly informed of their coming. The countryside received the order of silence. When the mission reached Hiraizumi on October 8th Motoyoshi no Kwanja Takahira received them. Escorted by him they were caged in the precincts of Chūsonji. Hidehira received them promptly at the castle. Grand was the entertainment, and in feasting and drinking *saké* these hard-headed warriors of the North had no equals to the Southward. Then Hidehira Nyūdō was ready for business. Kagehirō gingerly began his delicate mission. Yoshiaki, once Iyo-no-Kami, was boasting that he had defeated the Taira, secured peace to the land, and the Three Treasures to the Tennō. Thus the prestige of the throne was brought to nought by the once captain, who seemed to think that his efforts and not the ineffable merits of the Son of Heaven had been the cause of the downfall of the usurpers. Nay more; he was most undutiful to that excellent man and brother, who was so anxious to lay his hand on his brother's head. Thus the whole land was thrown into disorder. The governors of the other provinces had failed to find any trace of the fugitive. By a process of elimination he must be with you. Indeed it is said that disguised as a *yamabushi* he reached Mutsu. The Hōō is very angry, but Yoritomo maintains your loyalty. He does not believe you are protecting the rebel. However this is the decree, and so he handed it over to Hidehira.

The old man took it with most respectful prostration and the craft of ninety years with all its wits about it. "This is kind of his lordship Kamakura-dono, and our gratitude for the tender and sympathetic care of the Tennō is beyond expression. But this mission as to Yoshiaki is groundless. Interests hostile to me alone have played their part in this rumour, in order to embarrass me, and to involve my governorship in difficulties. If Yoshiaki comes I shall seize him and send him to Kamakura, although much against my will." Thus he spoke, playing on the name Yoshiaki, unwilling enough to send anybody to Kamakura, and carefully keeping out all mention of Yoshitsune, whose name as such did not appear in the order. On this side the messengers did not want to press him, and Makishima did not dare. His mission was to spy out all he could. But as Hidehira never allowed him or his train out of doors unattended he found little opportunity. Bribes were equally unsuccessful. They returned to tell Yoritomo what Hidehira had said, and how he had dealt with them. So there were more councils; and Oye, Kajiwara, and others expressed many and different opinions. On the rumour that Yoshitsune's band had taken refuge at Kikaigashima in Kyūshū, Yoritomo let loose Nakahara Nobufusa to go to the aid of Amano Tōkage in attacking them. This was on October 25th. Had he not been hanging thieves in Miyako the month before with great success? Not exactly with his own hands, but by the proxy of Hōjō Tokimasa. His brother's adherents were quite as important to call forth display of energy. But meanwhile the Mutsu rumour grew; to Yoritomo's great inconvenience, for he was not yet ready to use force against the powerful Governor of the vast province of the North.

Thus the summer months passed, and as Yoritomo deafened heaven with his cries on his own account, Yoshitsune took his hand at this game for the account of others. His early days at Kuramayama came vividly back to mind. "Great has been my desire for vengeance, which has thus lead to the destruction of the Taira House. Hence on both sides many brave men have lost their lives. My sufferings and wanderings are perhaps to be attributed to this sin of pride. To me life has little in store. But to these brave men, my followers, I have a duty to perform. It is only on my account that they bear the name of rebels." Thus he remained in deep meditation. Finally one day he sought out Hidehira, and laid his thoughts before him. He wished to have a special memorial service in memory of the two Satō *kyōdai* (brothers), who had died so bravely in his defence. This could easily be given wider scope, and extended to cover all—friends and foes. Hidehira readily entered into the spirit of the young man, whose depression he would have gone far to remove. So a great general office for the dead, and by name for the Satō brothers, was arranged. It was held in the Chūsonji monastery, the abbot directing the service at the head of a hundred priests. Yoshitsune had made a fair copy of the Hokkekyō with his own hand, and this was presented as an offering to the spirits of the two heroes. Everything was conducted with great pomp and solemnity. The chanting priests, the crowded intent assemblage, the triumphant promise of the words of the Law, gave a feeling of awe to the listener.

In a neighbouring apartment to the *hondō* (great hall), to which the Hangwan had withdrawn, he was approached by the women of Motoharu's household. They prostrated themselves before him, and Yoshitsune spoke a few words of sympathy in reference to the old man not long since departed to his rest. The wife of Tsuginobu offered her thanks to their lord. She only sorrowed that the two brothers were not living to enjoy his patronage, and to devote themselves to his service. Then she wept a little, and said :—" But they have each left a son behind them. Although young we would beg of your lordship the boon that they be taken into your service." The Hangwan rejoiced at the idea. Hidehira, at the bottom of the proposition, had a pleased smile on his face. The great captain's ambitions were still bent on war. " Let them come before me," said Yoshitsune. The grandmother, Kyōshinni, brought forward the two boys.* The son of Tsuginobu was sixteen years old, that of Tadanobu fourteen years, but both were almost men in stature and sinew. Great powerful fellows, with bright shining eyes and alert energetic mien, Yoshitsune looked at them with pleasure. " You are the images of your fathers, and I seem again to see before me those brave men. I shall be your name father." Then Hidehira dressed their hair for the *gembuku*, and gave them each an *eboshi*. Everyone was struck by their manly soldier-like appearance. The Hangwan admired them greatly. He said :—" The Chinese bird, Kingacho, sings sweetly when it is hardly out of the nest, and sandal has all its perfume as a mere sprout. Young as you are you will make great soldiers, and your advancement shall be rapid. Faithful and brilliant as your fathers you shall take my name. To Tsuginobu's son I give the name of Yoshinobu, and to Tadanobu's son that of Yoshitada." Greatly pleased Kyōshinni told her grandson Yoshinobu to bring forward the presents for his lordship. Then gracefully kneeling the young knight presented to the Hangwan a sword, an heirloom and treasure in the Satō family. For the Kitanokata there was presented a skirt made of twilled Chinese silk, together with other silk garments. The aged woman looked at them. "How I would have rejoiced to see the death fight of my sons." Tears of pride and sorrow stood in her eyes. The Hangwan and all present sympathized with her.

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* Kyōshinni, her name as nun.

Then the Hangwan took the *saké* cup in his hand, and offered it to Yoshinobu. The boy received it with such manly grace that he seemed Tsuginobu himself. Said Yoshitsune:—"Brave and skilful in fight your father rode dauntlessly forward. He seized with his hand the deadly shaft, but treachery lurked within, and the concealed shaft pierced his throat. Thus brave as Kishū of the Han days in China he died, an example to all warriors, his deeds to live in the memory of men. But I shall be your father as well as lord." Then Yoshitsune put the final touches to his hair, and withdrawing respectfully the youth made way for Yoshitada. "Your face calls to my mind the brave man standing alone on the tower at Yoshino; sword in hand to maintain himself to the last. Thus he faced the encircling band of enemies, led by no less a captain than Kakuhan Onigami (demon spirit). These he put to flight; killing many, among them Kakuhan himself in single fight. Then he returned to Miyako, to be betrayed by a worthless woman, and to die in a manner such that men will speak of it with awe in ages to come, and every true warrior rejoices at his brave deeds." Then he gave them their armour. That of Yoshinobu was decorated in *kozakura* style.* Kyōshinni wept with joy. "Remember, my children, that his lordship stands to you in the relation of a father, to whom obedience is doubly due. One slightest act of cowardice will not only taint your own fame, but that of your fathers." Thus she warned, thus advised them;

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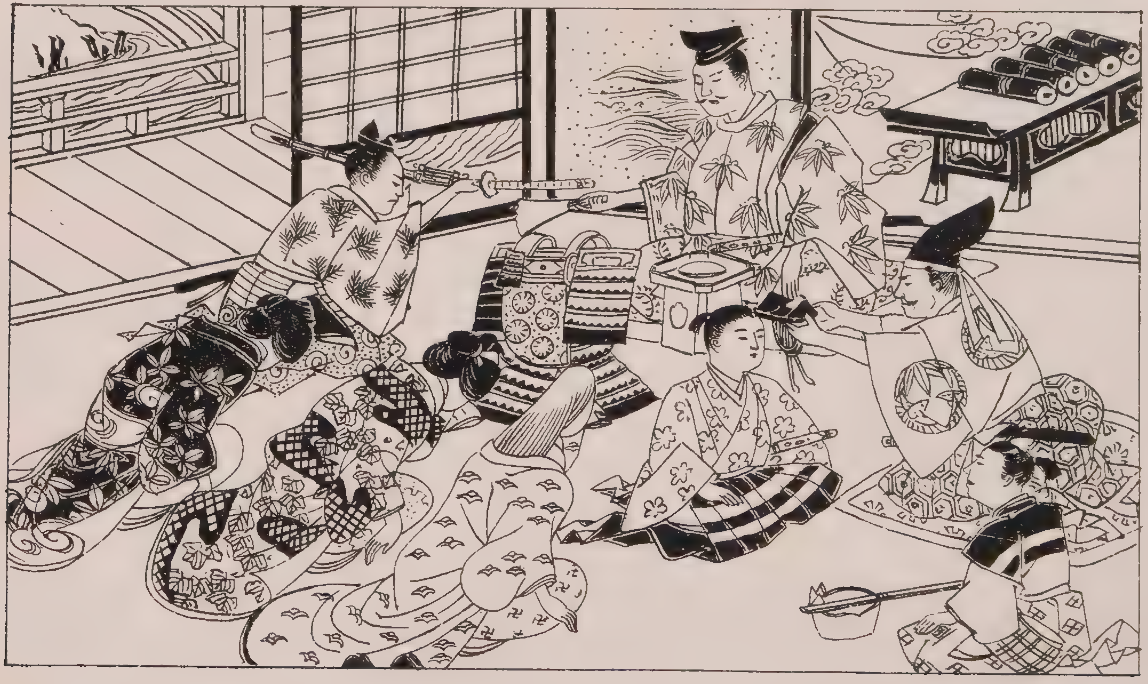
* Kozakura-odoshi: "armour, the plates of which are bound together with red threads mixed with the white." Brinkley's Dictionary.



THE GEMBUKU OF YOSHINOBU AND YOSHITADA.

and all present thought her indeed the woman to have borne and brought up two men like the ones departed—Tsuginobu and Tadanobu.

§ 3.

Thus ended the ceremonial; and in the days to come Yoshitsune devoted himself to the training of the levies from this warlike but undisciplined people, better accustomed each to fight for his own hand, mounted on their half wild horses, and galloping here and there over the mountain side with disregard of anything like obstacles or slope. The people became devotedly attached to the great captain. As a youth he had been a familiar sight to them. Then for a few years he had disappeared, but his name came to them in the tale of a series of startling deeds, new to Nippon in methods and certainty. Then fortune had turned her face from him, as had the man whose fortune he had made. Now he dwelt among them, perhaps to be the one to lead them into action against the hated and dreaded supremacy of Kamakura. In this great Fujiwara fief, covering a quarter of the Island Kingdom, it was not so much the spirit of the Kwantō that actuated its people, not so much North against South, as a fierce desire for freedom from interference. Kamakura and Miyako stood much on the same level. Kamakura was nearer and far more formidable, and this sudden rise of a rival power in the North was dreaded. Thus when Yoshitsune lectured to the young *bushi* on Sonshi and Gōshi, the great Chinese classical writers on war and its strategy, he had eager listeners. For the march he prepared short poems (tanka), which became known as "the hundred songs of the Koromogawa," fit for the voices of these hardy fighters, "twice as brave as any other Japanese."

Yoshitsune wanted a more practical test. As he sat with Benkei and Ise Saburō in council he told them that an attack from Kamakura was inevitable. "I have trained these men in scattered fight and close formation. What I want is to see them in action, to learn the stamina and resourcefulness of each man when thrown upon himself." Ise suggested a hunting party. "In this way the activity and intelligence of every man will be plain under the eyes of your Highness." The idea therefore was to assemble the levies in competition at the head-waters of the Koromogawa. Thus the hunt would be a public affair, its intention only known to the few leaders interested. Far from raising any objection Hidehira urged the matter forward. For use on this propitious occasion he gave Yoshitsune a sandal wood belly-guard and a scarlet *haori*. Thus it was that in the middle of October the Hangwan went hunting on Kitagami-san, the mountain mass in which the Koromogawa takes its source. It was a gay procession that rode out of the Yanagi-*gōshō,* and took its way along the river side; and it was the last time the sun shone on the leader's fortunes. The storm clouds were gathering, soon to break in overwhelming force on this little band.*

Near the castle of Hidehira they found the hunt awaiting them, and all set off for the head-waters of the river, at which boar, deer, and still fiercer game abounded. Hidehira had sent three hundred men under Izumi Saburō Tadahira, his youngest son, and Yuri Hachirō Tomoshige. A camp was pitched at the foot of the mountains. The hunt began early the next day. At the signal of drum and trumpet, men and dogs dashed forward through brambles and bushes. Wild boar, deer, wolves, monkeys, timid hare, fled in confusion. Many were killed, and Yoshitsune had the opportunity of witnessing the skill of these mountaineers with sword, spear, and bow, and riding at a mad gallop up and down the steep rocky slopes. As they watched the hunt from a little knoll on the mountain-side, a large white deer dashed out of a copse. Yoshitsune called out to kill it. It was a long shot, but Yoshinobu kneeling on a rock pierced it with his arrow. The wound merely maddened the animal. It looked as if it would escape into the forest. Quickly stringing another arrow he this time pierced its throat. Leaping to his feet he ran forward and killed the beast with his sword. Heaving it on his shoulders he brought it to Yoshitsune, who gave him warm praise. This aroused Yoshitada to emulation. Far and near he beat the bushes. A noise in a lofty cedar attracted him. Looking up he saw a large monkey, leaping and chattering in the top branches. To bring it down, thus frisking, was more than difficult; but at one shot the beast lay on the ground. "You are indeed a fine marksman, equal to Yoshinobu. Both skilful as Yōyūki I do not know which has been the more difficult shot." Thus spoke the Hangwan, and he gave to each a horse.

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* Yamada here gives the names of the Hangwan's retainers at Hiraizumi. He is usually reliable in the source he draws on. Drawn from the older chroniclers it is to be compared with the remains on the ground, given in the Chūsonji pamphlet. Musashi-bō Benkei; Hitachibō Kaison; Ise Saburō Yoshimori; Kataoka Hachirō Hirotsune; Kamei Rokurō Shigekiyo; Suruga Jirō Kiyoshige; Satō Saburō Yoshinobu; Satō Shirō Yoshitada; Masuwo Jūrō Kanefusa; Kumai Tarō Tadamoto; Washiwo Saburō Tsunehisa; Bizen Heishirō Nariharu; Akai Jūrō Kagetsugi; Sugime Kotarō Yukinobu; Ban Hichirō Harutomo; Kongō Jūrō Hidemasa; Kisata Kiyoemi.

This was small game to such a hunter as Washiwo Saburō Tsunehisa. To this experienced hunter the mountain was as the open plain. Deep into the forest he plunged. Attracted by the noise of the dogs he sought them out. They had cornered a huge bear, to their cost. Several already lay dead on the ground. Washiwo without hesitation ran in on it with his spear. The bear tried to seize him, but he dodged, giving it thrust after thrust. The beaten animal tried to run. Then he rushed on it, kicked it over, leaped on it, and pierced its heart with his dagger. Summoning the beaters with his horn, its huge bulk was thus brought into the Hangwan's presence. Pleased at the skill and prowess of his notable retainer Yoshitsune gave him a sword and words of praise.*

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* The large bear of Northern Japan—now only found in Yezo—is a powerful beast, not quite so large as the "Grizzly." I think it is

The evening bells from distant Chūsonji came wafted on the air. The drums beat as signal that the chase was over. Then they all gathered again at the camp. Hitachibō Kaison alone failed to put in an appearance. They searched high and low, and it was late at night when Yoshitsune reluctantly gave the order to return. The next day the game was given to Hidehira and his sons for distribution. As Hitachibō had not returned a general search was ordered, but before it had begun the object thereof settled the matter by coming before his lord with the tale of his night's adventures.

Hitachibō Kaison was the son of a fisherman, who lived at Kibata in Ōmi. He was brave and clever, and in boyhood turned to the priesthood as the career to advance him in life. In this he made great progress, and men looked up to him. The life of the monastery was not good for Kaison, and we have seen something of him in these earlier days at the Saitō Hall under Kankei. When he was compelled to leave there he wandered far and wide, to finally take refuge at the Onjōji, as the opposition shop for theological arguments of the day. Here the reformed debauchee acquired a great reputation for learning. "In appearance a fool he was wise beneath the surface." He took to the prevalent anti-Taira politics of the day, and in his studies of the Sutras sought out all passages which bore on the strained relations between the Tennō and the Taira, of course to the latter's disadvantage. Then his object was to find his man, and devote himself to him. Ushiwaka at this time had returned from Mutsu, and was roaming the streets of Miyako in search of military recruits. Such a brave and kind captain was just to Kaison's heart. They met at Karasuyama, and it had been not long before Benkei's adventure at the Gojō bridge that Hitachibō had taken up his quarters at Yamashina. A bold man, he made little of details. He remained plunged in thought, spoke little, and was very proud of

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something like what they call "Silver Tips" in our own West. This bear is an object of worship among the Ainu. That does not prevent their hunting, killing, skinning, and eating him or her. In plain terms it is a totem.

his learning. This did not make him at times very companionable; but that excellent judge of men, Kurō Hangwan Yoshitsune, understood him perfectly. In difficulties he always turned to Benkei and Hitachibō. Yoshimori was the clever, clear-headed, able *bushi*; almost a type of leader in the *buké*. Benkei and Hitachibō added to their soldierly qualities a clerical astuteness and finesse proper to the learned priest of that day, when the keenest minds of the political world in Miyako donned holy garb. Of the two men Benkei was the more alert in matters of detail, and Hitachibō knew it and followed him all the more readily. In thought he was now very much the priest and detached from worldly advancement. All mean jealousy had been winnowed from his character. His one absorbing passion was the fortune of his master. Now in few brief words he explained his absence, but in such way that Yoshitsune saw that he had more to tell. Soon he had around him only his favoured councillors of the retreat. Then Kaison told his tale.

In search of larger game the priest had plunged deep into the forest, with no idea of any difficulty in finding his way out. When, however, he sought to return every way seemed the right one. Thoroughly puzzled he wandered from valley to valley, until his only object was to find a shelter for the night, and a guide for the next day. As he moved at random seeking some pathway, he heard a voice praying in the wood. It must come therefore from some priest or hermit thus withdrawn for contemplation from the companionship of men. This was more encouraging as to finding a night's lodging than a hamlet and guide. Kaison moved on in the direction from which the voice came. There was no house, but a mere lean-to of boughs, within which was a bed of dried leaves. Puzzled as to who could live thus in such a secluded place he looked around, to see advancing toward him under the trees an aged priest accompanied by a boy. Seating himself, and inviting Kaison to do the same, he asked why a stranger, and one not in religion, should be wandering so apart from men. Kaison explained that he had lost his way from the hunt, and being hungry and tired was seeking a night's lodging. Replied the hermit:—"If you are satisfied with my food and shelter that is easily secured, and for miles around there is no other dwelling of man on this lonely mountain-side. If you did meet with men it might well be some savage band of Yemishi, to hunt you with poisoned arrows as they do the bear, their god. Spend to-night with me, and to-morrow I shall put you on the road to your home." Gladly Kaison accepted such well meant hospitality. He found the fare by no means bad. The hermit was skilled in herbs, and the acolyte in cooking, and a dish of stewed wild fruit ended the repast. "My liquor I find at hand", said the holy man, smiling and pointing to a mountain brook leaping tumultuously down the hill-side. "My flute is the wind you hear whistling through the cedars."

Seeing that his guest was invigorated, and again bright and active, the hermit said with abruptness:—"And so your name is Hitachibō Kaison?" Kaison was amazed. "How came you to know me?" he asked. Replied the hermit:—"Many years I spent on Hieisan. There I learned the art of *Senjutsu*.* I am now three hundred years old, and future and past are to me an open book." This seemed promising to Kaison. He thought at once of his lord, and asked the saint to divine his fate. The old sage hesitated. Then sighing he took up a deer's shoulder blade. Crouching over the fire he held it exposed to the flame until scorched and cracked. The cracks he carefully examined. There was a tone of relief in his voice as he said. "To prophesy ill to anyone is unpleasant. Your lord is second to none in merit, and in great qualities as soldier and leader. But danger hangs over him. He now is safe, but a moment's too long delay will cast the balance the other way and seal his doom. Let him go to Nyōshin (Korea) in the western sea. The lot says that there he can become king, and lord of vast domains. Cast not away the chance." The old man threw the bone far from him. Keenly he watched

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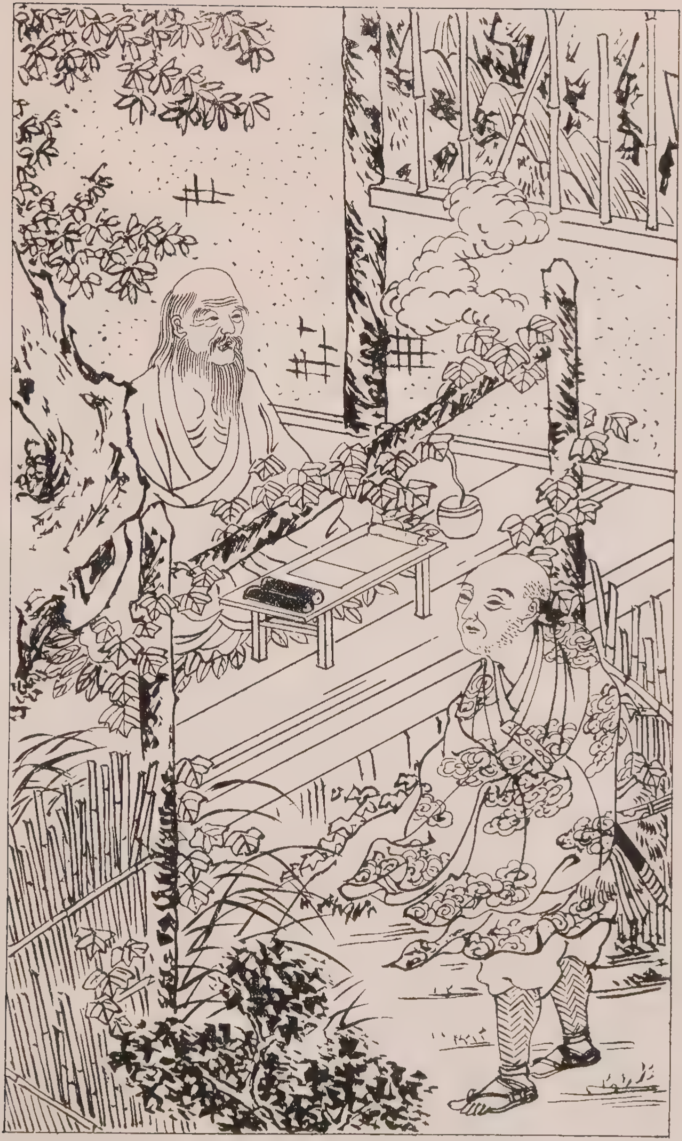
* "The art of a Sennin [mystic or yogâtchârya], such as restoring the dead to life, riding on the air etc." "Brinkley's Dictionary": magician.



HITACHIBŌ KAISON LEARNS SENJUTSU.

its fall, and put his head between his hands with a deep sigh, but as he ventured no further prophecy Kaison thought nothing of it and asked no questions. His one wish was to leave, and to report this extraordinary adventure to his lord. Darkness, however, compelled him to pass the night where he was. This he spent in converse with the seer. The next day the acolyte guided him to the path and set him securely on his way. He would have thanked the youth in some substantial way, have given him his hunting spear as present, but when he turned to do so the lad was no longer there, and peer as he did through the forest trees there was no sign of him. If it had not been for his palpable experiences of the night before he would have set the whole thing down to a dream. Thus to the wonder of all he ended his tale. At Fortune thus pointing elsewhere the retainers rejoiced. Yoshitsune was plunged in thought. His experience at the Kibune shrine came to his mind. He wondered, and was half inclined to believe in this distant future kingdom, apart from the shadow of his brother's claims on his allegiance. Their council, however, was interrupted by the appearance of a messenger. Hidehira had been taken ill, and urgently wished to see him in private. Yoshitsune prepared to leave at once. Seeing that Kaison had passed a weary night he ordered him to take rest. Later they would again go over his tale.

With his train the Hangwan took his stately way to the old chief's mansion. Here they found a feast prepared for them. To this Hidehira had himself carried, to entertain his guest in person. Then all were dismissed. Yoshitsune, Benkei, and Ise Saburō remained alone with the old man. Clearly and distinctly he spoke. "My one thought for long has been to reconcile you and Yoritomo, but the more I study your brother's character, the less likelihood I see of success. As long as I am living Kamakura can look for no division of counsel here in Mutsu. When I am dead—and I shall never rise from this bed at my advanced age—the situation will be changed, and very dangerous for you. Therefore I advise you to abandon all ideas of advancement in this land. As your elder, son of Yoshitomo by Atsuta-gozen, Yoritomo has an advantage that you cannot overcome. Send brave and wise men therefore to Yezo, there to prepare the way for you. Subjugating Kuchi-Yezo and Oku-Yezo you can easily pass to Nyōshin, and there on the mainland carve out a mighty kingdom. I have myself made a study of these parts, and have many maps which I now give to you. If a father knows a son, you will find Izumi Saburō Tadahira an invaluable counsellor. But trust no one else here in Mutsu." Then the old man handed him the scroll to which he had referred. Yoshitsune thanked him earnestly. He told him of Kaison's adventure, so strangely coinciding with his own advice. Hidehira was much surprised. Then even Benkei and Ise withdrew, and for more than an hour Yoshitsune and Hidehira remained in private conference. There was room for it. This aged politician was perhaps the best informed of any concerning the political movements in Court circles or out of them.

Of what passed Yoshitsune said nothing. But as he talked with Benkei, Ise, and Hitachibō, they could catch the gist of what had passed from Yoshitsune's accentuated distrust of Yasuhira, son of the Kitanokata and prospective successor to the old man's domains. It was determined to despatch Kaison and Sugime Kotarō to Yezo, to spy out the land. Perhaps it was the likeness of Sugime to Yoshitsune that afterwards gave rise to the legend of the escape to Yezo.* Yoshitsune took the opportunity to withdraw from possible danger the two Satō *kyōdai*, Yoshinobu and Yoshitada, by sending them on this mission. Shimoseki Tarō of Arita guided them through the north country, and they set sail from Miumaya in Tsuga (Tsugaru). Thus none of these men figured in the final catastrophy, and their graves are not found on the hill-side of Takadachi. On November 30th the prophecy of Fujiwara Hidehira came true, and he died at the age of ninety-one years.† Then Yoritomo was ready to act. Yasuhira was a cold and uncertain protector. On March 20th (1189 A.D.) an order from the Tennō came demanding the arrest of Yoshiaki. There was no uncertainty now as to Yoshitsune's presence in Mutsu. The ceremonial service to the dead, the story of the hunt on Kitagami-san, came together with the news of the training of the *bushi* in Ōshū. Nevertheless Yasuhira did nothing. It was not a congenial task to him, and his father's advice and commands were still in his ears.† He, however, had no intention of following it, and frankly taking Yoshitsune as liege lord and opposing candidate to Yoritomo, thus to enter on a war with the South. Equally did he dislike the idea of Kamakura's over-lordship. Yoritomo had not let the grass grow under his feet. On March 21st he asked the Tennō for an order to attack Yasuhira, and the Court knew how earnest he was by the activity displayed only a few days before against adherents of Yoshitsune in Miyako. On the 24th spies were sent into Mutsu, and preparations for mobilization were in active progress. A month later the request for a court order was repeated, and on April 20th a specific command to attack the rebel Yasuhira was issued. This latter was between the devil and the deep sea. In trying to save himself Yasuhira destroyed himself. He was almost as much an object to Yoritomo as Yoshitsune. For three generations the Fujiwara House of Mutsu had been acquiring fiefs and piling up treasure in the North. Yoritomo wanted these for his greedy followers. If Yasuhira had appreciated how matters stood in the mind of the lord of Kamakura he would forthwith have gone over to Yoshitsune, and put this great commander at the head of sixty thousand men. What a great military genius can do at the head of an efficient force was shown centuries later when the modern

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* The Ainu have a persistent legend of his presence in Yezo (but very likely acquired of Yemishi still living on Hondō, and perhaps later emigrating to Yezo). Once thus on Yezo soil, it was easy for the legend to spread his adventures to the Continent.

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† The Adzuma Kagami gives the date 30th November for Hidehiras' death; and also the latter's direction to make Yoshitsune commander of the Mutsu forces in the inevitable battle against Kamakura. Its date for the Tennō's proclamation is 25th March. I have followed the Dai-Nihon-Shi-Ryō. Cf. map in the Note to this chapter as to what follows.

Alexander, Napoleon Bonaparte, faced the allies and fought the desperate campaign of 1814 that ended at Elba. The chances were good that Yoshitsune would have attacked and defeated the separate columns of Yoritomo's army, to swell his own forces from the beaten enemy as he advanced rapidly south on Kamakura. Yoritomo had never shown signs of able leadership, beyond massing numbers to crush an enemy, and he had suffered as much from good luck as good management. In the one skirmish at which he had commanded he had fought bravely on a hill top and been beaten. He knew enough to run away and fight another day. Against the first captain of Asia he was an untried recruit, and there was no one among his captains to take the place of leader—and they knew it. Sasaki, Miura, Hōjō, Kajiwara, would have gone into the field, already half beaten. Noriyori wisely had already refused the job. It must have been with grave anxiety that such arch-plotters as Hōjō Tokimasa and Ōye Hiromoto watched to see what rôle Yasuhira would take.

The man blundered. Suspicion was in the air, and Yoshitsune's more immediate retainers now did not wander far from Takadachi. With the exception of Hitachibō and Sugime, absent on their mission, and Kamei Rokurō and Bizen Heishiro Nariharu, who had gone to spy out the land, all were assembled in council with Yoshitsune. The latter had pointed out their dangerous position, the necessity of making some move to end it. "'With our small force we could make as much resistance as a praying mantis with his raised scythes against a dragon cart.'" All were cast down at this unfavourable change in their lord's position. Yoshitsune thought of the roll he had received from Hidehira. He brought it out, and with pleased thanks to the spirit of the thoughtful old man they all looked over the carefully marked road to the North and Yezo. Then as on this fifteenth day of June (1189 A.D.)*

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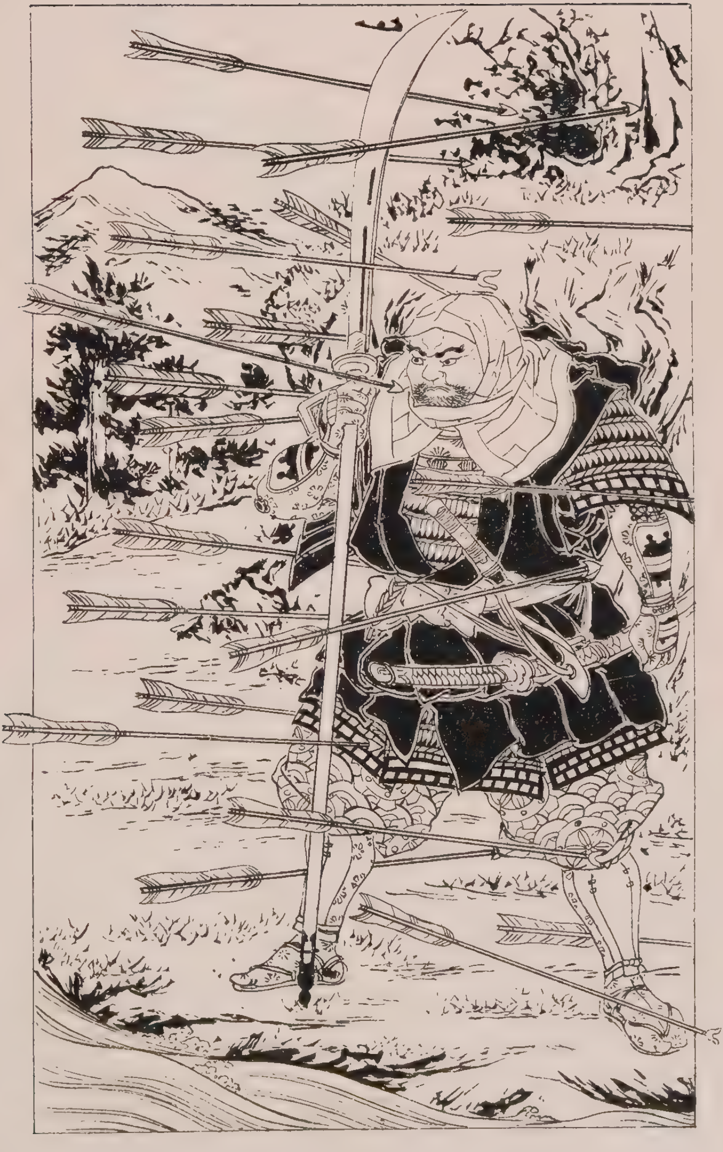
* My note from the Adzuma Kagami says thirtieth day of the fourth month. That of the Dai-Nihon-Shi says thirtieth day of the intercalary fourth month, as do the Chūsonji antiquarians. The first named would be 17th May.



BENKEI'S LAST BATTLE.

they traced out the route on the map illuminated by the early afternoon sun there was a ghastly interruption. The drums beat to arms outside. All laid hands on their weapons, to turn and greet Nariharu, who staggering made his way to Yoshitsune and slowly laid down before him the severed head of Kamei Rokurō. He told his story. On the side of Chūsonji all was quiet enough. But the castle was swarming with *bushi* riding in from every direction. Perhaps he and Kamei had gone too far. They sought to make their way back to the Yanagi Gōshō, but men fairly sprang out of the ground. Attacked by overwhelming numbers they fought their best and reached the slopes of Takadachi. Here Kamei was pierced through the heart with an arrow. He had succeeded in carrying off the head to bring it to his lord.

Whatever his hearers thought of the tale the answer to their questioning looks was given by the entrance of Izumi no Saburō Tadahira. He brought the news that many *bushi* had been summoned and were detained at the castle, as being suspected of a possible allegiance to Yoshitsune in preference to their liege lord Yasuhira. They also learned that there was but little time for council. He had but preceded a strong force of three thousand *bushi* on their way to attack Takadachi. His words were almost accompanied by the fierce shouts from the outside. Guard and assailants had already clashed. Without further talk all the company seized their weapons. There was little else to do, for in these latter days they had felt it necessary to play the *bushi* ready for instant call to battle. Each man took his place in the line determined to fight to the end, at least to leave a severe mark upon the foe. There were but few of them. Some stragglers, *bushi* attached to Tadahira, found their way into the Yanagi Gōshō. They might have been fifty in number. But two hundred men against three thousand, and the knowledge that ten times that number would soon be upon them removed all hope of escape. Yasuhira had mobilised his available force to meet Yoritomo, if the head of Yoshitsune failed to satisfy his vengeance. This was encamped between Ichinoseki and Hiraizumi, and it was a matter of a few hours when he could throw this whole mass upon the hill and overwhelm them. It was with wistful strained eyes that Benkei gazed across the river to the northern hills. Once in their shelter his lord was safe. But in every direction, up and down the opposite shores of the Koromogawa and the Kitakamigawa, patrols could be seen galloping. Tadahira answered an unspoken question. There will be no movement from them by daylight. To attack Takadachi by the ford in the face of our arrows would be madness." In this he was right. The rivers, swollen by the spring rains, were already sending down huge masses of swift muddy water. They would try to swim the ford by moonlight, and so finish the battle on this side where the river rather than art was the main defense. "Will they!" thought Benkei, and an idea came into his head, to which his great strength and height gave sanction.

For the day the defence was brilliantly successful. Many fell in their own ranks. Nariharu, already badly wounded, was killed by an arrow. A band of the besiegers in one fierce onset came within an ace of surrounding Yoshitsune, who raged through the fight like a demon. Where he was there was death; for others, but not for himself who seemed to court it. The enemy had cast a half circle around him, and a rush could have borne down the reckless knight. This was a battle for a head, and old traditions of man to man and knight to knight were thrown to the winds before this knight whom none dared to face singly. But the circle never closed. Benkei, Washiwo, Ise, Kataoka left to others the task of holding their positions. Like thunder-bolts they fell on the flank of these rash men who aimed so high. Scattered the enemy fled, but not more than thirty escaped down the hill to the West, and they left ten times their number of dead and wounded behind them. The sun was already setting. Benkei, covered with blood from head to foot, looked like the Deva King, the Niō, as never he had done before. The old tale of his parentage seemed to gather strength. The little band sullenly fell back within the walls of the *gōshō*. They took stock of what was left to them, and realized that they could no longer hold the crown of the hill. A severe loss had been that of Tadahira. Venturing too far in pursuit of the enemy he had been drawn into an ambuscade and surrounded. He was either dead or a prisoner. The worst was their own depleted ranks. Musashi-bō Benkei, Ise Saburō Yoshimori, Kataoka Hachirō, Suzuki Saburō, Suruga Jirō, Masuwo Kanefusa, Kumai Tarō, Washiwo Saburō, Kisata—these were all that were left to meet their lord in council. Yoshitsune sighed as he gazed around him. This time the end seemed really to be at hand.

Not so thought Benkei. "They shall not attack us to-night. By to-morrow we will have nothing but the ground we stand on. Then one rush will carry them over us. Our lord must escape at once. A way may be found through Chūsonji or even to the South. He must reach the mountains. The chief object is to prevent them crossing the river, and so ascertaining our real condition. The river is high, but the shallow in the middle will not come above my knees. No man shall cross the ford alive this night.* Your lordship must lose no time. A few hours of darkness are everything."—"Excellent in its way," said Suzuki Saburō; "but I have my plan. My body is little like our lord's, but my head is a good substitute, good enough for Yoritomo. I shall set fire to the place, commit *harakiri*, and the prize the enemy get will be good enough to take the heart out of any pursuit if they suspect a fraud."—"We can both play our part," was Benkei's reply. The other retainers agreed. It was a desperate experiment, but the only available means of escape; thus to cross the track of their lord's pursuers, and give him time to escape. Yoshitsune rejected both plans. "One good man like either of you is worth a thousand men. We must all live and fall together." Benkei spoke firmly. "Our lord thinks too much of others. It is the first uncertain word I have heard from one so accustomed to give orders in battle which send men to death without account of persons. What is a dead man to a captain in war! May it please our lord to accept the plan of Kiyoshige. Then I can take my post with a light heart, and fight with certainty of success." Without a word Yoshitsune stretched out his hands to his brave men. Finally he said:—"Let it be so. If we can escape in the darkness we will do so. Promise me that as the moon wanes you will follow me." And Benkei, looking his lord in the eyes, said:—"Where my lord goes, to victory or to death, I shall follow him." Yoshitsune seized his hands, and for a moment they thus stood gazing into each other's faces in wistful anxious inquiry. Then the giant strode off. His heavy step passed out the front gate and was heard passing down the slope. They advanced to the gate to watch him as he waded through the rushing river, to take his post on the shallow. At drier seasons a little island of stones and boulders was here a part of the only available ford at this point on the Kitakamigawa. Just now these rocks protected Benkei's rear. Then they turned their attention to their part of the plan. Yoshitsune gave his armour to Suzuki. Once more the Kitanokata had to make her preparations for flight; this time with her infant child. They had small prospect of escape.

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* Benkei refers to the Kitakamigawa, opposite Takadachi.

So it proved. A short distance took them to the crest of the hill. Yasuhira had netted them with his whole army. The camp fires burnt brightly in a closely hemming circle. The guards could be plainly seen walking their rounds, and groups of *bushi* stood in the light of the fire, their gaze turned toward Takadachi. They had something to talk about. Yasuhira's enterprise was costing him dear. These Minamoto captains were stiff fighters, and nearly a thousand of the Mutsu *bushi* had been put *hors de combat* in the day's fight. But to the besieged one thing was plain. Not a hare could have passed the circle which was complete and deep In this camp there was no sleep. Gloomily they took their way back to the *gōshō*. The end had come. "Let one go and summon Benkei," said Yoshitsune. Kisata bowed at his lord's sign, and took his departure. An hour passed and he did not reappear. Ise rose and left the room. In a few minutes he returned. "The enemy swarm on the river bank, and Kisata's head is their standard."

Then at Yoshitsune's sign they all arose to bid their lord farewell. One by one they filed out of the apartment, their hearts bursting with pain and anger. Their death scene was to be on the hillside. Their bodies were to lie interposed between their lord and the enemy. Only Masuwo Gon-no-Kami Kanefusa remained, foster brother to his chief Yoshitsune stood, his head bowed in deep thought. The Kitanokata watched him with wide-open pained eyes. His glance fell on a little image of the Buddha, before which many a prayer had been said in these sad days. Then drawing his dagger he gave it to Masuwo, and concealing his head in his sleeves turned his face aside. The Kitanokata sank to the floor with the moan of a stricken animal. Masuwo slowly left the room. In a few minutes he returned, and laid the dead body of the babe beside its father. Then the Kitanokata knelt at her husband's feet. "I now have no child; no reason to live or complaint to make against death. Please kill me before yourself that I may go with you along the way to Paradise. Tenderly he raised her, and they remained for a few minutes in close embrace. "Namu-Amida-Butsu," said Yoshitsune. Taking the dagger, stained with the blood of his child, he held her head under his left arm and plunged the weapon into her throat. Without a groan her head sank on his knees, and he stood watching the warm blood gushing from the body. "She has shown the way. Masuwo, you will take my head and try to hide it before you kill yourself." He seated himself. Then opening his garments he plunged the dagger into the left side, drew it over to the right, and slashed upward. It was a skilful cut. The next moment Kanefusa left the apartment with the head. Stopping a moment to apply a torch to the piled up screens he fled through the rear to reach a grove of cryptomeria close by. Watchful eyes, however, were at hand. The pursuit was instant and close. His aim was frustrated. At the foot of a pine he stumbled against a dead body. Looking down he saw by the armour that it was that of Kamei, left to lie where he had fallen. He turned. A narrowing circle of torches was making its way toward him. He could not carry out his lord's command; he could only go to him and report his failure. No time was to be lost. And so he passed, to tread the road of the others now lying dead on the hill slope of Takadachi.

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One more remains to complete the count of heads. At dawn of day the enemy was in full possession of Takadachi. The fire started by Kanefusa was quickly detected by the circle clasping the *gosho*, and now close at hand. The watching *bushi* leaped to their feet and rushed into the place. Attempts were made to extinguish the flames, but the more earnest and reckless forced their way into the building. The body of Yoshitsune was quickly seen and removed. For that of the woman and child they made no account, and there were none others to confuse them. The report soon spread of Kanefusa's death, and the finding of the head with him. Thus at early dawn Yasuhira sat in silent inspection of the ghastly trophy, with some bitterness over what it had cost him, and, it is to be hoped, with misgivings as to the outcome and advisability of his action. Meanwhile a strange tale spread through the camp. Two armies held the banks of the river, which neither dared to cross. Grimly guarding the ford, his legs wide stretched apart, his back against a huge boulder, stood Benkei. Early in the evening the attempt had been made to cross in force, and nearly a hundred men had been swept down by the current, lifeless and with gaping wounds from the cruel halberd of the giant. Then they resorted to the bow, and Benkei was the target for thousands of arrows. Contemptuously he stood. With the rising sun flushing the water those of keener sight could see the angry glare on his face from the red lacquer lining his helmet. With this dawn men took courage. To their discharges and cries Benkei neither moved nor answered. Like a rock he stood. Not even the head of his lord carried in his sight made him change his attitude. It was this immobility that finally attracted attention. The bolder rode into the water to discharge their arrows.

Then they approached still nearer. Finally with a shout one closer than the others made his way boldly to the giant form. That was all it was now. Benkei had kept his word to his lord. He was literally riddled with the long war shafts which pierced his armour and stuck in it like the quills of a porcupine. One luckier arrow had glanced upward from a stone and pierced his eye and brain, so eager and ready in loyal service to his lord. And so died Benkei.

EPILOGUE.

Yasuhira profited little by his folly. With this he can be charged. The treachery of his sudden descent on Takadachi was a feature of the warfare of those days. If anything his unwillingness to carry out the orders of the Hōō, even in the face of obvious preparation in Kamakura, stand to a credit which Japanese writers refuse to give him. But he judged very badly. On July 27th* Yoritomo had the opportunity to verify at Kamakura the successful issue of this long hunt, when Nitta no Kwanja Takahira, messenger of Yasuhira, brought to Kamakura the head of Yoshitsune, nicely boxed in a lacquered circular case and pickled in sweet wine. Wada Yoshimori and Kajiwara Kagetoki went to Koshigoe to receive and verify the welcome gift. Then, carried by two servants of Takahira, it was brought to the presence of Yoritomo. After due exposure it received proper burial at the Shirakata Jinja, Itadomachi, of Fujisawa in Sagami (Kōzagōri). The body of the unfortunate captain found rest at Takadachi, near what was known as the Yoshitsune-byō, later the Yoshitsune-dō, and long years after a stone " easily lifted by the hand " still marked the place where the outlaw rested, whose name was as fearful to the Hōjō as ever it was to his brother.

That it made no difference we can understand. Yasuhira thought it did, and in his enthusiasm, on August 13th, he put to death his brother Izumi-no-kwanja Tadahira, for his unwise partisanship of Yoshitsune. Virtuous was the indignation of the arch hypocrite in Kamakura when this piece of news reached him. Such inhuman treatment of a brother called for the vengeance of heaven, with himself as instrument and bill collector. He therefore rapidly pushed forward his preparations to visit with condign punishment the vulgar fratricide, and to raid his hoard of furs and gold, the latter badly needed to gild the temples he was erecting in every direction. Yoritomo was a just man, but the taxes were no lighter. Like most reformers he cost a good deal in more than plain comfort. Yasuhira appealed to Miyako, and a peremptory order was issued forbidding any movement from Kamakura. Yoritomo had capable representatives in Miyako. Matters between the *bushi*, under control of the Sōtsui-hoshi, were no business of the Court. Just exactly what hit him Go-Shirakawa did not know. The stuffing of the Kamakura club was not particularly light. Thoroughly frightened it took but a few days to effect a complete *volte face* and extract from him an order for the punishment of Yasuhira. On the first of September Yoritomo was on his way. Three columns were directed on Mutsu, by the east and west sea roads and by the mountain road. They would all be needed if it is true that 284000 men were engaged in this invasion of the North. Yoritomo went by the Tōsandō.* Sasaki Tsunetaka and Ōye Kageyoshi remained at Kamakura with a strong force to guard the place. There were some fifty thousand men to meet the invading force. But Yasuhira, not Yoshitsune, was in command. He threw himself into his castle on Atsukashimayama near Shirakawa. In the battle or rather battles which followed during September, Yoritomo forced the barrier and set fire to the castle. Yasuhira fled northward, leaving his elder brother Kunehira dead on the battle field. Meanwhile the armies marching by the two sea routes had penetrated into Dewa and Mutsu. It was a desperate scattered fight through the hills and mountains, from fort to fort, and from stockade to stockade; a repetition of the war against the Abe more than a hundred years before. The arrival of the two new columns forced Yasuhira to retire on Hiraizumi. It must have been with grief in his soul that the holy man Yoritomo attacked the place. He feared the loss of the accumulated treasures, and the destruction of the many buildings which sheltered other holy men at Chūsonji. Doubtless he spared it as much as the exigencies of war permitted. Yasuhira did what he could, fought as bravely as possible, and until his army was almost destroyed. Then he fired every thing he could and again fled northward. Yoritomo sent troops in pursuit, and then entered to take account of stock. The booty was ample, and the Kamakura *bushi* waxed fat on the spoils, for Yoritomo was not a stingy man to his bruisers. Soon he could add to his findings the head of Yasuhira. This was produced by one of the latter's own retainers, Kawada Jirō. This man accompanied his master to Yezo, and there assassinated him.* Yoritomo promptly rewarded him with death. The lord of Kamakura was engaged on his codification of Bushidō, and could not tolerate such a glaring breach of its basic principle—loyalty to one's lord though thick and thin. The three younger brothers of Yasuhira—Toshihira, Suyehira, and Takahira—escaped with their lives, and not much else. Thus ended the powerful house of Fujiwara Kiyohira, once lord of Mutsu.†

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* The Chūsonji pamphlet gives the matter a thorough thrashing out, and the above is its date. The same day the head was buried. July 27th is the date given by the Adzuma Kagami.

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* Tōsandō is the general name for the north-eastern provinces, Shinano, Shimotsuke, Iwashiro, etc. There are two roads to-day. One by Mito and the sea; another goes through Oyama, Utsunomiya, etc. The last named was probably taken by Yoritomo—the Ōshūkaidō.

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* Yezo seems to have been familiar ground to these Mutsu chiefs.

† The account of the Adzuma Kagami as to this campaign can be condensed as follows. Adachi Shinsaburō reported to the Hōō the result of the fighting in Mutsu under date 19 October (1189 A.D.) "We left Kamakura on September 1st and reached Shirakawa on the 11th. On September 19th we fought a battle at the barrier of Akashi, and defeated the enemy. Mount Akashi was crossed on the 21st, and at Yamaguchi we met the army of Nishikido no Tarō Kuniyasu, eldest son of Hidehira, and drove them away. As Yasuhira was staying at the castle of Takanami, to the northward of Taga in Tamatsukuri district, we marched on and reached it on October 1st. Yasuhira evacuated the place and fled to Hiraizumi. He reached there October 2nd, and on our arrival there on October 3rd he was not to be

There was one more affair for the lord of Kamakura to settle, before the land could be at peace. Hardly had he reached that city before Ōkawa Kanetō was up and doing in Mutsu. The tales vary. Some say he passed himself off as Yoshitsune; others, as Asahi-kwanja son of Yoshinaka. He showed what could be done with his little army of seven thousand men. He cut a wide swathe, defeating in detail one lieutenant after another sent by Yoritomo. It was a fatal business, for Kanetō thrashed them first and secured their heads afterward. It was only when the Tokaidō and Tosandō contingents were joined to those of Shinano and Shimotsuke that he was finally beaten. Chiba Tanegane, Hiki Yoshisada, and Ashikaga Yoshikane in command of these joined forces with Kasai Kiyoshige and defeated Kanetō in a pitched battle. Accounts of his ending also vary. One says that he was assassinated in the third month of 1190 A.D. (April) by a fisherman, about a month after his defeat. Another account says that he took refuge in Kuriharadera, was ignominiously lugged forth, and his head sent on its lonely journey to Kamakura. His course had been short. He had raised his standard in February, and inflicted about as much loss on Yoritomo as the case could reasonably call for. Then there was peace. For a while Yoritomo was engaged on his first entry into Miyako since he had been driven from it by Kiyomori. Times had changed for the better with him, and for the worse for the capital city. The summer of 1190 A.D. was devoted to the god Taishi Sama, that is the carpenters were exceedingly busy in Miyako. In the early part of November Yoritomo left Kamakura. His progress was a leisurely one, and it was not until a month later that he entered the capital and proceeded to the new and splendid palace which had risen

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found. We kept up the pursuit, and on October 14th we defeated and killed him." The Takahira mentioned above in the text was put to death in 1201 A.D., being engaged in a conspiracy of Jō Nagamochi against the Hōjō. Oyama Tomomasa put both of them to death. Nagamochō's son, Sukemori, was valiantly defended by his aunt against the forces of Echigo and Sado, and they paid dearly to get his head and the castle of Tori-saka-no-Seki. The Jō were a powerful family in Echigo. The first staggering blow they got from Yoshinaka.

on the site of Rokuhara. So great was the curiosity as to this unknown Master of the Great Land that even the old Hōō hid himself under a disguise and went to see the procession. Yoritomo gilded the pill to the Court by magnificent presents. They were needed, for the recipients were already getting down at the heels. A few years more and they would go bare-footed. Yoritomo was not an ungenerous man. The Court could have what did not pass current as coin among men. They could have titles, and a strictly limited pocket money—not power. By the end of January (1191 A.D.) he was again in Kamakura, to take up building in that locality.

He also paid some attention to family affairs. Already (in 1189 A.D.) he had settled matters with some Fujiwara relatives. At the end of May, Fujiwara Tomokata *dainagon*, Yoritsune of the third Court rank, Takashima Kurando Yasutsune—being partisans of Yoshitsune (and related through Tokiwa)—went into exile. Such little matters were interrupted by an attempt of Katsuga Tadamichi, of the almost extinguished Ise Heishi, to remove the incubus resting on the family fortunes. In disguise, and with a fish scale inserted in one eye to simulate blindness, he mingled in the crowd at one of the numerous temple dedications, a method Yoritomo had of beating the devil around the stump. Yoritomo had no fish scale in his eye. His two good orbs lit on the suspicious stranger. A word, and Kagetoki had him in hand. He and his retainers lost their heads. As to family affairs, Yoritomo made a tolerably clean slate. Noriyori had absolutely refused to undertake the mission of chastisement against his brother Yoshitsune in Miyako. This was way back in 1185 A.D. Knowing what we do of Yoritomo it can be said that he was in the Shōgun's eye. On the 31st of August (1193 A.D.) he is found swearing his good faith to Yoritomo in answer to slanders to the contrary. The next day his retainer, Tōdō Tarō, was found concealed under the *rōka* of the Shōgun's apartment. Yoritomo then in summary fashion exiled Noriyori to Shuzenji in Izu, and as his house became a centre of the disaffected a large force was sent to despatch him. Finding escape impossible he committed *harakiri*, and such of his retainers as did not follow his example anyhow lost their heads. Such is the bare surface of the record, but thereby hangs a tale.

Kudō Suketsune had been pilfered, in afore time (1177 A.D.), of his property by his uncle Itō Sukechika. Later he took vengeance in the usual fashion of the day ; and in the attack Sukechika was badly wounded and his son Sukeyasu was killed. This last had two sons, Soga Jūrō Sukenari and Soga Gorō Tokimune, these latter taking their name from their step-father Soga Sukenobu. We have seen that Yoritomo had no reason to love Itō Sukechika. Indeed it was only the intercession of Kajiwara Genda, of Hatakeyama, and of Wada, that saved the lives of these children and left them in their mothers care. They, in their turn, therefore had no reason to love Yoritomo, and had a settled duty of vengeance against his favourite Kudō Suketsune. Tokimune was brought up as a priest at the Hakone temple, but at the age of sixteen he fled the holy place, and with his brother took refuge with Hōjō Tokimasa. Thus the days passed, and in this June of 1193 A.D. Yoritomo in his hunting had passed from Aisawa in Suruga, and pitched his tents at the base of Fujisan. The Soga *kyōdai* took this as their opportunity. They entered the camp by night. The tent of Kudō was pointed out to them by Hondō Chikatsune a retainer of Hatakeyama. Its owner received a dagger in his heart. Then the twain attacked the tent of Yoritomo. Many of his guard were killed, and they almost succeeded in reaching the Shōgun himself. Yoritomo much alarmed wished to engage in the fight, but Ōtomo Yoshinao prevented his taking such risk. Nitta Tadatsune killed Sukenari (aged twenty-two years). The younger brother, Tokimune (aged twenty years) was only captured, after a desperate struggle, by the strong man of Yoritomo's body-guard Gorōmaru. Yoritomo is credited by some with wishing to spare such a brave fighter. As usual justice got the better of his feelings, and he ordered that Tokimune's head be severed with a *blunt* sword. Tora-gozen, the concubine of Tokimune, who had aided her lover in every way, escaped without punishment. She became a nun. Her name is connected with Ōiso, at which place she had begun life as a courtesan. The affair made a tremendous stir, and at first the Shōgun was reported as killed. Noriyori is said to have then told Masako not to be in any alarm as he was by her side to take his brother's place. This came to Yoritomo's ears, of course; and the lord of Kamakura, not jealous of his wife but of his power, is said forthwith to have determined on the destruction of Noriyori. This latter left three children, very young at the time; and as they grew up phenomenally stupid they caused no trouble, and lived in a decent neglect.* Thus the Shōgun had eliminated his own immediate stock. Perhaps if he had known that a future Shōgun was to spring from the issue of his sister's daughter he would have eliminated her. Meanwhile, with the exception of a fight (in 1195 A.D.) in alliance with the Hōō's retainers, against the monks of the Tōdaiji, his life was one of peace (for ten years!), and a reconstruction which led directly to what can be called the Japanese "Hundred Years War"; or series of them, for peace did not reign until Oda Nobunaga, Hideyoshi, and Iyeyasu, had reconstructed the regime of the *buké*, on the feudal basis of Kamakura but with different details. Iyeyasu could not have completed this work, if the preceding four centuries had not thoroughly exhausted the leading combatants. Until his day the Minamoto House disappeared from actual rule. They were not eliminated, as had been the Ise Heishi. But they were relegated to become dignified figure-heads, as had been the Tennō in Miyako.

In August 1193 A.D., Yokoyama Tokihirō presented to Yoritomo a horse nine feet in height. It is said that he sent it to pasturage in Ōshū, or perhaps to graze with the mare of Gargantua. It was probably not his mount when he attended the fête given by Inage Saburō Shigenari of Sagami, to celebrate the construction of a bridge over the rapid Banyū river (between Fujisawa and

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* The monument to the Soga *kyōdai* and Tora-gozen, on the road near Ashinoyu, Hakone, is familiar to tourists.

Hiratsuka).* This had been erected in honour of his deceased wife, the elder sister of Masako. Yoritomo was now fifty-three years of age, and from his picture a somewhat heavy man. On the return his horse shied; some said at the angry ghosts of Yoshitsune and Yukiiye which barred the road. Yoritomo was thrown and badly injured, and in this 1199 A.D., February 7th, he died. The next twenty years under Masako were lively ones. Kajiwara Kagetoki was as garrulous as ever, and no longer had his master's sympathetic ear open to his slanders. Habit, however, was too much for him. Therefore Wada, Miura, Hatakeyama, fell upon him. Kajiwara fled to Kai, but he and his three sons were killed in short order and Suruga, and their heads figured in Kamakura in February, 1200 A.D. Yoritomo had an illegitimate son, Koremune Tadahisa. The mother had to flee the wrath of Masako, but the son grew up in his father's favour. As his efforts were confined to Kyūshū he and his lived and prospered in the safety of that distant province. Perhaps he took warning from the ill-success of Tametomo. Yoriiye conducted things badly enough for the rest. A series of conspiracies wiped out Yoriiye the son and Ichiman the grandson, put out of the way by Hōjō Tokimasa. The latter was then retired at the peremptory orders of Masako and her brother Yoshitoki. They did not "deal out death" to their now aging parent. Sanetomo the last of Yoritomo's line died by the dagger of his nephew Kugyō, son of Yoriiye. He was buried with all the honours due to the last Shōgun of his line, and his murderer's head was exposed as that of a criminal†—"a man shall not live under the same heaven as his father's slayer." Now Kawano Hokyō Zenjō, uncle of Yoriiye, had gone the way of all Yoritomo flesh in a revolt in Suruga in 1203

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* So called, I am informed, by the country people at its mouth. The upper reaches are given the name Sagamigawa.

† There are two stories as to the disposition of Sanetomo's head. Mr. Murdoch, "History of Japan" I. p. 427 implies that it was in Kugyō's possession. Professor Chamberlain and Mr. Mason (Murray's Japan-Kamakura) say that it was never found, and a single hair represented its interment.

A.D.* It was the turn of his son Tokimoto in 1219 A.D., and Yoshitoki, the capable son of Hōjō Tokimasa and now Shikken, had the ineffable satisfaction of seeing the last head likely to set up a hereditary claim in Kamakura.

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Once more, in the two brothers Yoritomo and Yoshitsune, history gives us an instance of how fatal to natural relations is the struggle when an object of real material value and ambition is at stake. Whether it be property or a kingdom its reality divides those whom Nature unites; and in this crab-like fashion the world makes progress, for the more violent the struggle the more fit is the survivor. It is not necessary that the ambition and suspicion should be mutual. If but one possesses it that is enough, and it is well shown in this struggle between Yoritomo and Yoshitsune. The cold, callous, suspicious, nature of the former is shown in all his deeds. He compounded with heaven by superstition, and a lavish expenditure on priests and temples which the country could ill afford, besides adding to a power of the monks which was fast becoming the balancing factor in internal politics. As a statesman Yoritomo certainly accomplished his object, which was the elimination of the Miyako Court, accustomed to play one faction of the *buké* against the other. Henceforth this was for the hand of the military class. If there was fighting to do, they did it on their own account and reaped the result. The Court was once for all thoroughly discredited. Formally it had been compelled to abdicate the conduct of civil as well as military affairs. Government in every sense of the word passed to the *buké*. If a *kugé* wished to figure otherwise than as a dancing master, he did it in the rôle of *buké* and undertook all the obligations of the soldier, otherwise he was a figure-head. This was all that Yoritomo did. He showed the feasibility of his plan, and how to put it into effect. He can be given great credit for forcing men into line, when subsequent history showed that more than three hundred years were necessary before his work could be carried out with the materials at hand. It was not a new idea in constructive statesmanship, for the mirage of centralisation had hung before the eyes of Japanese statesmen for centuries. But Yoritomo saw that as understood by the Court it was impossible in Japan. He built well and solidly, for the spirit of his institution went on sinking deeper and deeper into men's minds, until the days of Tokugawa Iyeyasu rendered its accomplishment easy. We often hear the term Bushidō, and Japanese writers enthusiastically refer it to this period. There is no text to which Bushidō can be referred, no scripture of its precepts. This is very convenient for gentlemen who write about it in the twentieth century. They can and do label anything found in a "Handbook for Ethics," and shout exultantly—"Lo! Bushidō!" The real Bushidō wrote itself in iron facts; and the absurdity of the latter-day interpretation is shown in the wide welter of most cruel and savage civil war which lasted for centuries. Yasuhira in some accounts is accused of poniarding his brother Tadahira and of *sending* the head to Kamakura. In a few years the ethics of Bushidō (the Knight's Way) had made great strides, and in 1221 A.D. Miura Yoshimura not only betrayed his brother Taneyoshi, but *himself* presented the head, boxed in the latest fashion, to the regent Hōjō Yoshitoki. Loyal to one's lord to the last ditch—and a very dirty one.

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* Also said to have been killed in 1181 A.D.

Of Yoritomo's soldiership little can be said for little is displayed. He understood the value of thorough preparation and overwhelming force; and although his brother Noriyori bitterly complained of a disorganised commissariat, something is known of Noriyori's character that makes it necessary to discount the complaints. With thirty thousand men in northern Kyūshū it is suggestive that Taira Tomomori did not dare to attack him, and more to the point is the fact that on March 4th 1185 A.D. Noriyori, in the face of Tomomori's command of the sea, succeeded in transferring his army from Nagato to Kyūshū. If Tomomori could have attacked him with the support of Kyūshū he would have done so, for Noriyori was the obstacle to the further retreat of the Taira. These, however, had been driven out of Kyūshū two years before by the hostile barons of the island, who probably had little favour for either side. Against Yoshitsune it is safe to say that Yoritomo would have fared about as well as those Austrian, Saxon, Prussian, and Russian captains, who went to Napoleon's school for some years before their great numbers made any impression. Like them Yoritomo had the men and material, but it was a question of meeting his brother's strategy. Yoshitsune understood his opponents thoroughly, and wasted none of the material to his hand. He made Nature fight for him. His heaviest battalions were on the spot of fighting. His scanty band at Yashima was multiplied into thousands by fire and smoke, and the appearance of his vessels the next day in Shido bay meant to Usagi no Kami Munemori the van-guard of a huge fleet. This latter fought at Dan-no-ura because he was trapped, and perhaps the Taira leaders had retired him in the military sense from their councils. Even the layman can see what a brilliant conception was behind Yoshitsune's plan of campaign. He can understand Ichi-no-tani and Dan-no-ura. But the boldness and certainty with which Yoshitsune laid his hand on Yashima and Shikoku, thus driving the Taira into the trap, is to this day a cause for comment and an object of study to more than the layman.

When we pass to the question of statesmanship it is altogether another matter. Yoshitsune was twenty five years old at the battle of Dan-no-ura. His whole subsequent conduct showed his age. He was neither Alexander nor Napoleon. He idled and intrigued for Court advancement, between the short intervals of his hard campaigns. To him Shizuka and his twenty concubines were women; not pawns in the game. Both the great western captains had the same weakness—and made it useful to themselves. The reasons for his action cannot be severely criticised. His brother would not advance him, and he was ambitious for court rank. He plainly had no part or hand in Yoritomo's deeper projects. What was he doing between 1180 A.D. when he first met Yoritomo at the Kisegawa, and 1184 A.D. when he marched against Kiso Yoshinaka? The seeds of Yoritomo's dislike—and that of Hōjō, Ōye, Kajiwara, and others devoted to Yoritomo's interests—must have been laid at that time. They never barred the path of Noriyori. Yoshitsune came with the interest of Fujiwara Hidehira behind him, and that was no recommendation* in Kamakura. His life in Miyako shows him as one of a number of those intriguing for Court influence, and conspicuous through his abilities. There is nothing at that time to show that he had any designs against Yoritomo. In fact Yoshitsune seems impregnated with the old ideas—the Yoshitomo, Yoshimasa, attitude to an old worn-out institution. In what he did he had no suspicion that he was putting obstacles in the way of his brother's far-reaching plans. But the very prominence he gave the Court in military affairs was a grievous offense to the man who intended to strip it of interference even in civil affairs. What Yoshitsune would have done at thirty years of age is not worth speculation. His stay at Hidehira's court in the rôle of a fugitive gives no hint. If it were not for the brilliant originality shown in his military leadership we would have to set him down as another Yorimasa. But he was far more than that dilettante captain. Yoshitsune is a forcible illustration of how the iron hand of custom in Japanese institutions can crush and keep down any expansion of genius beyond the limits therein set.

This brings us to a reservation. The legend of the escape to Yezo, and the conquest of China, is an early one. In fathering it on Yoshitsune there may here be an echo of camp discussion in days both of fortune and gloom. Yoshitsune was the soldier in arms. In the luxury of the capital he lost himself. But in the saddle he was again the military genius. If Yoshitsune had replaced Yoritomo at Kamakura the very nature of the man would have thrown him on the continent. A centralised Government, without fighting, was impossible to such a military leader of men. His character would either have been sapped, like that of his rough nephew Yoriiye; or with no one else to fight he would have sought other lands. Or, the wars of the Shōgunate would have come very soon, to rouse him to further effort, to the destruction of himself or his enemies. It was only the efficiency of the early Bakufu that kept these wars off for nearly a century after Yoritomo's death; and that date is fixed with much reservation as to the severe fighting which did go on, notably in the expiring effort of the court to reassert itself in 1220 A.D. A military chief, who could throw these wild *bushi* on the neighbouring lands, might have been even of more lasting benefit to the peace of the land than the iron hand and premature statesmanship of Yoritomo. Hideyoshi thought so, for his first idea was to perform this little blood-letting on the *bushi*. He certainly made the task of Iyeyasu easier by so doing. It was possible. No one in the Japan of his day could have contested the military supremacy of Yoshitsune. His character and his qualifications show us nothing else. To this can be added, as anti-climax, that his position *versus* Yoritomo, as son of a concubine, made the replacement of the latter in the headship of the Minamoto clan practically impossible under Japanese conditions and custom. Yoshinaka could be a rival, not Yoshitsune. Unless Japanese history is to be read in a sense entirely different from the usual one, Yoritomo appears over-suspicious. He threw away a most valuable instrument to his hand. One whose originality, directed to furthering his own plans, might have had tremendous influence on Japanese development. Or else——the Minamoto House Law meant nothing within the clan. Yoritomo's bloody policy was for the good of no one but the man who stood behind him, Hōjō Tokimasa. As soon as Yoritomo was out of the way the Hōjō went on to complete the elimination. Her own issue removed, Masako was no obstacle. From 1180 to 1220 A.D., in Japanese history one is inclined to apply the maxim:—"whom does the crime profit?"

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* This strong link between the Mutsu Fujiwara and Yoshitsune certainly carries the hint of something more than mere friendship; some blood bond with the Fujiwara of Tokiwa-gozen and Miyako.

When we turn to the more private personal characteristics, everything is in Yoshitsune's favour in a comparison of the brothers. Of Yoritomo's cold, callous brutality enough has been said; and it is thoroughly historical. The energetic, straight-forward Yoshitsune receives the sympathy of Japanese writers, and these characteristics have thrown a halo of romance about him. This is the theme of the many Yoshitsune Sen-Bon-Sakura, recitatives chanted or recited to the sound of *koto*, *biwa*, or *samisen*. He is the hero of love, adventure, and battle. This view has so thoroughly saturated the Japanese mind—greatly to its credit—that it is very hard to get at the hero's real proportions. The thorough familiarity of all these deeds to all classes, from the itinerant peddler at the street fairs, to the learned doctor who feels one's pulse, or the Kangakusha who has a head full of thousands of Chinese ideographs and their attendant literature, is such a patent indication of their habits of thought in this twentieth century that it is a warning to other people to take notice and try and understand them. It is a reason for writing these lengthy volumes. The Japanese, a practical people of the twentieth century, in their way just as loveable as Don Quixote—and just as dangerous—literally feed on the same kind of literature as the good knight. Indeed Amadis de Gaul and kindred subjects are quite tame in comparison. To them Yoshitsune is their hero, and the foreign critic can follow them so far as to say, that making allowance for the customs of the times, few have shone in the personal loveable sense so much as Minamoto Kurō Yoshitsune. To this great captain we have attached one of those subordinate characters, found so often in legend that if we did not sometimes meet them in history and life—and we do—we would set Benkei down to myth. This has been done; but the circumstantial evidence in connection with the man is too complete and too continuous to brush him entirely off into fairy land. Without drawing the line let us leave him where he stands—inseparably connected, and in his sphere of devotion the equal of his lord. It his sterling worth which sets off many a page in the story of these gruesome wars. That both of the men have been so strongly touched by myth speaks volumes for their character. Myth has never touched and idealized Yoritomo.

Here we end the story of these battles, the marchings and counter-marchings of armed men, the mining and counter-mining of intrigue in courts and love. Wretched for all has been the outcome. Worse yet, in these mundane affairs it was the outcome that alone could be expected. Everything has its own scale. As these men fought and suffered in the ranks of ambition, so others starved and suffered in the ranks of the peasantry. So they did in other lands. So they do in the East and West of this twentieth century, as they did in the East and West of the twelfth century. We have transferred the battle from the clash of steel to the underhand intrigues of commercial cabinets. The battlefield is no longer in the open, but in the entanglements of modern commercial codes is contested more desperately than ever. It is the human comedy, ingrained with the beast in man—the struggle for existence. It makes men turn to-day to their inner selves, with loathing, not for the sordidness—there is no such in labour—but for the unfairness, the unbrotherliness, and its iron necessity. So, long ago in this strange East:

> "Then, Ananda, the Queen of Glory wiped away her "tears, and addressed the Great King of Glory, and "said: Pass not away, O King, with longing in thy "heart. Sad is the death of him who longs, un-"worthy is the death of him who longs."

Yokohama,
14th February—12th June, 1910.

FINIS.

APPENDIX A.

MONGAKU SHŌNIN AND THE STORY OF KESA-GOZEN.

Wandering one day within the holy and unholy precincts which include and surround the great temple of Kwannon at Asakusa in Tōkyō, I passed into one of the shows of *ningyō* (wood or clay figures), attracted by the somewhat bizarre specimens exhibited in the folder which the door-keeper or "barker" put in my hand. The collection was found to be a sort of Mrs. Jarley's wax-works. *Samurai* in lobster like armour, nobles in gaudy petticoats, ladies in dresses which outshone all the glory of Solomon, stood around with stereotyped faces and smiles; and if I had known more about the characters represented the show would have been much more interesting. But what would attract the eye of anyone was a startling set scene at the end of the room or enclosure which was half garden, half shed. This was on a large scale, and the figures were life size. The background represented a cliff, over which fell a tin water-fall into a genuine pool of water which harboured gold fish, tortoises, a few ducks, a crane, a little island, a bridge, and a stone lantern together with divers stunted and dwarfed pines and maples. Unless by force of contrast none of these last were particularly in place with reference to the human element involved. This consisted of a young man, with disordered garments and a wild ghastly face. Here the maker of the manikin had secured an undeniable success. There was nothing repulsive, and yet moral offense was plainly depicted on this counterfeit presentment, the main tone of which was remorse mixed with deadly fear caused by remorse, not by the supernatural. The on-looker could feel assured that the youth was not in terror of the *o'bake* (ghost) which hovered near by on the cliff, but in terror of himself and his own thoughts. The keeper of the place said something about Endō Moritō and Kesa-gozen, and as nothing but the names caught my ear I passed out with the impression of having seen something choicely horrible in the palpable case of conscience portrayed in the plaster. Indeed the man's face is clear in memory to-day, although it was nothing but a doll and nine years have passed since that time. Later I learned more about Kesa-gozen. The story is admirably told by Hamada Ren in the "Me Enshū," and I propose to follow it as there given, straying elsewhere according as other isolated details fit into the tale.

§ 1.

We have seen how the idle *kugé* spent their days in the luxury of Miyako. Arrayed in silks, with painted faces and dyed teeth, with flute and biwa, they much preferred to pass the time in listening to the songs and watching the dances of their mistresses, visiting with them different temples on the outskirts of the city to see the flowers and blossoms, or floating idly on the Yodo river to gaze at the moon reflected on the water or in their ladies' eyes. All this they did while the stern business of government was steadily drifting into other hands, into those of the hard fighting *buké* who were settling matters with each other everywhere outside of Miyako. They too had their use for the moon and the groves of pine and cryptomeria, but mainly as aids or hindrances in the business of war. Such our native scribe rightly thinks was the condition of affairs after the Heike were firmly seated in power, and the land was mis-ruled from Rokuhara. It is not so easy to follow him when he tells us that Yoritomo restored the military tone of the *bushi*; for what the lord of Kamakura effected was discipline. The spirit of fighting was in lively operation, and the men who did spend their time "in words," the *kugé*, continued to do so, much to their own loss. However he goes into raptures over the drill-master, from whom he dates military etiquette, bravery, frugality, kindness, loyalty, the contract between retainer and lord and deadly shame if it was broken, and all the other charming qualifications of Bushidō as understood then and handed down since, and of which we have had a plentiful sufficiency of the very best in the preceding pages. His selection of examples—the Soga *kyōdai*, and the fierce old Miura Yoshiakira who died at the age of ninety-one years with his boots on—is much more fortunate than if he had taken Fujiwara Yasuhira or Miura Yoshimura, or one of the many seekers after the flesh pots who made Nippon a shambles from 1300-1600 A.D. However, he is certainly right in saying, that not to men only was the spirit of brave devotion confined. Women shared in it; and forthwith he enters into the sad story of the life of the Lady Kesa.

Her name, properly speaking, was Koaza Atoma. Who her father was is not known; nor with much particularity the name of her mother. The family removed from the South to the Koromogawa in Mutsu, but in the course of time the mother returned to her birth-place in Settsu. They were rich, lived in a fine mansion with beautiful gardens and flowers, and from the name people gave it the mother took her name of Koromogawa. Under these conditions the *Ojōsan* (daughter of the house) grew up, beautiful, circumspect in her conduct, skilled in every womanly accomplishment. "Her eyebrows were as if drawn by art; her lips as if touched with the coral paste, her complexion as the bloom of a peach; her eyes of the soft tone and brilliance of the hibiscus; her hair, with its metallic sheen, was long and glossy; her skin counterfeited the whiteness of snow; every quality of her person was excellent, to which was to be added an unfailing amiability of temperament."* In every way she was a lovely and loveable girl. On which the comment can be made that East and West do not differ much in their standard of feminine beauty. "She was one of those women who can ruin a State by their charms." But he hastens to reassure us by telling us that Kesa was not "a sword of destruction," a wicked woman, but a model of goodness and gentleness, and of female virtue. "Man is clever, woman is beautiful. The gay dress is nothing but a mask." Thus he moralizes, partly on his own account, partly by apt quotation, on the fact that it is possible for a woman to have a beautiful person without being distorted and hideous in mind.

In the rear of the mansion Kesa spent the greater part of her life up to her fourteenth year, the exception being her connection as lady in waiting with the Shosaimon-in. There were many suitors for the girl, who was rich, and who gave every promise of being beautiful. The mother kept careful watch over her, as did Kesa over herself. To become a bad or infamous woman was to her an object of horror. The rivalry between Hotoke-gozen and Giyō, the sad end of Ono-no-Komachi who had drowned herself, were sad warnings to women of the superficial happiness in a brilliant life which courted popularity. "The young turn to love and merriment. A wife for pleasure can be purchased for money, and man becomes a sport of false heartedness. But this is merely a cause of heaven's wrath and the anger of men. The show of this world is but a passing vision, the panorama of delusion. True love and woman's virtue are its only important features."

Of the Settsu Genji (Minamoto) some generations before there had been a certain Watanabe-Tō, descendant of Seiwa Tennō through the Prince Sadaijin Minamoto Tōru. This Watanabe rose high in office, but charged with some offence had to flee to Musashi. Here he settled at Adachi-gōri in Mita, and from him the Mita Genji took its origin. One of these removed to Watanabe in Settsu. He became a *takiguchi* (of the body-guard) in the service of Shirakawa Tennō, and was of the second grade of the fifth court rank. In this way this branch of the family became country gentlemen. A certain Sonō, in the fourth generation, *takiguchi* of Sutoku Tennō, had a son Wataru. Skilful with the bow and on horseback he at first held the title of *musha-dokoro* (of the guard-room), and then that of sayemon-no-jō (guard of the Left gate of the palace). He lived in the neighbouring district, and frequented the house of Koromogawa. Kesa knew and liked him. When she was of age, and they were married, it was a genuine love match with deepest affection on both sides. They were "united as the branches of a tree, or as Mandarin ducks." Vowed to each other in this and the future existence the union had thus continued for three years. Says the scribe:—"fortune and misfortune are like a twisted rope. A tall tree stands many a gale. Kesa had all the colour and fragrance of a flower. Her life, so beautiful, was trending toward misfortune and a violent ending."

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* "Seitai no mayu, tankwa no kuchibiru, tōri no kaobase, fuyō no manajiri, midori no kami nagaku shite, hadae wa yuki wo azamuki, hinkaku takaku shite, aikyō afuremu to su." I give this in connection with the description a little further on. *Fuyō* (芙蓉) = *hibiscus mutabilis* (Brinkley): *manajiri* (眸) = the external *canthus* of the eye (Brinkley). There is here some simile familiar to the eastern eye. I give it *a* meaning, for lack of better comprehension. *Midori* (綠) means green, a colour which the westerner does not usually apply even in metaphor to any hair but that of a mermaid. Here too liberties have been taken. After all "sheen" sounds like "green."

§ 2.

It was the month of April. High and low, old and young, the people swarmed, their eyes on the cherry blossoms and their hearts to Heaven, for in Watanabe-Hashi it was *Kuyō* (offerings to the dead). The people were "as the tide and the waves, ebbing and flowing." Then appeared on the scene Endō-Musha-Moritō. Moritō was the unfortunate child of old age. His father, Endō-Sakon-Shōgen-Shigetō, found himself at sixty years of age without a child. In sorrow he and his wife made a pilgrimage to the Hasedera (near Sakurai in Yamato) to pray to Kwannon Sama. The prayer was granted, at the cost of the mother's life, and the old man held his infant in his arms hardly knowing what to do with it. All he could do was to "draw long breaths in grief" at this affliction which substituted one puzzle for another. Tamba Hosshō no Gesu Haruki Jirō Dōzen* was really the one who brought up the boy. At thirteen years his father Shigetō died. He was then known as Endō Saburō Takiguchi Tomitsu, but after his *gembuku* he took the name of Endō-Musha-Moritō He too was in service with the Shosaimon-in, and thus came in contact with Kesa. Moritō showed his energetic character in his masterful face. He had great strength, was a skilful archer, and a most audacious fellow. And yet this warrior youth had an intensely emotional side which was his weakness. At the thought of his lonely life, without father or mother, he often gave way to tears. Koromogawa was related to him by marriage, and Kesa was his cousin (*itoko*). He often sought consolation in the company of the older woman and her little girl.

For several years past, however, he had seen nothing of them. His duties took him elsewhere, until accident again established him at Watanabe in Settsu. He was the officer of the day. As such he dressed for the business of his duties, putting on a dark blue *hitatare* robe,† a black belly band (*haramaki*), and on his head an *ori-eboshi*, the latter being the most ceremonial thing about him. He warned his men to look sharp, and to keep the crowd in good order. This was as easily done in the twelfth as in the twentieth century. The festival was over, and the people began to drift to their homes. Then Moritō noticed a lady coming down from a gallery. His gaze was fastened by her startling beauty which affects even our scribe who almost drops into poetry (English) :—"*kumo no bintsura, tsuki no mayu, hana no kaobase, yuki no hadae*"; which being interpreted is to say, "hair like a cloud, eyebrows like the moon in its first quarter, face like a flower, a skin like snow."* Moritō stood entranced. The lady hastily entered a *koshi* (palanquin) and was carried off. He stood thinking what a joy it would be to possess such a beautiful creature. Who was she? Where did she live? He answered these questions by following after the bearers, his horse pawing the ground almost as impatient as his rider. They entered the mansion of Minamoto Wataru, and Moritō was not long in finding out that the beautiful girl was his cousin Kesa. She had been a little child when he had last seen her, boy and girl together in the palace service. Now she had developed into a beautiful woman and a wife. Moritō's heart overflowed with love and jealousy. He was not one to stop at anything. Although himself only seventeen years of age he was already noted as a warrior. "A true man holds steady to his course. Love ruins a castle," sighs our scribe. Moritō at his years was not likely to moralise. Rather in this twelfth century Japan he would seek to gain his end—somehow.

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* Tamba no Kuni gives no difficulties. Hōsshō? Gesu refers to a person of humble condition. The rest shows that he had entered the priesthood. I take the whole of it to be name + description.

† In ancient times a dress worn by the common people: in later times only by the nobles. Thus Brinkley's "Dictionary" defines *hitatare* (not shitatare). The twelfth century is ancient enough. Perhaps there is an anachronism here, for Hamada speaks of the *samisen* as used by the Miyako *kugé* of this and earlier date.

Summer passed and autumn came. He could no longer stand this consuming passion with its long nights of eating out his heart. One day the blood of Koromogawa was turned to ice by seeing him enter her apartment sword in hand and with a countenance of such ferocity that it was not difficult to guess his mission. The woman saw Emma Ō in person before her eyes.† All she could do was to stammer out some feeble questions. "What was the matter? What have I done to you that you should come to me in such guise? Your mother being dead, and pitying your orphan condition, I have always treated you as my own child. Who has been carrying to you evil stories about me?" Moritō paid little attention to her frightened pleadings. As his enemy the best thing was to put her out of the way. He grasped his weapon and looked very fierce. However he deigned to tell her that no scandalous tongue spurred him on to the deed. "Often have I asked you for Kesa as my wife. For three years I have been consuming with my burning passion. Love has been to me as a sharp sword. Now see her again as the wife of Wataru. It is better for me to die, and I intend to take you along as company."

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* It is not in quotation marks but he is quoting the Gempei Seisuiki. In describing the charms of the Lady Tamamushi, she of Yashima battle and fan fame, it says:—"*kumo no bintsura, kasumi no mayu, hana no kaobase, yuki no hadae.*" *Kasumi* (mist) I decidedly prefer to *tsuki* (moon), which latter I have twisted into its first quarter, to give moon eyebrows some meaning to English readers.

† God of Hell, Judge of the dead—(Yama).

Great was the danger of Koromogawa; or she thought it was. One mistaken word and it was a case of—snip. With life thus at stake her wits were abnormally sharpened. As always, the first thing was to put the burden on someone else who was absent. So she denied that she ever gave Kesa to anybody. Wataru was strong and influential. "He threatened me with misfortune. But never mind such a little matter. The affair will not last. Keep your sword and your patience. Dont waste its sharpness of temper, or your own, on my poor carcass." Thus she warded off present danger. Moritō knew a thing or two in this Japanese world. "You get her formal promise for me to-night, or—we take the journey together." With this last invitation he tramped back to his barracks and brooding.

Koromogawa had promised much. She was more than doubtful as to Kesa. The idea of the affair coming to the ears of Wataru made her shiver, but this she could discount. The present and the girl were the immediate and pressing features. Thoroughly frightened and confused her gift of gab came in all the readier. *Shikata ga nâi*, it could not be helped as far as the matter had gone. An idea came into her head. Her really genuine tears wet the paper as she sat down and wrote to Kesa; and she took care that the emotion should not simmer down as she watched the messenger go off with the missive. That was not a difficult task, as all she had to do was to call to mind the terrifying appearance of Moritō. She had no desire for him as travelling companion on the long and dark journey to the next world.

Kesa received the sealed letter. Living near her mother these were not usual, and with misgivings she opened it. With sorrow she read the contents. The older woman skilfully worked up her isolated situation. She was not only sad and lonely, but felt unsafe. This made her feel uneasy and without support. "Please come to me without delay, I have something to tell you." Kesa was a dutiful daughter. Her palanquin was ordered at once, and with beating heart she took her way to her mother's house. Fast as she came it seemed eternity to Koromogawa, already spying out for the dreaded figure of Moritō. This was a good diuretic. When Kesa entered she found her mother melted into a puddle of tears. When she asked what was the matter she could get nothing from her but sad moans. Then Koromogawa, looking steadily in her face, took from her *kyōdai* (toilet stand) a dagger. Presenting it to the astonished girl she begged her to kill her at once. To increase her sorrow would not be filial, and life was not worth living to her. Hardly able to catch her breath Kesa seized her hand. "Are you mad? Of what are you afraid that you look so horror stricken?"—"I ought to look so," replied Koromogawa. "Endō Moritō was here this morning." She unfolded the tale of her experience at full length with the added emphasis of many variations of terror. "I am old. To-night he comes for his answer, and to take me with him. This world is fleeting. Wataru has been kindness itself, and I am only too glad thus to sacrifice myself to child and son. I may be foolish in so doing. Please kill me. I prefer not to die by another hand." The tears came like the showers of splashing rain of Higan, that season of moist devotion (in September). Thus she transferred her troubles to Kesa, and sat back to see the effect. The girl was angered at such an unfeeling world, which offered so much misfortune to those who dwelt in it. Her tears blinded her as she thought over the anxieties and torments of life. If she had not been so absorbed she might have noticed her mother's more calculating demeanour. Through fire and water she would go for her only living parent. At last she said :—"Do not be anxious. I shall answer for your life." Thus she spoke bravely, thinking of the vow which bound herself and Wataru in this world and the next. She shed no more tears, having reached the extremity of grief.

"Thus came night and storm into Kesa's fortunes. It was mother against husband. Her chastity was the stake. Two hearts to them meant one life." Death was her solution. It was *karma*. She had devoted herself to purity of life and person. Should she violate her vow? The two women sat, their faces turned to the evening light of the sinking sun. Moritō was soon on hand for his answer. Kesa received him as would have done some light woman of the day. Together they babbled the veriest rubbish of court fashion and scandal. All the time Kesa's one idea was to save her mother from this half-mad lover. Her mind was made up all the more since she saw his earnest passion. "Moritō was in the ninth heaven of Buddha's paradise." His love shone in his face. This only made Kesa sorrow the more. When the temple bell rang the night watch Kesa rose to say farewell. Moritō urged her to grant him a place of meeting. "I do not carry three feet of steel for nothing. Name any place." Kesa took up the challenge. With a smile she said :—"I have been married three years. This is the result of some ill *karma*. I would like to run away, but I feel I cannot leave my mother. If you love me as you say you do, kill Wataru. Then we will exchange pillows, and live in intimacy for a hundred years. He has been on duty. Having received the promise of promotion, in his joy he has been feasting. He is very drunk, and the last I saw of him he was washing his hair. Probably now he is lying down." Her looks were amorous, her strategem a most bitter deceit. Amiable and pleasing outwardly, her heart was shedding tears. To preserve her chastity she had to go to the extreme. Moritō was thoroughly deceived. A handsome fellow he thought that Kesa was as many another woman, "a gem in his hand." With woman's wit Kesa read his thoughts. Her game was secure. He believed her. As he went homeward great joy was in his face. He brandished and tested the edge of his sword. This was to open for him the path to his lady's favour.

§ 3.

Kesa's main difficulty was to deceive and so to save her husband. How to get him out of the road, and thus secure the price of her virtue, his safety. This was in her thoughts as the bearers of the *koshi* quickly trotted homeward. On her arrival she saw a light in the inner room. A smiling soldierly face came forward to greet her. Sayemon-no-Jō Minamoto Wataru deserved her affection. Kesa lightly powdered her face, dressed herself more elaborately, and seating herself beside her husband had a feast set out in honour of his expected promotion at the Court. She lovingly attended on all his wants. It was a love feast, and in this last interchange of mutual affection Kesa saw to it that he drained the cups she continued to fill. Wataru got decidedly tipsy, and had the one powerful idea, to sleep. Having thus disposed of him Kesa gave a last look at her husband's face. Their ceremonial supper was over. She now was to prepare for her last sleep. First she sat down with paper and *fude*. She wrote with clearness of mind and anguish of heart. Her thought, her life, her vow, her intentions, were plainly set forth. Then she sealed and placed the letter in a little lacquer box and addressed it to her mother. She went to the *furoba* (bath-room) to prepare the final touches. Former days came to her mind, and with them tears to her eyes. With an effort she sought and found control. Without hesitation she cut off her long hair and washed her head. "A fleeting world of dreams, from light we pass to darkness." Mechanically the girl repeated in earnest what the hypocritical mother had said earlier in the day. Then she dressed her hair as a man, put an eboshi by her pillow, and laid down to wait for Moritō and death. His delay oppressed and made her anxious. Storm and rain beat outside. She knew that the dead leaves were being whirled along by the cold wind. It was a horrible night for her long journey to the River of Souls (*Sai no Kawara*). At midnight Moritō came. He found the door unfastened. Entering he groped his way in the dark to the little door at the side of the entrance, in which Wataru bestowed himself after his feasts—so Kesa had told him. Pushing the *shōji* he stole within. He fumbled with his hand, seeking his object. "Wet hair! My enemy and her's!" The sharp sword fell. A moment later he fled the house; as did the spirit of the murdered girl. She was only seventeen years old, brave and loyal.

Moritō carried off the head in his ample sleeve. He rode back thinking of what a detestable fellow he had rid the world that night. Then he went to sleep with his future pleasure in mind. In the morning his servant brought him wondrous news. Wataru's wife had been killed in the night, and the head was missing. Wataru writhed and wept. Everyone regretted the dead woman, and a memorial service of great splendour would certainly be held. Moritō heard him with growing anguish of mind. It seemed a century before he could get rid of the fellow and solve his terrible doubt. He hastened to take the head from its wrapping. Kesa's face, smiling in its last joyful thought of sacrifice, confronted him. It seemed to ask for pity in its very peacefulness. Moritō for a long time remained in bitter contemplation. Then he sank to the floor, covered his face with his sleeves, and wept. Three years passion had ended in a night's dream. Kesa's faith and virtue came to mind. "My conceit has deceived and destroyed me. Wataru shall wreak on me his vengeance." The bravery and self-sacrifice of the dead girl filled him with admiration. He only waited for night to come.

Wataru was overwhelmed with grief. Koromogawa was an inundation of regretful tears. Summoned at once she had soon found the pitiful letter in the lacquer box. Its contents were not long. Many had been destroyed by misery and bad conduct. As yet misfortune had never reached her. It was her mother or herself whose life was jeopardized. Her mother's sorrow pained her. Perhaps all this was the result of some *karma*. "I am sorry to die before my parent. Please remember me in prayer. In paradise I shall welcome mother and husband. I would write more and better, but tears blind me and my brush goes astray. Now I go to tread the dark road." Even in her grief the woman could not forget her selfishness. "Sickness is sad. Old age is lonely. With Kesa I could face fire and water. Now I shall grow old alone. I too would tread the same road, but do not know the way. Gloomy, humble, sorrowful, and timid, thus I remain"—the old hypocrite!

At night Moritō entered Wataru's house. He found him weeping beside the headless corpse of Kesa. Said Moritō :—"I have heard of your affliction. You think an enemy has done this thing. Would you like to see the head? Here it is." In surprise Wataru looked upon the blood-stained features of his beloved. He made not the slightest movement to take it, or to draw his sword. With hands clasped he gazed on the beloved features. Moritō slowly drew his sword and placed it before Wataru. "It was I. In the dark night of lust I lost all sense of chastity. Then I threatened the mother with death. The devotion of the daughter has saved us all. Take my life. A proper vengeance and punishment it is a poor offering to balance my crime." Then kneeling he stuck out his head and closed his eyes, awaiting the certain blow. But Wataru pushed the weapon and his own aside. "I am not angry. I have my own sword, but it is to no good purpose now to kill you. My only wish henceforth is to pray for the dead, to rejoin her in another existence. Disturb me not with thoughts of vengeance. Get you hence in safety."

Wataru assumed at once his posthumous name. Tō

Amida Butsu, and devoted himself to a religious life. Perfect devotion and entrance into the paradise of Amida were his only objects; once more to meet with Kesa. Koromogawa and thirty other persons put on the black robe. She, as the mother for whom the daughter died; the others in admiration of such devotion. The miserable woman, the mother, went to the Tennōji to exhaust herself with prayers, and efforts on her part to reach paradise. A year later she died.

Moritō took the name of Sei Amida Butsu. Thus he became a monk at eighteen years of age. He devoted himself at first to prayers for Kesa, and to erecting for her a suitable grave. For three years he prayed the Buddha, and underwent unheard of austerities. For weeks in winter he remained under the icy waters of the Nachi fall, trying to exorcise the fearful vision of the headless Kesa which pursued him. Thus he made the pilgrimage of many shrines—to Hachijō, Kumano, Kimbu, Katsuragi. It was a dead and blasted tree that gave him the idea of restoring the ancient establishment of Takaosan in Yamashiro, on the hills just north-west of Kyōto. The priest, so earnest for the Shingōji, is Endō Moritō in his black robes, then known as Mongaku Shōnin. In this quest, and his stirring of the troubled political waters, he made himself a nuisance. In the Hōshōji the Hōō, Go-Shirakawa, was holding high revel with flute, biwa, and koto—for ladies were by no means excluded from the feast. To turn a temple to such uses was by no means to the taste of Mongaku Shōnin, whose religion was of earnest and stern cast. It was the third year of Shōan (1174 A.D.) when he made his irruption on the scene of merriment. Stern were his words. The Hōō was in a great rage, and Moritō landed in Izu and banishment. Here he found the man of his heart. For him Yoritomo repaired the Shingōji and the Tōji. His influence with the great Shōgun, his saving (for the time being) Rokudai son of Taira Koremori, his attempt to substitute Morisada Shinnō for his frivolous brother Go-Toba Tennō, have been touched upon. His final life in exile was various. Banished to Sado (1200 A.D.) he was later removed to Tsushima, and finally died in Hiuga (Kyūshū). So the story goes, although the place where he actually did die is much in doubt.

Hamada tells us that in Kiigori (now in Kyōto) Yamashiro, about fifteen or sixteen ken (ninety-six feet) from the Tobakaidō, is a place called Renchōji. It is a lonely spot, and the *koidzuka* is the loneliest part of it. Thus Mongaku, from the distant Takao, could still see the resting place of his beloved. At Toba there are two *koidzuka* (he says). In ancient times, the tradition runs, there was dug here a big pond which was kept full of carp. Hence the mounds and their name (*koi* meaning carp; *tsuka*, mound). Some undesirable or uncanny event in connection with the fish set the villagers against them, and all were killed. Then one mound took the name of Toba Danjō Renchōji. The tomb of Minamoto Wataru's wife was marked in the same way, and legend pointed to one of the mounds as being her resting place. In the days of the Tokugawa, Settsu Takatsuki Jōshu Nagai Hiuga no Kami Naokiyo gave the ground known as Nagaoka (Long Hill). "At the time the ruins of an ancient building were found on the *koidzuka*. The great lord made inquiry into Mongaku's original design for a tomb. He was much interested in the story of Kesa's filial piety, and he wished to transmit the unhappy story to posterity by some substantial memorial. Hayashi Kasen wrote the Toba Renchō-seki-shi in the 17th year of Kwan-ei (1640 A.D.). On the 25th December, 1648 a monument was erected, but knowledge of the site was lost. Much is it to be regretted that tears are not shed on the right spot for the comfort of the sad and solitary beauty. The place is lonely and but little visited. Thus I end the tale of the unfortunate Lady Kesa."

So also should the present writer, if it were not for one lively incident in the lives of two of our heroes. There is no denying the earnestness of Mongaku Shōnin's zeal. He proved it by the hardships of his own person. Perhaps for this reason he took a dislike to the sybaritic Saigyō Hōshi, poet, crack archer, confirmed tramp, and whom we left on his way to safer ground than Mount Shiramine.

For none of the qualities of this ecclesiastical "Weary Willie" did Mongaku Shōnin have the least sympathy. Said he:—"If I get hold of him I shall break his head." For the answer of the militant pedestrian let us turn to the "Dictionnaire" of the Reverend Doctor Papinot. "Hearing this Saigyō turned his steps to Takaosan, and presented himself before Mongaku. This latter seemed very well satisfied with the interview, and when one of his disciples marvelled thereat, Mongaku said to him: 'You doubtless have not seen Saigyō: if we had fought, assuredly it is not I who would have been the victor.'"

THE POLITICS OF YORITOMO.

From the Nihongi and Kojiki it is not difficult to get some idea of the relation between the Government of the ruling chieftain and the country at large. In the early conquests there was submission by hostile tribes. These either retained their chiefs at their head, or cadet members of the ruling family and subject nobles were substituted for them. Taxation, here in the form of tribute, slowly changes as the Central Government grows in power. That is, this latter takes a larger part in saying who shall have the actual direction of the local government. But at its extreme, in the reigns from Kōtoku to Shirakawa (645-1129 A.D.) it is doubtful if the local chiefs outside of the Go-Kinai or home provinces were ever entirely subordinated. Before Kōtoku they certainly were not. The Soga are merely startling instances, of which other indications are Matori and the constant rebellions which necessitate the Tennō directing his forces on Kyūshū and Izumo. The North is in a chronic state of war with the Yemishi, and the lord of the land does not here pretend to disarm the warring elements. In the later period there is no change in this respect. The Tennō is constantly suppressing these more removed unruly barons, and Shirakawa was certainly no more fortunate than any other. Taira Masamori had to suppress Minamoto Yoshichika, whose father and grand-father had in their turn done much of the same work in the North. We will soon have a picture of the daily life of this time. Meanwhile the idea is to dispose of the idea of a nation of toiling serfs marshalled and registered, of a brilliant court in which the Tennō calls his nobles before him in the great hall of the palace and makes them gamble.

The establishment of a capital begins to be accented with Keidai (507-531 A.D.). It is at the basis of the movement of centralisation in 645 A.D. Its permanent establishment by Kwammu (793 A.D.) determined for a long time the predominance of Miyako over the country at large. Rule was conducted, at least nominally, by governors and officials appointed from Miyako. The local government was left just where it always had been—with the Kuni no Miyakko (Nihongi II 207). Really there is little change except that great nobles of the Soga class have some control exercised over them, and instead of living on fiefs are paid salaries by fiefs. There is, however, a real distinction here, in so far as Miyako says what the fiefs shall be, and thus takes this necessary step toward a feudalism. This is the system established by the Taihō code (Taihō-rei). The seeds of destruction therein are evident. The salaried fiefs soon become hereditary. Moreover, in thus getting some control over the great lords of the land, in centralising the family interests in Miyako, the Central Government was preparing the ground for rival interests. Over the Go-Kinai (home provinces) it long maintained a fairly good control. Outside of them two things happened. Either the attractions of Miyako secured the permanent residence of the nominal governor; or, if he remained in the outlying province, he built up a fief for himself as best he could. Conquest from the Yemishi soon came to an end. There then remained two ways of aggrandisement to an ambitious local chief and office-holder: by securing grants of *kōden* (public land), which thus by the privilege of his position were converted into *shō-en* (untaxed land), or by robbing his neighbours. All that Miyako could do was to direct one chief against another, to the advantage of the winner. The *kugé* of course did not suffer as long as they were the ones to play this game. But as soon as the Fujiwara allowed their swords to rust in the scabbards, and sought nothing but court appointments and to idle in the capital, then the development of the country passed into the hands of the local magnates. The system did not change. The nobles went on fighting each other. The tax products were (more or less) duly forwarded to the capital from the outlying districts.

They grew beautifully less as *shō-en* increased. The actual direction of these districts passed to the hands of soldiers. For long the manors of the *kugé* were respected. The cream of these lay in the Go-Kinai, where the Court exercised real control. When the time came to sweep over this *fainéant* Government of the capital these too were thrown into the lottery, and only as the *kugé* figured as *buké* could they hope to share in the good or evil of the times. At this point I can best take up the excellent exposition of Doctor Ariga and try to give its general lines in a few pages.*

He points out that to interpret the events of Hōgen and Heiji as a change from the civil to the military government is not exact. The movement had long been in operation in the growing wealth and power of the local magnates. The capital, which at one time overshadowed the whole country, lost its control and hence its prestige. The general growth was a natural one and was not due to the introduced Chinese institutions. Two elements thus faced each other. "The nobles in Miyako who knew nothing of fighting, and the local country magnates who understood nothing else." Instances of this are the wars in the North. Weapons thus became of prime importance to the warrior class, and thus was begun the apotheosis of the sword, of which the treasures of the Heike and the Genji are an example. To illustrate this state of affairs: Taira no Ryōbun and Minamoto Yen had one of the feuds normal to the times.† The discord between them was constant, and to make life more pleasant Yen laid the matter before Ryōbun, and challenged him to fight it out in due form and once for all. The offer was at once accepted. With their retainers—small armies of "several hundred" to a side—they duly met and camped about a hundred yards apart, setting up their shields for protection, as the custom then was. A curious touch is given by the exchange of messengers from camp to camp, the idea being that with due gravity and *aplomb* these should return amid the hail of arrows sent after them by the enemy. Yen, who seems to have been the more positive kind of man, suggested single combat between himself and Ryōbun. The latter accepted, and they rode forth to pelt each other with feathered shafts. For a long hour by the clepsydra (water clock) they fought, and neither having obtained any advantage or scratches Ryōbun pointed out that little was to be gained by further exertions. He seemed a willing, sensible, sort of man. The glory was all garnered in ; and the strife ended in a love feast. This was the life of the country gentleman—a sort of county hunt from time to time, with his neighbour as fox. It is nothing astonishing therefore to find Yoritomo descending in force on Taira Kanetaka, his neighbour and even *mokudai* (vice-governor) of the province, and who should have been ready for him, if anyone was. That there was a sense of good faith in the business is shown by the treatment accorded a robber by Kazusa-no-Suke Minamoto Yorinobu.* The man had entered the house of Fujiwara Chikataka, and when detected and threatened by the retainers had seized a little child as shield and hostage. Yorinobu, who had been summoned, offered the man his life if he would not injure the child. When the intruder surrendered the retainers would at once have put him to death. Yorinobu forbade them to injure him, and gave the man a sword, bow, horse, and a good start.

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* His discussion of this period is found in Vol. II of his Dai-Nihon-Rekishi, pp. 1-108. The references to his pages are indicated. It would not be fair to him to attribute further responsibility for statement or opinion than as thus marked.

† Ariga—Dai-Nihon-Rekishi II pp. 9-11. (all references are to Vol. II).

To attribute, however, only to this period respect for faith and honour, to cut out all preceding generations of personal differences, seems a little severe. Even among savages the fighting man must have his code of honour. But this faith and honour of feudal Japan seems to be strictly confined to the relation between the soldier and commander. It is not an ethical code. Ethics (applied morals) has a wider and deeper basis than mere utilitarianism. The relation between lord and retainer, as laid down in Bushidō, is a plain utilitarian rule to secure discipline. To go beyond this, and to keep faith with an enemy was no part of the code at all. The most wholesale and hideous effect is seen in *harakiri* on defeat. The universal prevalence of this custom speaks volumes. A specific case is that of Satake Yoshimasa. He surrenders to the silvery tongue of Taira Hirotsune, and when Yoritomo finds that the father refuses to come into camp, he promptly cuts the throat of the son. This is one incident out of many. Some modification also is to be made to the statement that the Court even held an iron control over the more remote country districts. Especially is this necessary at this period as to the North. Here the wars were constant, and they put in practice much the same principle as that laid down for Yoritomo by Ōye Hiromoto. "In the affairs of the military the Court has no right to interfere." One cannot read the old records without being struck by this. In Miyako all is light and grace and Heian. Outside of it the Central Land of Reed Plains is uproarious, it is. It is all very well to give a dog a bad name, call a lively local magnate on land or water a "pirate" or "freebooter." In the Japan of this period (645-1180 A.D.) this does not necessarily imply that he is any exception to his neighbours. He is unpopular with the Miyako Government; that is all.

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* Loc. cit. p. 4.

"The period gave rise to two terms, *kenin* (family man or retainer) and *rōtō* (party man).[*] Slaves thus became free followers, and lived in their lord's mansion. Servants, public and private, were raised to *rōtō* grade, and when their services were notable they became *kenin*. The lives of retainers belonging to both of these classes were at the mercy of their lord." The inducement to an establishment of this kind was the demand created for fencing men. These formed a guard in time of peace, and soldiers in time of war. Here too one is inclined to enter a modified dissent.[†] Slavery certainly does not appear in the records as such a universal institution. The serfdom of Japan has its peculiarities. Its basis lay in taxation. The slave is not taxed; he is used, as an instrument. Taxation may take from a people everything but the bare necessities of living. If the necessity arises the slave can be deprived even of that. His owner can use up his power at a faster or slower rate according as he thinks it to his own advantage. There was little of that in Japan. As far as their taxation was concerned, if its payment was not jeopardised there seemed no reason why the village authorities should keep too severe an eye on superfluous mouths. There was a great rush to new land, and much movement among the people. It was not a man's movement within his district that was hampered and controlled. It was movement out of his district. For this purpose barriers were early erected all over the country. There was a time when these were very necessary and useless for the Go-Kinai provinces, to keep its people from being tempted to the *shōen* offered on such favourable terms by the holders. Later, when every man's hand was against his neighbour's, they were military or police measures. This was conspicuously the case during the Tokugawa period in which every effort was made to maintain the *status quo*. Never were a people so marshalled and drilled in their respective spheres as the Japanese. But it was the drill of the soldier. The Japanese was a national in a very small district, occupations were hereditary, but there was no slave market, no *ergastulum*, and as long as there was allowed a competition of land holders he could run away. But wherever he was, there he was the serf of his own institutions. These, more than men, were his bonds. Unfortunately for the Miyako Government his movement was to the *shōen* or untaxed land of the nobles, not to the *kōden* or public land. The necessities and extravagances of the Court were constantly increasing the *shōen*. Shirakawa Tennō lived long, and was a magnificent

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[*] Loc. cit. p 5.

[†] The expression used is:—*mukashi wa shujin no tame ni baibai serarete. Sono mi no jiyu wo ezarishi kenin mo itten shite jiyū no jūshin to nari."* Loc. cit. p 5. *Baibai* is the staggering term. The Japanese were tied

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hand and foot by their institutions. If the nation was a mass of *slaves*, then the North could have only been peopled by runaways. The records hardly seem to justify such a view.

sinner in this respect. Of course every such donation was a slice out of the revenue, present and future. Worse yet it involved a further complication. As the land thus passed into the hands of great families, the nominal administration of the country was confronted with the House Laws of these great families. Doctor Ariga gives an instance. As a good Buddhist a law had been promulgated by Shirakawa against the killing of animals. One Kato Narishige hawked a bird, and was caught in the act. Brought before the *kebiishi* for punishment he said:—"my master, Taira Tadamori, requires that the Princess Gion (the mother of Kiyomori: Shirakawa's gift to Tadamori) be served every day with a fresh bird. If I fail to obey his order, as subject to the House Law of the Taira I will lose my head. My offence is great. Banishment or imprisonment is severe. But neither is so severe as the penalty I would otherwise have to pay. Therefore I violate the Tennō's command." Shirakawa ordered him to be set free. He was as helpless as Narishige as to making any change in the Taira House Law.*

"Money makes the mare go." *Kenin* and *rōtō* required wealth to keep them going. Hence "there was a continual struggle to enlarge fiefs", and the weakest suffered—under the Japanese system, often extinction. They did not make prisoners in these little wars, which were a kind of head-hunting. But the more prolific made up for losses on the battlefield. Families of course grew and branched, and took their name from their place of settlement. "*Myōji*, or the place name, was added to the clan and personal name. Brothers thus acquired different *myōji*." An example is Yoshikane, the son of Yoshiiye, who by residence takes the name of Nitta. He robs the Satō in Ashikaga, and a son takes that name. Hemmi and Takeda of Kai thus spring from a son of Yoshimitsu, brother of Hachiman Tarō Yoshiiye. This man's eldest son established himself in Hitachi, and his descendants took the name of Satake from their residence. "This was the principle followed by all the great families.

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* Loc. cit. p. 5.

Conspiciously by the Minamoto, the Taira, and the Fujiwara.* The political connection between the three was established on a not very strictly kept line. The Fujiwara turned to the Minamoto as their professional bruisers. The Tennō (Hōō or Jōkō) balanced this by turning to the Taira as his more favoured professionals. In Miyako the two families thus stood as rivals in their line of work. Outside of it lines were much less strictly drawn. The relation of *kenin* had great power, and accounts for anomalies in family relationships to the war. It is not hard to see that this is a full-fledged feudal system. It only needs one great over-shadowing feudal lord to give the outlines of the system sharp definition.

Hōgen and Heiji greatly accelerated this comprehension of a centralised feudal bureaucracy. It was only a question of who would get the idea first. It cannot be said that from the Court point of view there was ever any change. Even in rags the *kugé* looked down with contempt on the *bushi.* The Court was marshalled as follows. There were three great Court officers at the head—the *kwampaku*, the *sesshō*, aud the *dajō-daijin.* Next to these stood the three Ministers of State—the *Sadaijin*, the *Udaijin*, the *Naidaijin.* Add to these the *Sangi* (privy councillors) and there is obtained the class name of *Kugyō*.† The holders of these offices were all of the third Court rank or above. The third to fifth rank formed the *Taifu* (great advisers or instructors). Collectively the holders of these upper grades were known as *Den-jō-bito* from their right of entrance to the Court.† The holders of the sixth rank and below were called *Chika-bito* (underground men).† With these the only relation of the *Den-jō-bito* was to give orders. Now how inevitable was what followed can be accentuated even more than is done by Doctor Ariga. "These offices became hereditary, and it made little difference whether or not the occupant was competent to conduct the business of the office." An official caste thus sprang up, entirely apart from the office; a caste confined to the Fujiwara family, for but one other—the Kuga—was allowed to reach the *ku* grade. The Ariwara, Ki, Ōye, Kiyowara, and a few others were admitted to the ranks of the *Sangi*.* The utter hopelessness, therefore, of reaching these higher posts was confronted by the occupation to some extent of those of the lower grade by nobles of the *buké* class; mediatised princes or their family connections. The two classes were united in the business of administration, and were forcibly kept apart by a bureaucratic caste fiction. In this particular application of respect for birth (they regard it in every other way as highly as any people ever have done) the Japanese are peculiar. A man of a family supposed to descend from an ancestor who accompanied Prince Ninigi from Heaven (the general run of Fujiwara) thus could look down on the actual lineal descendant of Tennō so close to hand as Kwammu, Seiwa, and Uda. Of course the Japanese refused to recognize what was a fact; that the Fujiwara were the reigning family; for the stock was large, the branches were many, and only a few of them could maintain this intimate relation to the throne, the one which successfully for the time cut off the others from grasping it. The few *Taifu* men of the military class, who had reached this grade only by long service or some notable deed, had no sympathy with the system except to get rid of their bureaucratic rivals. If this was the case with what we can call the mediatised princes (Minamoto and Taira, who had stepped from princely rank into that of subject †), it was more so with the mere soldier.

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* Loc. cit. pp. 5, 6.

† Loc. cit p 37.

The military men were not going to remain satisfied with such a position, in which *Sama no Kami* and *Sayemon no Jō*—captain of the horse guard and captain of the Gate—were the limits of permissible ambition; that is to those of the sixth rank lower grade. Only the favouritism of Shirakawa secured to Taira Tadamori the right of entrance to the Court. The courtiers looked so well on this that they plotted to assassinate him. At the Sechiya festival Tadamori put at his girdle a wooden sword. The hint was enough and he went unharmed. With the strife between the Court factions, and the turning to military men as implements of war, "differences between *kugé* and *buké* began to be bridged." Nobuyori's movement, we are told, gave this impetus; and Kiyomori as *sangi* (he got this office in September 1160 A.D., together with the first grade of the third court rank) completed this entry of the military man into the highest court rank and its consequent control of the civil administration. His influence became complete. In September 1165 A.D. he became Gon-Dainagon with lower grade of the second court rank. On 24th February 1167 A.D. he was made Naidaijin and Dajō-daijin at a bound, and given the second grade of the first class. This was the highest rank that could be reached by one not of the royal blood. He wore a sword at Court, and entered the palace gate in a carriage. This was merely the signal for his "retirement" in May, with Harima, Hizen, and Higo as fiefs to furnish pocket money. These court ranks merely accentuate how Kiyomori played with and used them for his own purposes. He governed by his soldiers. At Nijō's funeral the monks of Hieisan and Nara came to blows. Kiyomori, on the outs with Go-Shirakawa, took it as a plot against himself. He surrounded himself with his *bushi*, and when Go-Shirakawa came to exculpate himself, Kiyomori refused to see him. "Said Fujiwara Seiko:—'Heaven will punish Kiyomori's arrogance'";[*] and Heaven was all the *kugé* had to rely on, unless the Minamoto interest could raise its head. Kiyomori's luxury has been touched upon. It was put in substantial form as the "Yomogi-do" (named from the expensive wood of which it was built), and Fukuhara was his costly villa. "He had three hundred boys as spies. These wore a peculiar dress and shaved their heads. They carried (instead of using a password) a plum branch, with a bird on it and a flag with a red spot. Thus they could enter his gate at will, and many were punished through their idle tales."[†] Motofusa and his son Moroiye held in turn the responsible office of *kwampaku*, but it was Kiyomori who at will invested with and divested of court rank. After Shigemori's death, when the Hōō confiscated his once fief of Echigo, Shizuyoshi had to go and explain matters to the angry Kiyomori. This he did so well that there was a general distribution of Kiyomori's favours, in the shape of exile. Moronaga went to Izu, and Go-Shirakawa to jail. This was the political situation that Yoritomo had to face. The men who were behind his movement were the *kenin* of the Kwantō; hereditary followers of his family. Thus the action of the Taira of the Kwantō can be understood. The more so as the strife was to be the North against the South; country against city. It is notable how far the term *kenin* extended, when it is made to apply to Yasuhira. There never was a better illustration of feudalism.

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* Loc. cit p 38.

† After long centuries of disuse the practice was recently revived by a cadet member of the reigning house.

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[*] Loc. cit. p. 39 (or Saiko).

[†] Loc. cit. p. 40.

"When Chiba Tsunetane was summoned by Adachi Morinaga to come to the assistance of Yoritomo, he told the latter that Awa was no place for Yoritomo to establish himself. It had no connection with his ancestors. On the contrary Kamakura had such connection. In November 1160 A.D. Yoritomo established himself at Okura hamlet."* This was the origin of the great feudal city of Kamakura. Here the holy man built many temples, both as ornament and to emphasize his piety, for he was firmly convinced that the fall of the Taira had been due to their impiety.† "When Yasusada came to Kamakura in August 1183 A.D. as the messenger of Go-Shirakawa and to announce the retreat of the Taira, Yoritomo refused to come to Miyako. He did not wish to embarrass Yoshinaka." In no spirit of doing so he recommended ;‡ 1. that the temple lands, expropriated by the Taira, should be restored to the proper owners; 2. that fiefs confiscated by the Taira should be restored to their owners; 3. that those of the Taira who submitted should go unharmed. "Thus he who had the reputation of defeating the Taira [at the Fujikawa ?], himself once charged with offense, interceded for the beaten enemy. Number 2, in the above list, would be very pleasing to Yoshinaka and Yukiiye. The fiefs were about all they had obtained (as yet) in return for the very hard blows dealt in Shinano, Echigo and Echizen. Yoritomo was basking in a full grade of higher court rank (fourth lower) for having mobilised the Kwantō and thrashed Cousin Satake. He had the Kwantō and Tokaidō in his grasp, the more securely through the efforts of the twain on which he looked with such unfriendly eyes. When Yoshinaka was disposed of, the Hōō's decrees as to the Tokaidō and Tosandō fiefs could be carried out. Yoritomo was made a committee of one to carry out the distribution of these Taira fiefs to the lawful owners. Thereby he lost no credit or adherents.

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* Loc. cit. p. 91. † Loc. cit. pp. 91-92. ‡ Loc. cit. pp. 92-93.

Early in December 1180 A.D. Yoritomo returned to Kamakura from the smiting of Satake, on both cheeks. "As far back as the retreat from Ishibashiyama, Wada Yoshimori asked for the headship of a department which was to be organized to control the *samurai*: viz, the *samurai-dokoro*."* Yoritomo grasped the suggestion and guaranteed him the appointment. This war department was in running order sooner than Kamakura itself. It had complete control of all the *bushi*, appointed and dismissed the officers of the army, and directed the commissariat and other military matters. In 1184 A.D. the *Kumon-jo* was established. (In 1191 A.D. its name was changed to *Matsuri-dokoro*). This office was for the administration business of the Government. Ōye Hiromoto was at its head, with Nakahara Chikayoshi and others as councillors. Last of all the *Monchū-jo* or department of justice was established with Miyoshi Yasunobu as its head. All these names were famous in the history of the Japan of Yoritomo and the first Hōjō regents (Tokimasa and Yoshitoki). Miyoshi not only was related to Yoritomo, but had a most profound knowledge of the law. The offices of these men of course became hereditary. The Nagai and Mori (from Ōye) clung to the *Matsuri-dokoro*. The Ōba and Machino (Yasunobu) became the "Tite

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* Loc. cit. pp 93-94. The date for the change of name of the Kumon-jo (to Matsuri dokoro) is here given as the second year of Kenkyū, 1191 A.D. (Ariga, p 94.)

Baruacles" of the *Monchū-jo.* The Settsu and Ōtomo (Chikayoshi) had to satisfy themselves with a tight grip on Kyūshū. There were fewer candidates for the learned pursuits, but fighting was well undertood by all the *bushi.* "These families carried on the Kamakura Government" says Doctor Ariga, and the records uphold him.

The question of how to deal with Yoshitsune and Yukiiye now faced Yoritomo. Ōye Hiromoto was the man to solve the problem;* Hōjō Tokimasa was the man to carry it out. If Yoritomo had no control over the provinces, an uprising in favour of either fugitive—or on any other question—required the movement of an army from the Kwantō. *All* the levies, therefore, must be put under the command of the authorities in Kamakura. A *shugo* or warden† would represent Kamakura in each province, a *jitō* or inspector in each fief or district. This latter we are told (Ariga) was the name given by the Taira to the tax collector on their estates.‡ Hōjō Tokimasa took this "modest proposal" to Miyako. Fujiwara Tsunefusa was Yoritomo's man to present it to the Hōō. The Go-Kinai, San-in-do, San-yo-do, Nankaido, and Kyūshū were to be the ones to shoulder the expense in the shape of a tax of five *shō* (one peck) of rice on each house. This was fair enough. The Kwantō would furnish the experience, and these other provinces would furnish the money. The Hōō objected but was over-ruled by the frightened Court. The request was granted. Thus the whole military establishment of the country passed under the House Law of the Minamoto. This was not one of the mildest. Yoritomo was named *Sō-Jitō* (Head Inspector)||. A vast number of appointments to these new offices then came into his hand. His influence in the practical sense thus was paramount. "The military men were now in full control of civil affairs.

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* Ariga-loc. cit. p 97.

† The excellent definition of Brinkley's "Dictionary." It goes on to say that these developed into the *daimyō.* The five *shō* of rice mentioned below would be a liberal allowance for five people during two days. As to this tax, cf. Ariga p 97 : shugo and jitō, pp 98, 99.

‡ Loc. cit. p 99.

|| Loc. cit. p. 97. As to Kiyomori p 98.

Kiyomori had thus been in control, but acting under his court office. Yoritomo took possession of the Government without reference to any court office." The difference was tremendous, and the learned historian properly gives it great emphasis. The *kugé* as such were permanently retired from the administration of the country. Their offices, fine-sounding titles, etiquette, these were not touched. The new Executive (which included Legislative and Judiciary—as it does now to a great extent) took the actual direction of affairs under new titles. Naturally, however, without the revenues and without influence on legislation the gorgeous robes of the *kugé* became much worn and very shabby.

The original system under the code of Taihō had been badly dislocated. Originally the lords received salaries from farms. In the days of the Fujiwara and in the Taira administration the country "was mainly distributed as fiefs. There was some *kōden* under official control, but this control was nominal. As the *buké* rose to power, it was only as the noble was a *buké* that he had any direction. The local governors stayed in Miyako. Deputies performed their duties." These deputies could do nothing with a fief under the control of the local lords. The result was that "thieves, riot, and disorder were everywhere the rule." Yoritomo's *shugo* were needed for other purposes than to catch Yoshitsune and Yukiiye. They were also commissioned to organise the *ōban*. This has already been touched on. Ōbanyaku (大番役), a nuisance and cause of impoverishment, was relieved of its worst features, expense and uncertainty. The *jitō*, from being a private officer took the place of the old *gunryō*;* with this difference, that having the Kamakura *bushi* and the Minamoto House behind him there were taxes to collect. Thus the *shugo* administered justice, and the *jitō* administered the local district. Both worked in harmony, as retainers of Kamakura-dono. The latter's influence was now at its height; that of the Miyako Government sank rapidly. The exceptions were the temples. "These were tax free and sacred. No officer of the Bakufu could on any pretext enter their precincts." Thus the holy man made things easy for himself, the munificent giver, and difficult for his successors to whom the monks owed nothing. Yoritomo himself did not live long enough to feel the sharp tooth of ingratitude. Besides, the Japanese cleric had no such weapon in his armoury as that of western Scholasticism—"You return that which already belonged to God."

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* 郡領. Ariga—loc. cit. p. 99.

In January 1186 A.D., while Hōjō Tokimasa was still in Miyako to properly impress his views on the Hōō, Yoritomo secured the appointment of Fujiwara Kanezane as *Nairan* (vice-regent),* who, with ten councillors (*gisō*), was to advise in all administrative affairs of the Court. As nothing could done without the approval and consent of these, they became the real rulers. A vigorous sifting was made of all interests friendly to Yoshitsune and Yukiiye, and many nobles were deprived of their court rank and office. This little purification effected, the *Nairan* soon disappeared. This Kanezane was a man most learned in law and precedent. The Hōō took the hint, and advanced him to high rank. He early succeeded Motomichi as *kwampaku.** "He was the ancestor of the Konoye family, which alternated with the Kujō in holding the office of *kwampaku*." In 1186 A.D. Nakahara Chikayoshi came to Miyako. Ōye Hiromoto soon followed; and the Kamakura Government had established itself firmly in Miyako and the Go-Kinai, with head-quarters at Rokuhara. The system was complete. We have seen how Ōye took up the question of Yasuhira. "He is only a *kenin*, and as such he is subject to your discretion. The Court has no right to advise or interfere." It was not until after Yoritomo made his visit to Miyako in November, 1190 A.D. that Yoritomo was made Sōtsuihoshi.† He was also made Ukonye-no-Taishō and Dainagon. In April, 1192 A.D. the Hōō died, and the following August Yoritomo was made Sei-i-tai-shōgun by the youthful Tennō. "The office of Chinjufu Shōgun was then abolished." Then, we are told, the great man had time for the works of peace. He introduced surveying. Certainly of this his *bushi* took little account. They spent the next three hundred years in adjusting land boundaries, sword in hand and with its keen edge as their only surveyor's level. Agriculture was much improved; temporarily, for similar reasons. Silk culture was encouraged. The soft material was an agreeable change during the short intervals when armour was not the costume *en regle*. The three serious offenses noted by Doctor Ariga are themselves notable—and suggestive: 1. Neglect of *ōban* service (i.e. keep your armour bright). 2. A revolt once repeated (i.e. military subordination to the commander-in-chief). 3. Murder; but the term must have had a peculiar definition. How would Tosabō Shōshun have been classed, if he had returned crowned with success, instead of crowning a pole? Judging by precedent (Hirotsune) and subsequent (Kawata Jirō, the assassin of Yasuhira) he would have received his due reward.

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* 內 覽. Loc. cit. p. 100. As was Yorinaga in 1156 A.D.

† Chief superintendant of police. Sōtsuihoshi (or Tsuibushi—Okuma "Fifty years of New Japan" p. 26) is also used. As to the above date, cf. Ariga p. 106. He says on page 98:—"Kashin wo motte kore ni atetari nochi koite roku ju roku koku Sōtsuihoshi," etc. On the death of the Hōō, Yoritomo is made Shōgun, p. 106.

Here is Doctor Ariga's portrait of the great Shōgun. "Yoritomo was not tall. His head was rather large for his body. His manners were gentle, and his voice clear and grave. His disposition was magnanimous. He only undertook what he had reason to believe would be conducted to a successful issue. His retainers held him in great respect, and by example he taught them frugality. He never forgot a kindness. But he was too suspicious, and his family and retainers were the victims. Noriyori was a man of gentle disposition and without pride."* This is worth remarking, that all these three men—Yoritomo, Noriyori, and Yoshitsune,—had great amiability and charm of manner in their personal intercourse. The magnanimity of Yoritomo can be questioned throughout his long career. Was it entirely Noriyori's unfortunate words to Masako, after the Soga affray—"I am here with you.

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* Loc. cit. pp. 107-110. As to Noriyori, p. 108.

Do not trouble yourself with this report"—that set Yoritomo after his head? With this mature and stable lady it seems doubtful. Besides, just at this juncture Yoritomo was engaged vigorously in cleaning the slate of all undesirables, and in this class his own family held first rank. Yoritomo's conduct to Hirotsune, to Yoshitsune, to Yasuhira, to the latter's miserable assassin, to Noriyori, are all examples of the choicest treachery.

With Yoritomo the *samurai* definitely seated themselves in the saddle. The Government since his day has always been in their hands. In 1867 A.D. it was the Tennō who took the seat of the Shōgun. Government by and for the *samurai* was continued. Government by and for the *kugé* was not restored. But—the private soldiers get little of that for which they fight. Decoration and substantial rewards go to those in command. This has also been the case in Japan.

BENKEI MONOGATARI.

The Benkei Monogatari deals mainly with the early life and adventures of the hero; and in very frank terms. The miraculous birth and exposure at Kumano being adopted, four days later, to the surprise of all, a man finds the child on the mountain, still living and feeding on roots and wild fruit, and with complete indifference to infantile colics. The Gojō Dainagon adopts the child. At seven years of age he is put in charge of Seishin,* the Ajari at Hieisan. The boy's behaviour being entirely out of bounds, and censure having no effect, the Ajari expelled him from the temple. As described he then tonsures himself, and having arrayed himself in the borrowed plumage of the old priest he sallies forth to plunder and prosperity. His first victim is the swordsmith, Sanjō Kokaji. As coming from the Udaijin Munemochi he orders three swords—one of 43 inches, another of 39 inches, and a third of 18 inches length, respectively. One hundred days afterwards he gets them, and accompanied by a servant of the smith takes his way to the Udaijin's residence. Benkei passes within the gate, and passes out another gate. This is the last Kokaji sees of his swords, for the time being. Then Benkei goes to Yoshiuchi Sayemon, near the Gojō Bridge. Here he orders armour and a helmet, representing himself to be a retainer of Komatsu Shigemori. As described the armourer loses his goods. Then going to Shirozaemon Yoshitsugu Benkei tries on body-guard, arm-guards, greaves etc. Here he figures as a retainer of Musashi-no-Kami. Drawing his borrowed sword he threatens the smith, cuts down a huge tree at one blow to convince him of his earnestness, and disappears.

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* Thus we have Kankei, Keishun, and Seishin, for the name of his spiritual father.

He enters the house of Yukiharu, a rich man of Miyako. The *danna* (master) unwisely refuses his request for alms. Benkei's temper aroused, the wife of the plutocrat ransoms her husband with thirty suits of men's clothing, and not of the meanest quality. On the temple *rōka* Benkei overhears the plan of the thieves to rob Genba. He goes at once to Genba's house, saves him from injury, and kills all the thieves when they attack the place. Tripping it along the Hokurokudō he visits Echizen, and naturally makes Heisenji part of his itinerary. Hearing the merriment of a dinner in progress he decides to mix with the banqueters, thus gratifying a somewhat quarrelsome disposition and adding variety to the feast. The priests object and receive a sound beating in consequence. His peregrinations land him at Shōsha-san. Over-indulgence in *saké* makes him a victim of the first ill-natured comer. A priest draws a running horse on his cheek. On awakening Benkei finds out the disfigurement. The result of his anger is the burning of the priestly establishment. Later, however, he visits the place, and makes a vow to collect one thousand swords for dedication to the temple.

His first meeting with Yoshitsune takes place at the Kitano Tenjin. A second meeting follows near the Hōshōji, and a month later he again finds the prince at Kiyomidzu-dera. Benkei interrupts his prayers, and starts a quarrel with him. Then they adjourn to the Gojō bridge to fight it out. Benkei is the loser, and becomes the retainer of Yoshitsune. Hearing that Seishin was in difficulties over his connection with his ex-disciple (Benkei), whose pranks had become notorious, Benkei waylays the palanquin, sends Seishin back, and attends Rokuhara in person. Here Sayemon Yoshiuchi treats him well, and tries to pump out of him the whereabouts of Yoshitsune by advocating union between the Minamoto and Taira. Benkei scents the trap and is obstinate. More energetic methods to get at the inside of his head end in the fight at the Rokujō execution ground. The river suddenly rises, and the officials flee in terror. Benkei returns in safety to the refuge of Yoshitsune at

Kitayama, and to his surprise learns that the rising of the river is due to his lord's miraculous devices. For some time the two remain in Miyako to spy upon the Taira.

So much I condense from the notes Mr. Minakami secured for me at the Imperial Library in Tōkyō. The book is in manuscript, the author is a certain Mitsushige, and it was published in the seventh year of Genna (1621 A.D.). Shinshinsai has drawn on it for the early part of his book adding his own humorous treatment. As to the "Benkei Ichidaiki" to which he refers I could learn nothing. The Benkei Monogatari is a plain tale, making Benkei out to be a kind of humourous ruffian. Naturally this note would accompany the first volume, but on account of this tone given to the character, and which is not justified by the hero's actions I put it here at the end. The Benkei Monogatari is so important, however, that some account should be given of it. It contains a number of wood-cuts illustrating the deeds chronicled.*

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* The statement is made in graver history that Kumai Tarō became a retainer of Yoshitsune during the march through Tamba to Ichi-no-tani. As to Yoshitsune's prayers which saved Benkei, did it suggest the introduction later of the story of "En-no-Shōkaku?" Some resemblances also are to be noted: (1) Benkei's fight against the thieves at Genba's, and Yoshitsune's battle against the thieves at Akasaka. (2) Benkei as described at his meeting with Ushiwaka at the Gojō bridge, and Yoshitsune's fight against Tajima-hōshi of Nara. Compare also the description of Yokogawa Kakuhan of Yoshino. All have no little personal resemblance to Shōki, the demon queller, a familiar figure on the boys' shelf of dolls at the May matsuri. (3) The conduct of Kaison with Shinbutsu, and that of the monk Izumi with Ushiwaka. There are other instances which make some of Benkei's adventures sound as if composite.

NOTES.

Chapter VII—The tale of the burning rice, and of the conduct of Yoshinaka at the interview with Yoritomo can be taken as apocryphal. In this chapter I rely mainly on Doctor Ariga's account of this confused campaigning from the fall of 1180 A.D. to 1183 A.D.; and so later. The romances—in many ways they are as much history as the more formal chronicles of the time—the Gempei Seisuiki and the Heike Monogatari furnish too ample detail.

Kiyomori had eight daughters. 1, wife (kita-no-kata) of Sakuramachi Chūnagon Shigenori. 2, kisaki (Tennō's consort), Kenreimon-in. 3, wife (kita-no-mandokoro) of Rokujō Sesshō Motozane. 4, wife (kita-no-kata) of Reizei Dainagon Takafusa; she is also given as the wife (kita-no-mandokoro) of Fugenji Dono, no difference necessarily being involved. 5, wife (kita-no-mandokoro) of Kono Eno Motomichi. 6, her connection with Shichijō Shuri Taifu Nobutaka is mentioned. No other title is given to her. 7, she was the daughter of one of the women connected with Itsukushima, (Aki no Itsukushima no naiji), and is further called koi no kisaki from her relation to Go-Shirakawa. Her mother married later Taira Moritoshi, (killed at Ichi-no-tani), and later was the wife of Doi Jirō Sanehira. 8, was the daughter of Tokiwa-gozen, noted for her skill in all womanly accomplishments and calligraphy. She is connected with Kwasan-in Sadaijin Fujiwara Kanemasa, through his wife (the daiban-dokoro) as jōrō (上臈), lady-in-waiting. All these girls were talented and amiable—at least to the old chronicler. No. 4 was noted for her skill on the *koto*. References to the Gempei Seisuiki are difficult for lack of a standard edition. The above is found pp. 22-29 in that of the Hakushindō (Tōkyō). Only for this reason has there been any quotation of Japanese texts. For instance, the Gempei Seisuiki is divided into chapters (numbered) and sections (unnumbered). The sections deal with different incidents, and mere reference to a chapter would be too catholic.

Chapter VIII—As to Japanese names the effort has been to adhere to the order of the Japanese books. The title comes first, followed by the clan name, the nickname or locative name (Shirō, Tarō, Saburō, etc.), and last of all the personal and distinctive name. Thus Noto-no-Kami Noritsune, Gensammi Yorimasa, Sayemon-no-Jō Sasaki Jirō Tadatsuna. I cannot pretend to entire success in this matter. The proof coming a few pages at a time it was not possible to call in native aid on this important point. Reference has been made as much as possible to the originals, but as the stories are woven in and out from various sources it was something of a task on memory to determine just where to find a particular appellation. In the different authorities there are slight differences in names, and the same book often gives a man a different string of titles. These differences were purposely retained. Yoshitsune figures as the Hangwan, as Sayemon-no-Jō, and his clan name is variously run in as Gensōshi, Genteii, Minamoto, and is attached to his more personal appellative as Gen-Kurō. Sometimes a man will be given different names. Kumai Tarō is called Tadamoto, and Kiyoshige. The temple book of Chūsonji notes that Gon-no-Kami Masuwo Jirō Kanefusa (as found also in Yamada, p. 306 of Takahashi's edition) is also given as Gon-no-Kami Koyama Jirō Kanefusa. This Gon-no-Kami raises the question as to whether it is a title or a name. Probably it is the first named. Sayemon also figures at times as a name, and thus it has been retained in Inouye Sayemon. This is no plea to avoid responsibility for mistakes. Where such exist the only answer is that of Doctor Johnson—"pure ignorance." However these long titles are needful to place a man's social position, and they give local colour. The characters quickly come down to the personal names. Yoshitsune, Noriyori, Noritsune, Munemori, Atsumori, are the usual appellatives. The long Japanese titles of Gojō-dainagon, Sayemon-no-Jō, Ukonye-no-Suke soon get familiar. It was important to retain them in their Japanese order.

The chapters which follow are essentially historical. The old chronicles, however, do not drop Benkei. Full as they are of the many feats and actions of the leading men, Benkei is found, in the Gempei Seisuiki and the Heike Monogatari, figuring beside his lord. As also are Ise Saburō (a most important man), Kumai Tarō, etc. How far the present writer accepts the scene at the Sen-tō-Gōshō as fully historical perhaps can be detected by the observant reader in the air of burlesque thrown over it. Japanese romancers of course treat it in all seriousness—both as to location and actors. It can be added that the protection of the Hōō and the Tennō was a prime object with Yoshitsune, and he took steps to secure their safety from removal. The Dai-Nihon-Shi puts the date of the battle of Uji at the twentieth day of the first month of Genryaku (4 march 1184 A.D.). This is the date given by the Gempei Seisuiki. It can be noted here how thoroughly religious is the temperament of Yoshitsune. He never fails in his duties to Heaven. There is little superstition about him. An unfavourable omen is always turned off by some neat device. He does not allow it to stand in the way of the business of war. We find this emphasized throughout the chronicles, and at every crisis. *Hangwan* was an official title. Ranking next to vice-minister of state says Brinkley's "Dictionary." Yoshitsune for this period was *The* Hangwan to the old chroniclers. I follow them in often referring to him simply by this title.

Tomoe-gozen is also said to have retired to Echigo after the death of Yoshinaka. Here she became a nun, and died faithful to his memory.

Chapter IX.—Benki's torch is described by the Gempei Seisuiki. The old chronicler exults in its efficiency. It is to be noted that against Yoritomo's wishes not a man would have moved to Ichi-no-tani. The battle itself is an instance of the much talked of influence of sea power on history. In itself it was a severe blow to the Taira. It staggered the confidence of their adherents. Apart from loss of their captains killed or made prisoners it was no material step toward ending the war, unless made a part of the campaign. This Noriyori signally failed to do; and this is just what Yoshitsune did do.

Chapter X.—In the main I have followed the Gempei Seisuiki. Yamada has secured some variations. To make Kondo-roku a friend instead of an enemy had its advantages. Yoshitsune did not find the Minamoto fiefs of Shikoku hostile. The Taira forces were not so great as to induce them to venture a land battle even when they knew their enemy's number. The certainty of Minamoto reinforcements hastened their flight. They plainly were operating against Noriyori at Bakan. At Dan-no-ura, only a month later, they have five hundred vessels, i.e. 15000 to 18000 men.

The account in the Heike Monogatari varies. I condense a translation Mr. Minakami made for me. The shooting at the fan takes place when it is so dark they can no longer see to fight. Then a small boat approaches close to the shore, with the lady "dressed in a blue five fold *kimono* (*yanagi no goi*) and a red skirt." Yoichi Munetaka was "small of stature, but second to none as an archer.........he never failed to hit two out three flying birds" Summoned to Yoshitsune he appears (aged twenty years) in "a court robe of brown decorated with red brocade at the edges and down the sleeves. He wore green armour and carried an *ashishiro* sword.* On his back he had a quiver with twenty four *kiryū* arrows (white feathered with black spots) and a sounding arrow, *kabaraya*, of deer horn with *kiryū* and eagle's wing feathers. He carried a bow of twisted rattan." The Hangwan asks him to attempt the shot. Yoichi is coy and declines, asking that a better archer be appointed. Yoshitsune gets angry and says that unwilling soldiers had better return to Kamakura. Yoichi decides to try. He retires, mounts his black horse and rides to the beach. All are pleased at his attempting the feat. The distance being so great he rides into the water, even then being at a distance of seven *tan* (217 to 245 feet English long measure). It was six oclock in the evening, the boat was tossing, and the fan whirling in a gale of wind. Yoichi shuts his eyes and prays. If he fails to bring down the fan he will commit *harakiri.* Would the god please to grant him life. Opening his eyes he found (or thought) that the fan was much steadier. Then he strikes the fan on its rivet. The Taira men strike the gunwales of their boats, and the Minamoto men their shields, in admiration of the wonderful shot. Afterwards, at the order of Yoshimori, he shoots Isekazu (not mentioned by name but as a man about fifty years of age wearing black leathern armour). "Some applauded the skilful shot of Yoichi, but most men thought it pitiless."

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* The scabbard coated with silver, or ornamented therewith. In the Hōgen Monogatari there are cuts of the kiryū, kaburaya, karimata, hatsu arrows and other war harness (Edition, Yokota Isokichi).

The account of the helmet pulling follows, but it is very different. Three warriors of the Taira come to land and challenge the enemy. One has a bow, another a shield, a third brandishes a long sword. Five horsemen ride against them—Miwo-no-ya-no-Jurō of Musashi (the other names are on the same elongated scale) is the only one that concerns us, or anyone else for his companions are men of straw. He advances before the rest. His horse is struck by an arrow and thus he is put on even terms with his opponent. The man with the long sword approaches him. Miwo views his own weapon, decides that discretion is the better part of valour, and takes to flight. His enemy, instead of striking, tucks his weapon under his arm and starts in pursuit. Three times Miwo wriggles out. The fourth time his pursuer grasps his helmet. The *shikoro* (neck guard) gives way, and with this handicap the lightened Jurō takes to his legs in real earnest. Reaching his companions he gets behind the shield of this cavalry guard. The victor challenges admiration, with the booty waved aloft on the end of his sword as emblem. "Look at me! The wags of Miyako call me Akuhichi-hyōye Kagekiyo." Then he returns to his side, and a note tells us that he got this name "because he killed his own mother." All this encourages the Taira. Two hundred of them come to land, and set up their shields. The Hangwan with eighty horsemen charges them. Unable on foot to meet a cavalry charge they take to their boats. The Hangwan pursues them into the water, and then follows the incident with the *kumade*. This is not given much prominence, except his reason for risking his life—"if I could use the bow of my uncle Tametomo, then I would allow it to fall into the hands of the enemy. But my bow is of the ordinary kind (another little informing hint that the real Yoshitsune used his head more than his hands). I do not want the enemy to say:—'Such is the bow used by Kurō Yoshitsune, the great general of the Minamoto.'" All the old soldiers, who had grumbled a little, then admired him. At night the Taira retire, and for the first time in three days the Minamoto *bushi* sleep. The Hangwan and Ise Saburō, however, prowled the beach all night, still on guard. At dawn Yoshitsune with eighty men pursued the Taira to Shido Bay. Seeing so few of the enemy about a thousand of these latter landed to attack them. A reinforcement from Yashima, two hundred in number, come to take part in the battle. Taking this for the advance-guard of a large army the Taira re-embarked and sailed away from Yashima.* To This it can be added that a few hours earlier arrival by Kajiwara Kagetoki probably would have obviated the necessity of fighting a battle at Dan-no-ura. The incident of the deceit of Taguchi Nariyoshi follows, the main difference being that he enters Yashima, like Japhet in search of his father. Ise Saburō's tale of destruction has grown in the progress of time from the Gempei Seisuiki to the Heike Monogatari. It is still more complete. Kajiwara arrives on the twenty-second day like "the iris on the sixth day, or a contract made after the fact." The one to come out with all the honours of the occasion is the keeper of the Sumiyoshi Shrine (at Sakai). He reports that at the time of the Ox (1 A.M.) on the sixteenth day (on which Yoshitsune sailed) an arrow flew straight to the West. The Hōō takes this as a wireless message of coming success from the god. The keeper gets a valuable sword, and the shrine gets many treasures. Then follows an account of this Sumiyoshi deity, which shows that the writer is much better informed as to the Nihongi and Kojiki than the informant of Komatsu Shigemori (in Yamada) or the local antiquarians of Osaka.

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* The above shows that Yoshitsune had more than his little band of eighty men, and that the Taira numbers at Yashima also were scanty. In fact apart from Taguchi Shigeyoshi (the traitor) they had little to depend on but their own immediate household retainers.

Of the two books mentioned Mr. W. G. Aston says:—"The authorship of the Gempei Seisuiki is doubtfully ascribed to one Hamuro Takinaga.......... The precise date of its composition is likewise unknown. It must belong to the early part of the Kamakura period.......... The Gempei Seisuiki is a work of considerable literary pretensions.......... The authorship and precise date of the Heike Monogatari are unknown. It was probably composed soon after the Gempei Seisuiki, of which it is little more than an adaptation, page after page being simply copied from the latter work. But as if its model and source had not already departed sufficiently from true history, the Heike Monogatari which covers the same ground and relates the same events, adds a number of inventions of its own.........(as) a narrative which could be chanted to the accompaniment of the biwa.........it became immensely popular, and even at the present day it is far better known than the Gempei Seisuiki, a work much superior to it in merit." ("Japanese Literature" pp. 134, 135, 139). Our own old monks used to weave a great deal of the miraculous and wonderful into their chronicles, but it is not so difficult to sift these out and to discount exaggeration. I think the same can be said of the Gempei Seisuiki. It is considered to be written close to the time at which the events it records took place. The events doubtless are in the main true, the details to a great extent due to the writers' fancy. We can accept a very difficult descent by Yoshitsune into Ichi-no-tani, a single combat between Kumagaye and Atsumori, a shooting at the fan at Yashima, even a helmet clutching, without taking all the minor details and the descriptions of costume as good history. The Gempei Seisuiki can hardly be classed with Shakespeare's historical plays, for at least one good reason—the accepted belief that its writer (or writers) was (or were) close to the times of which he (or they) wrote. This cannot be said of Shakespeare. A great deal of the world's history would have to go overboard if a monkish chronicler suffered Jonah's fate simply because, like the prophet, from page to page he had visions. Both Froissart and Commines would not go unscathed. The Nō in their treatment of history are better comparable to western drama.

Chapter XI.—The letter of Yoshitsune is of importance, not only in shedding light on his own character, early life, and surroundings, but on those of his followers. History and romance agree that Yoshitsune spent months in Miyako; and that there, and wherever else he could, he picked out the best swordsmen and most desperate fellows he could find. Much as we would like to protest to the contrary it must be admitted that Musashi-bō Benkei in his youth was a very ill-governed character. Moritsugi at Yashima charges Ise Saburō with being a highwayman. Hitachibō Kaison was the reverse of being a saint. Kumai Tarō was next door to being a desperado. Thus we go through the list. When we consider what Yoshitsune did, and with how few men behind him, we understand what great deeds stand to their credit, wild desperate fellows as they were. All through the old chronicles, the Gempei Seisuiki and the Heike Monogatari, it is Benkei, Kaison, Ise Saburō, Washiwo, Kumai, Kamei, Sugime, the Satō *kyodai*, Kisata, who follow close behind their chief. Reckless, they ride down the Hiyodorigoye into the mass of the Taira, and win the battle at Ichi-no-tani. Reckless they ride to the assault of Yashima, and drive the Taira into the water; Benkei, Ise Saburō, the Satō *kyodai*, Washiwo, Hitachibō, Kumai, forming a shield in front of their lord against the deadly bow of Noto-no-Kami. The one battle Yoshitsune does win with his brother's legions is that of Dan-no-ura. This is a great record for these brave men. Yoshitsune could not win battles singly. His followers were worthy of their brilliant chief, who felt that he could do and dare anything with them as his captains. History and the chronicles give the greater part of their space to stories and anecdotes of the leaders—of Kumagaye and Atsumori, Yoritomo and Mongaku Shōnin, of the suicide of Ni-i-dono, of Noto-no-Kami and the Hangwan. But in the bare tale it slips out just who were in this small band of men, and it does no harm to their due credit that Kajiwara and the fleet of Yoritomo sail into Yashima harbour "like the iris on the sixth day"—after the battle has been won by this Japanese Arthur and his "Knights of the Table Round."

These battles at and around Yashima tell just what the condition of the Taira was after the blow given to them at Ichi-no-tani. In the parlance of Reno and "the ring" they were down and simply were being counted out. That such leaders as Tomomori and Noritsune would destroy their base and run away from a small band of men passes belief. They plainly thought that the Minamoto army was upon them, and they knew that they could not offer battle. In that belief and knowledge they acted as they did. When they fought at Dan-no-ura they were not only trapped, but were fighting on the water on which they felt they were better sailors and had a better chance than in land fighting. But what a battle! Its stakes were life or death, with no possible compromise. These people stamped each other out of existence like noxious beasts.

Chapter XII—Yamada offers a date which is plausible but not elsewhere confirmed. It may be a misprint, error, or based on some authority. Tosabō's letter is dated the seventeenth day of the *ninth* month (October 12th). There is little reason to question that Yoritomo's army was ready to move on Miyako at the end of November. He put a vast host in motion, both from the Tōkaidō and the Hokurokudō. On the receipt of notice of his brother's disaster he returned at once from the Kisegawa to Kamakura, and left the rest of the affair to his police. This was directed by Hōjō Tokimasa, who at once occupied Miyako with a strong force, and proceeded to eliminate any hostile interests. Among these were the remnants of the Ise Heishi. The Gempei Seisuiki gives the story of the attempt of Tosabō in detail; as also of the experiences of Rokudai, son of Koremori.

As to the attempt of Tosabō, it is about as excellent an instance of brotherly malevolence to be found in history. Every move henceforth shows the influence of the fierce, unrelenting, dogged persistency of Yoritomo. The secret of the man's success is more easily understood. After the Ichi-no-tani campaign, enraged because of his brother's brilliant success, and because he remained basking in the sun of court favour and did not at once come to Kamakura, Yoritomo studiously began the system of neglect. This without doubt was also counselled by men like Hōjō and Ōye, who had already resolved to eliminate this dangerous factor from Japanese politics. When Yoshitsune secured his court appointments, neglect turned to hate. Yoshitsune tacitly is stripped of his command, but the instrument is still useful. The Taira campaign is permitted. After Dan-no-Ura the mask is let fall. Instructions were then sent out to the officers in Miyako and the West that they were not to obey any orders issued by Yoshitsune. The commander is not only refused admittance to Kamakura. He is stripped of his twenty four fiefs. What remained to Yoshitsune was to live the life of a *kugé*, on such favours as he could secure from the Court. But for him to do that is to be a rebel in his brother's eyes. Yoritomo then tries to assassinate him, as an almost simultaneous adjunct to moving 130000 men to crush him in case of a slip in the Tosabō affair. The historical view is, that the attempt to be made by Tosabō was known and discussed by Yoshitsune and Yukiiye, and a decree therefore was asked to attack Yoritomo. Tosabō fails. A report is made, and against Kanezane's advice the decree is granted, as described.

Chapter XIII—The itinerary of Yoshitsune's wanderings, after landing at the Sumiyoshi shrine does not exist. The stay at Tennōji is authentic. Hōjō reports on it. Shinshinsai takes Yoshitsune at once to Tokugyō at Nara, and afterwards to Yoshino. Yamada makes him wander in Yamato, and reach Tokugyō from Yoshino and Totsukawa. Either course fits in with Hōjō's despatch of January 7th, 1186 A.D. (Adzuma Kagami). The date of the worthy bishop's summons to Kamakura is usually placed at the 5th February. As the whole episode is decidedly apocryphal I have not hesitated to have him make the journey later, and thus bring together Shizuka and the bishop.

When Jimmu Tennō travelled this country he found it a great place for charcoal burning; thus "Sumi-zaka," charcoal acclivity." (Nihongi I 118-119). Jimmu was much taken with his inspection. Its hills afforded a fine prospect of the country he intended to make his own. Not so easily: he sings a suggestive song on his successful treachery:

"Though folk say
"That one Yemishi
"Is a match for one hundred men
"They do not so much as resist."
(Aston's translation: loc. cit. p. 124).

Chapter XIV—The "Yoshitsune-Chijun-Ki" says, that on her lord's death Shizuka became a nun, and her name was changed to Saisei. For a time she took refuge in Saga, and then moved to Nara. It was in July 1184 A.D. that she became Yoshitsune's concubine. This "first year of Genryaku" is a little indefinite, according as the preceding period is supposed to be a year longer or shorter. There were two *nengō* in the field at that time.

There is a radical difference between Yamada and his authorities. Shizuka, in his story, gives birth to the child and afterwards dances the Hōraku. It is agreed that the child was born on 14th September. On October 16th Shizuka departed for Miyako, and in this short interval Shizuka could well be excused from dancing and the wisteria from blooming. But this is not his worst offence. Faithful to his Chinese models he interjects into the awful grief of the unhappy young mother this most pestiferous analogy; ridiculous one would say, if any grief even akin to that of humanity did not have a right to respect. Even in a note I hesitate to insert it. As Shizuka leans over the dead child, Yamada gives birth to this culminating Himalayan height of bathos, not to be found in any other literature. "In ancient China, King Kwan was on his way to the province of Shōku. When he reached Sankyō one of his followers caught a young monkey. The mother, in grief over the loss of her young one, followed for nearly a hundred Chinese miles along the bank of the river down which the King's boat was being rowed. At last she sprang on the boat and fell dead. Some of the soldiers cut open her body, and to the great amazement of all it was found that her rectum was rent asunder because of her grief. The king was very angry with the man who caught the young monkey, and punished him severely. This is the case with mere animals; still more is it true of man. The recollection of this harrowing incident of the monkey made Iso-no-Zensu burst into a paroxysm of grief and weep bitterly."

Chapters XV and XVI—The geography of the romances is hard to reconcile. As walkers at times the refugees must have far out-classed the Pickwickians of later date. Indeed, but for the specific denial of Benkei, it could be assumed that at a pinch they were possessed of the power of Iddhi (by the exercise of mere thought able to transfer themselves through the air). Place names also are not always to be identified or reconciled, and some of them are no longer to be found on the map. Heisenji figures in the Benkei Monogatari as the scene of one of Benkei's pranks in early days. Here he broke into and broke up a priestly feed in chorus. Both Yamada and Shinshinsai transfer this scene to Shōsha-san. The two differ in details, but easily combine to the saving of space and the unity of time. Yamada uses throughout the name Ara-Sanuki as Benkei's substitute. Shinshinsai in at least one place gives it as Aranami Sanuki. As Benkei's early days have been the subject of the Benkei Monogatari, so these adventures of the retreat form the subject of the Yoshitsune romances. The wars are mainly glided over and left to the sterner histories.

Chapter XVII.—Yamada blurs the whole scene. There is much matter common to the two romancers—Yamada and Shinshinsai—but the former distributes it over several scenes. Part of it goes to the scene with Gon-no-Kami, who is represented as a second Inouye Sayemon. Shinshinsai gathers a good deal into one chapter, and adds the story of En-no-Shōkaku. In the account given in the present volume everything bearing on this subject of the *yamabushi* has been brought together into the one chapter.

Chapter XVIII.—The two romancers—Yamada and Shinshinsai—are here widely apart. Yamada is right in placing Kiyogawa at the Mogamigawa. The Adzuma Kagami puts the age of the Kitanokata at twenty-two years at the time of her death two years later. The child is there said to be a girl and is four years old. To accept its tale would be to eliminate the whole story of the retreat. The Chūsonji chroniclers claim that it is not an infallible authority when it gets on their ground.

Chapter XIX.—Shinshinsai brings them out at Shirakawa (Shiraishi) where Motoharu is in charge and waiting to receive them. The scene with his family follows. As to the suicide, it can be said that if the child had been a girl as above there would have been no occasion to kill it, and in consequence no occasion for the death of the Kitanokata. What the Adzuma Kagami says as to this final scene is under date 30th day 4 month (intercalary?) 5th year of Bunji (15th June, 1189 A.D.): "A report of a victory won over Yoshitsune at Koromogawa was brought to Kamakura, as follows:—'Yoshitsune, who was staying at the Koromogawakwan of Mimbu Shōyu Motonari was defeated by Yasuhira. At first Yoshitsune defended himself bravely, but seeing that any further defence against the odds was useless he entered a hall in which was worshipped an image of the Buddha, and after killing his wife (22 years old) and his girl (4 years old) he committed harakiri.'" Says the Dai-Nihon-Shi-Ryō. "The Kitanokata addressed her husband: "I have no child and nothing to complain of after my death. Please kill me before yourself that I may go with you on the road to Paradise. Yoshitsune said 'Namu-Amida-Butsu,' and no sooner had he taken her under his left arm than he beheaded her. The next moment he committed suicide." *Sic transeunt omnes.* The romances generally accept the story of the flight to Yezo. Even modern and grave histories give it honourable mention. On this point credulity goes to the wildest limit, making claims only comparable to those concerning islands lying loose in the Pacific, and lands lying loose in Northern Asia. The Dai-Nihon-Jimmei-Jiten speaks of Benkei leaving his image, in the shape of a straw doll, in the gate-way says one account, in the river shallow says another. While the enemy hesitate to cross the party get far on their way to the North. So with all the tender-hearted romancers. It (the D.N.J.J.) goes on to say, that after subjugating Yezo they passed over to Shungtung, conquered that country, and with their Japanese Alexander are next heard of as the conquerors of Tartary. There is a Benkeisaki in Yezo (Cape Benkei). On the door of every house in Tartary is a figure of an armed Benkei. But this is not all. According to this veracious legend, Suida and Jubi, of Persian history (*more Japonico*), invaders from the North "are believed by some writers to be Benkei and Washiwo"—and why not?

To go into more serious details: I shall here follow the argument as outlined in the book of the Chūsonji-dera.* It is a little long, but illuminating not only as to the facts, but as to how closely the local antiquarians think and talk on the same lines as our own antiquarians, and with the same enthusiasm that these latter devote to the sport. This is no difficult matter in Japan, where for centuries every man has been tabbed and docketed, his record in the eyes of posterity depending on the chances of war and fire, or the destruction due to natural decay of the frail scroll.

Thus argues the priestly scribe †:—The question at issue is as to three houses, or rather names—Koromogawakwan, Yanagi-gosho, and Takadachi—as the scene of residence and *harakiri*, one or both, of Yoshitsune. "These houses are all mentioned in Yasaka's 'Gempei Seisuiki,' Nyohaku's 'Heike Monogatari' and the 'Adzuma Kagami.' They state that Hidehira, the protector of Yoshitsune, lived in the Yanagi-gosho. As to Yoshitsune's *harakiri*, the Adzuma Kagami, in speaking of Ōshū matters, says

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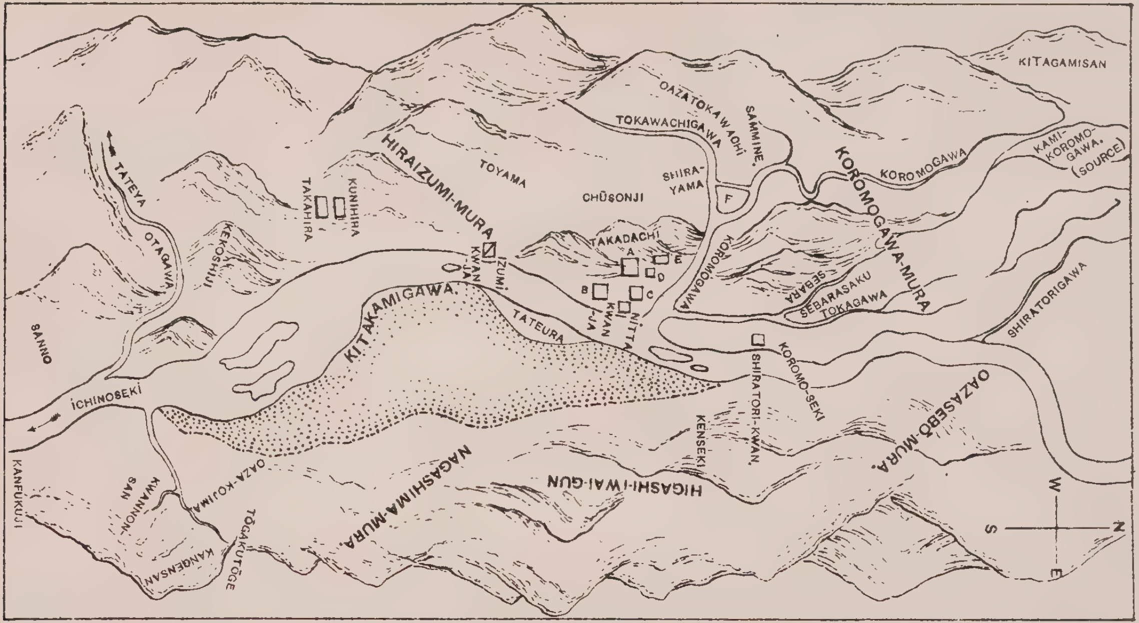
* "Ōshū Takadachi Enganshi" by Terazaki Seiken.

† As there is considerable condensation and some omission what follows is put under quotation marks with some hesitation—in justice to the priestly author.


KITAGAMISAN
TATEYA
OTAGAWA
SANNO
ICHINOSEKI
KEKOSHIJI
TAKAHIRA
KUNIHIRA
HIRAIZUMI-MURA
TOYAMA
CHŪSONJI
OAZATOKAWAOHI
TOKAWACHIGAWA
SAMMINE.
SHIRA-YAMA
F
TAKADACHI
A
B
C
D
E
KWAN-JA
IZUMI
KITAKAMIGAWA.
TATEURA
KWAN-JA
NITTA
KOROMOGAWA
KOROMOGAWA-MURA
KOROMOGAWA
KAMI-KOROMO-GAWA. (SOURCE)
SEBARA
SEBARASAKU
TOKAGAWA
SHIRATORIGAWA
SHIRATORI-KWAN.
KOROMO-SEKI
KENSEKI
OAZASEBŌ-MURA.
HIGASHI-IWAI-GUN
NAGASHIMA-MURA.
OAZA-KOJIMA
KWANNON-SAN
KANFUKUJI
KANGENSAN
TŌGAKUTŌGE
W
S
N
E

HIRAIZUMI (FROM THE TEMPLE MAPS AND ILLUSTRATIONS) A—TAKADACHI: B—NI-NO-MARU: C—YANAGI-GOSHŌ D—BENKEI YASHIKI (HOUSE): E—YOSHITSUNE KŌ JŪSHA (RETAINERS' QUARTERS): F—IZUMI-JO (CASTLE): THE DOTTED PORTION IS SUBJECT TO FLOODS (SUIGACHI). THE WEST BANK IS CLIFF.

that it took it place in the house of Mimbu Shō-Suke (Motonari) ; and that, under date of June 15th, 1189 A.D., it was so reported from Kamakura to Miyako, calling it the Koromogawakwan, an account given by Hōjō Kudaiki.* This would be the house of Motonari near the Koromogawa, and would imply that he and Yoshitsune occupied the same establishment. Sakuma Giwa and Ibara Tomonao thoroughly investigated the subject. The Koromogawakwan was situated to the East of Hiraizumi-mura. This house was built by Abe Yoritoki (d 1057 A.D.) Motonari certainly occupied it during Bunji (1185-1189 A.D.) The story goes that it was there that Yoshitsune died, and there was his grave. The people called the place Takadachi. There were other graves around an old cherry tree still living. Near-by is Kanefusa's grave. In the Tenwa of Tsunamura was the ancestral hall of the *taishū* (or governors), and fêtes were held in honor of the *hotoke* (spirit) of Yoshitsune."

"When Yoshitsune went to Adzuma (the Kwantō) Hidehira felt badly over the matter. The place at that time was called Takadachi, and Yoritoki's house was still extant. The Yanagi-gosho, to the east and south of Takadachi was the house Yoshitsune lived in. Takadachi was Yoritoki's old home, Motonari lived in it, and it retained the old name. This the authorities (Gempei Seisuiki etc.) imply. Remains of the Izumi-jō (castle) are found west of Chūsonji as is well authenticated. Those writing at a distance do not know. At the Yanagi-gosho Hidehira welcomed Yoshitsune. Ibara Tomonao considers that this Koromogawakwan long existed at Hiraizumi. In the time of Hidehira it had been granted to Motonari† to live in. When Yoshitsune came down to Mutsu, fleeing from the displeasure of Yoritomo he was given another house on the east side, the Yanagi-*gosho*. Here it was that he committed *harakiri*. Motonari had no hand in the disturbance, and at the time of Yasuhira's destruction was living at Takadachi. In the attack upon Yoshitsune, the house of this latter had been destroyed by fire. Motonari's house, being at some distance was unharmed. When Yoritomo came to Hiraizumi, Motonari and his three children surrendered to Chiba Rokurō Yoritane, (Adzuma Kagami). The Yanagi-gosho was on the east side of Takadachi. Kiyohira and Yasuhira lived not far off, and it was here that Hidehira bestowed Yoshitsune. In the opinion of Sakuma Giwa and Ibara the question is not settled. By a comparison of the authorities the place where Yoshitsune lived and died is to be determined."

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* "Kudaiki" (?) It means "ninth generation." But what Hōjō is this?

† I find nothing to identify this Motonari (基成) and the Satō Shōji Motoharu (佐藤庄司元治) of Yamada and the old chroniclers. Motoharu died before Hidehira, a long or short time according to the fancy of the romancer. He lived on Maruyama.

"This Sakuma was an erudite scholar. He forms no arbitrary judgment on the matter, and as in his day the matter was incompletely investigated, and methods ill understood, some of his ideas will not stand examination. But in Ōshū, as he also believed, is to be found the material for a history of Ōshū. Ibara Tomonao was especially earnest and exhaustive in his investigations into the old matters concerning Hiraizumi. He collected and published its genuine records, and an account of its monuments. In these three therefore —Sakuma, Ihara, and the writer of the Adzuma Kagami—must be sought information concerning Hiraizumi. As to the Koromogawakwan, Takadachi, and Yanagi-gosho, Sakuma and Ihara do not agree. Thus, to schedule their differences:

	SAKUMA GIWA.	IHARA TOMONAO.
Koromogawakwan, (Takadachi)	Built by Yoritoki Motonari lived in it, and Yoshitsune died there.	Not Yoritoki's: Motonari did not live there.
Yanagi-gosho	Yoshitsune lived in it.	Yoshitsune lived and died there.

The Koromogawakwan was built by Yasu Yoritoki. Whether his son Sadatō ever lived there is not known. As to the old ruins of which Ihara speaks there is some confusion. He says, that some writers consider that this house was built by Abe Yoritoki and that Sadatō lived there.* This is a mistake. Yoritomo tried to find on this spot some relics of Abe Yoritoki, and failed. The site was nothing but green grass and moss, a hundred years having passed. The Koromogawakwan, which had been burnt in Sadatō's time was later turned over to Motonari, who lived on the spot when Yasuhira fled. This is correct. Thus Yoritoki did not build, nor did Sadatō live in, this house of Motonari; although the matter gives room for discussion. By the tradition extant at Koromogawa, the place for the house of Yoritoki and his son should be the Sadatōkwan, as shown on the map of the Sanbō-honbu, situated on an old country road and one *ri* (2½ miles) west of Koromogawa-bashi. Here are the ruins of the Biwa-no-Shigarami. Moreover, this Takadachi is very different from Izumi castle. This is shown by the records of Mutsu, and leaves no ground for criticism. Ihara considers this an open question."

"As to the houses of Yoshitsune and Motonari, they differ radically. Sakuma says he committed *harakiri* in the Koromogawakwan of Takadachi. Ihara places this event at the Yanagi-gosho. They differ in name and place. The Adzuma Kagami calls it Motonari's house—i.e. the Koromogawakwan, and says that Yoshitsune lived there. But this name Koromogawakwan is found everywhere in the district. Takadachi, Yanagi-no-gosho, Tatcura, names generally given are not the Koromogawakwan. The course of time fogged the matter, later writers finding that the name had long been in use. Yoshitsune's Yanagi-gosho thus also got the name of Koromogawakwan, and was confused with Motonari's Koromogawakwan. So the Adzuma Kagami (a fourteenth century chronicle) makes it. In fact the ground named Tatcura† and Yanagi-gosho bordered the Koromogawa

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* Sadatō: he whose body required the united efforts of six men to carry it. Cf. vol. I. p. 123.

† On the map this is marked as a shallow in the river Kitakamigawa opposite Takadachi. Here Benkei must have taken his stand. The photograph shows a high perpendicular bluff on the Takadachi side. Here ran the swift current of the river. On the east side of this were flats. The only place accessible to horse (or foot) was at the

(and Kitakamigawa) and so got its name. For this reason the author of the Adzuma Kagami was misled.

Sakuma takes the ground that the two houses are one. That is, he identifies the Yanagi-gosho and the Koromogawakwan. Ihara considers this to be wrong. He thinks that the Koromogawakwan was known as Takadachi, and that Motonari lived there. On this point, however, both writers are mistaken. Yoshitsune lived in the Takadachi house. It is so recorded 26th day, 2nd month, 5th year of Bunji (14th March 1189 A.D.), as the designation at that time, in a book by a certain Sudzuki Saburō (a sort of family record). Sakuma in his "Bunrōshi" (Writing on Ancient Matters) considers it uncertain when this name was given to the place. It is also called Hangwankwan, but when is not stated. Yoshitsune's house is said to have been newly built by Hidehira on the high ground, and as a residence for Yoshitsune. Hence it was called Takadachi-gosho. The Gempei Seisuiki and the Heike Monogatari speak of the Yanagi-gosho as erected for Yoshitsune, and thus it was handed down by tradition. But there is no question that Takadachi was Yoshitsune's house, and that it formed a part of the Yanagi-gosho. Sakuma and Ihara take the Yanagi-gosho to be Yoshitsune's house, and hence confuse Takadachi with the Koromogawakwan of Motonari, in the belief that Yoshitsune and Motonari had separate establishments. As to the Yanagi-gosho, as before stated Ihara Tomonao considered this to be Yoshitsune's house, and the place where Yoshitsune committed *harakiri*. Koromogawakwan was the name of the old ruins at Hiraizumi (Abe Yoritoki's house), a name taken later by Motonari's house. Here he lived until Yasuhira was defeated. At that time he and his children made terms with Yoritomo. Yanagi-gosho is thus separated from Takadachi, where Motonari lived after the ruin of Yasuhira was accomplished. Of this there is no doubt. The Adzuma Kagami thus gets it, that the Koromogawakwan

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east end of the Takadachi hill. As long as Benkei stood to prevent approach no crossing could be effected. At high (June) water the Koromogawa had no ford. This shallow was the only approach.

was the place where Motonari lived and Yoshitsune committed *harakiri*. Yasuhira seized the possessions of Yoshitsune, i.e. the Koromogawakwan and Takadachi."

"Yoshitsune first killed his wife and child. Then he killed himself. This took place at Takadachi. As to this and other remains: 1. Yoshitsune's house was on the high ground of Takadachi. 2. West and south of the Yoshitsune-dō, in the middle of Takadachi hill, there are many old graves; tradition names that of Kanefusa. 3. West and north of Takadachi there is flat ground. It was here that Yoshitsune's retainers committed *harakiri*, and the graves are marked. The Adzuma Kagami does not consider Takadachi to be Yoshitsune's place of death, but names the Koromogawakwan. Long before Yoshitsune, Motonari came and occupied this Koromogawakwan. He had been charged with some offence and fled in Heiji (1159 A.D.) to Hiraizumi. In the fifth year of Bunji he had been resident thirty years. Yoshitsune was resident at Takadachi from 1187 to 1189 A.D. Nearly two years later the castle was taken by Yoritomo. Takadachi became a part of Motonari's Koromogawakwan, but this is not the old Koromogawakwan, though the Adzuma Kagami confuses them. The Kitakamigawa has since encroached on the place. Takadachi and Yanagi-gosho were thus separated only a small part being left in the old place. This much can be identified: 1. The Adzuma Kagami's house of Motonari, that of the Gempei Seisuiki and the Heike Monogatari, are all one. 2. Takadachi, Yanagi-gosho, Tateura, are all well distinguished from the Koromogawakwan. 3. The Adzuma Kagami's Koromogawakwan is the same as that of Sakuma. 4. Motonari's Koromogawakwan belongs to the Yanagi-gosho extending from Tateura to the ruins of the Yanagi-gosho. 5. Yoshitsune's Koromogawakwan is only part of the Yanagi-gosho and is Takadachi, also its present name. 6. Yoskitsune committed *harakiri* at the same Takadachi."

"Yoshitsune's head was buried at Fujisawa. The Kamakura Dai-Nikki says, the 13th day of the 5th month (28th June, 1189 A.D.); the Adzuma Kagami says 13th day of the 6th month (27th July, 1189 A.D.) The place of inhumation was the Shirakata Jinja at Kamekata-san, Itado-machi, Fujisawa, Kōzagōri, Sagami no Kuni. On Takadachi is the Yoshitsune-dō, once called the Yoshitsune-byō, and in ancient times there was said to exist one small stone which could be taken in the hand. This was near the Kekōshiji temple says the "Bunrōshi," as do two other books of Hiraizumi (Miscellanies). But in these Miscellanies, the grave of Yoshitsune also is said to be in the Sannohasama of Kurihara-jun. After Yoshitsune had committed *harakiri*, a certain Numakura Kojirō Takatsugi buried the body and built the grave. Or it may be his own; but this Takatsugi certainly was in friendly relations with Yoshitsune.

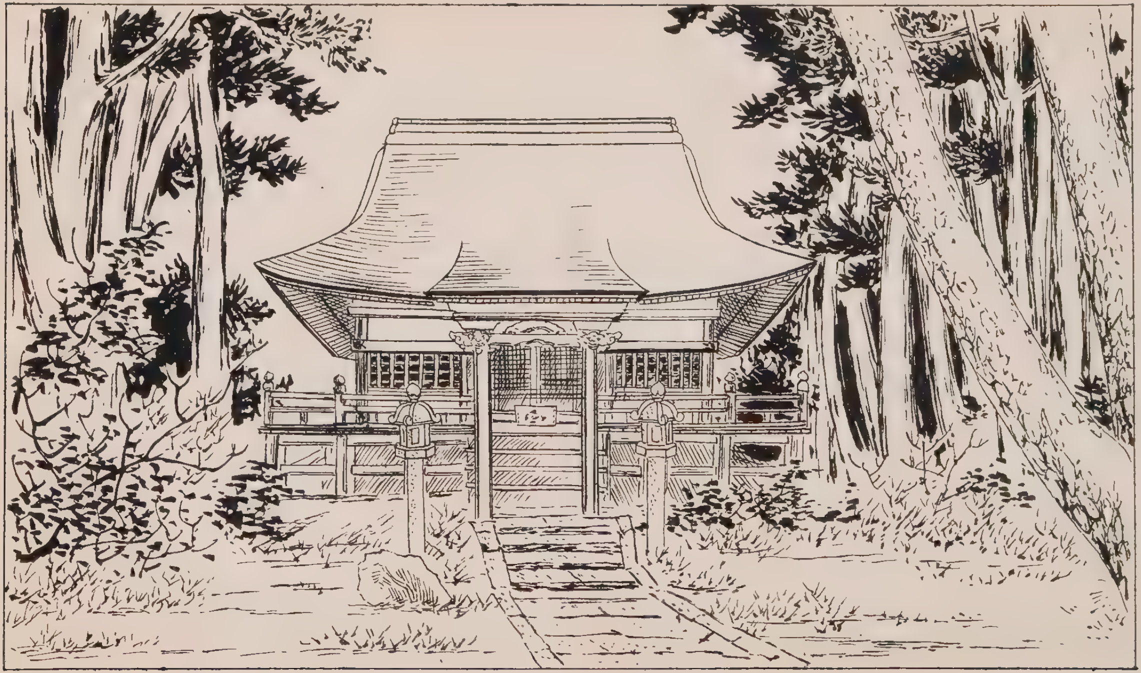
"As to who died with Yoshitsune, the Adzuma Kagami does not, and could not, speak. These heroes could only be known at Hiraidzumi. The tale is traditional and little fixed. Who do figure as the martyrs of the Koromogawa? Of the followers, the Adzuma Kagami says: 1. Satō Saburobei Tsuginobu, son of Satō Shōji retainer of Hidehira. This latter commanded him and his brother Tadanobu to follow Yoshitsune to the West. This was 4th year Jishō (1180 A.D.). 2. Satō Shirobei Tadanobu, younger brother of the above. Juei 2/4/15 (7 May, 1183 A.D.) he is presented with a minor appointment by Yoritomo. Bunji 1/10/17 (10 November, 1185 A.D.) he was present when Tosabō made his attack. Bunji 1/11/3 (26 November, 1185 A.D.) he attempted to follow Yoshitsune from Miyako. He became separated at Uji. He reached Miyako, and Bunji 2/9/22 (4 November, 1186 A.D.) he committed *harakiri* at the Tōdō-in Middle Gate, having been surrounded by a force of soldiers under the command of Kasuya Yuki. 3. Ise Saburō: Genriaku 2/2 (March-April, 1184 A.D.) figures at the battle of Yashima. Genriaku 2/4/26 (28 May, 1185 A.D.) he took prisoner Munemori. When Yoshitsune went to Rokujō Muromachi, Ise Saburō followed his carriage. Genriaku 2/5/16 (14 June, 1185 A.D.) he was going to fight with Goto Motokiyo, and thus forced this latter to become a retainer of Yoshitsune. Yoritomo annulled the connection.

Bunji 1/11/3 (25 November, 1185 A.D.) he left Miyako and followed Yoshitsune to the West. 4. Kamei Rokurō: Genriaku 2/5/7 (5 June, 1185 A.D.) Yoshitsune sent him as messenger to Kamakura. He took an oath before Ōye Hiromoto. 5. Hōri Yatarō Kagemitsu: Genriaku 2/5/15 (13 June, 1185 A.D.), as Yoshitune's messenger he escorts Munemori to Sakawa: 2/6/26 (23 July, 1185 A.D.) at Shinobara, Yoshitsune orders him to put to death Munekiyo (Munemori's son). Bunji 1/11/3 (25 November, 1185 A.D.), he follows Yoshitsune to the West, and 1/11/6 (28 November, 1185 A.D.) sought refuge in Miyako after Yoshitsune's disaster, when the latter escaped with but four persons in his train. Here he remained in hiding. Bunji 2/9/22 (4 November, 1186 A.D.) he was taken prisoner by Kasuya Yuki. 6. Kataoka Hachirō Hirotsune. Bunji 1/11/3 (25 November, 1185 A.D.) he followed Yoshitsune to the West. He returned to Miyako. 7. Shono Shirō, of the family of Echizu Saitō. He was first a page at the Ninnaji temple. Later he was a follower, first of the Heike, afterwards of Kiso Yoshinaka. He joined Yoshitsune, but later did not follow him to the West. Bunji 1/11/2 (24 November, 1185 A.D.) he did not accompany him. 8. Shibuya Gorō Shigesuke, son of Shibuya Shigekuni. He too was a follower, first of the Heike, later of Yoshinaka. He held a position of importance in Yoshitsune's household. He was given one of the two offices which had the direction of the Tennō's stables. Bunji 1/4/15 (5 May, 1186 A.D.) he was censured for his ill-will displayed toward Yoritomo. 9. Musashi-bō Benkei. Bunji 1/11/3 (25 November, 1185 A.D.) he followed Yoshitsune to the West. Same year 1/11/6 (29 November, 1185 A.D.) he is one of the foremost of Yoshitsune's supporters in misfortune. 10. Gōrōmaru, a retainer of Yoshitsune. Bunji 2/7/10 (27 July, 1186 A.D.) he is captured at Miyako. As to the Satō *kyōdai*, Hori Yatarō, Shono Shirō, their death is known. As to Ise Saburō, Kataoka Hachirō Hirotsune, Shibuya Gōro Shigesuye, Gōrōmaru, nothing is known as to their fate, or as to whether they followed Yoshitsune to Hiraizumi. As to Kamei Rokurō and

Musashi-bō Benkei there are relics still remaining at Hiraizumi."

"The positive remains still extant consist of: 1. The old ruins of Hiraizumi mentioned by Ihara; a Kamei pine tree, two chō (700 feet) and more northwest of Takadachi, at the foot of the Chūsonji hill. It is now in a rice field. Here is the old grave and the pine tree known as the tomb of Kamei Rokurō Shigekiyo. 2. The grave-stone of Kanefusa: This is near Kamei's pine. It is three feet and more in height and one foot wide. In former times it was larger. This is known as the grave of Masuwo Jurō Gon-no-Kami. Whether it is the grave, or the place where he committed *harakiri* is not known. 3. The Suzuki pine tree. This is south of the ruins of the Sekidō, and near the highway. It is known as the grave of Suzuki Saburō Shigeiye. Whether this is so, or whether it is the place where he committed *harakiri* is doubtful. 4. The Atago-dō, now called the Benkei-dō. Here is Benkei's statue, six feet two inches in height in the posture in which he died at the Koromogawa. It was built in the era of Shōtoku (1711-16 A.D.), replacing an older monument. In olden time the Benkei-dō was at the foot of Chūsonji hill. Demolished, it was repaired. The ruins and a pine tree still remain. 5. The shallow in the middle of the river, where Benkei died standing. This is close to where the Koromogawa enters the Kitakamigawa. This place has changed very much since olden time. Otsuki Kiyotomi says that Masuwo Jūrō was Yoshitsune's foster brother, was with Yoshitsune in misfortune, and committed *harakiri* at his death, his grave being near the centre on the Takadachi hill. In the *nengo* of Genroku (1688-1704 A.D.) an old book on antiquarian matters says that his grave was at the foot of Chūsonji hill; as it is."

"As to Suzuki Saburō Shigeiye, a book in the library of Haguro in Dewa gives an account of his family. Kamei Rokurō is also here entered as present with Yoshitsune, and that he came to Ōshū is clear. There is a tradition that Sudzuki's home was Fujishiro in Kishū. By the tradition Kamei Rokurō Shigekiyo followed Yoshitsune to Ōshū, and his eldest brother Suzuki Saburō



THE BENKEI-DŌ.

Shigeiye was caught by Hōjō Tokifusa in Kamakura. Finally he was set free and went to Ōshū. With his brother he died at Takadachi. His son Shigesome, in affection for his father, came to Ōshū, cut his hair, and became a priest. He built a temple near Koromogawa, called it Shigesome (Chōzenji) dera, and had a priest read sutras over his father's grave. In the Hiraizumi Zakki (Miscellany) his story is told, and mention is made of a temple called Chōzenji in Esashigun, Kataoka-mura, Iwozan. This temple marks the ruins of Shigesome's cell."

"Many graves still exist at Hiraizumi. Those pointed out are of Ise Saburō Yoshimori, Kataoka Hachirō Hirotsune, Sudzuki Saburō Shigeiye, Kamei Rokurō Shigekiyo (his brother), Koyama Gon-no-Kami Kanefusa, Washiwo Saburō Yoshihisa, Bizen Heishirō Nariharu, Musashi-bō Benkei, Zatsu Hiki Senta, Heike Saburō. Of these the tradition is clear enough. The Gempei Seisuiki speaks of Gon-no-Kami Masuwo Jūrō Kanefusa; the Yoshitsune Ki calls him Gon-no-Kami Koyama Jūrō Kanefusa. On the middle hill (there are three) of Takadachi are the graves of Yoshitsune's followers, and there is Kanefusa's grave. As to this—is it such, or is it the place where he died? In Genroku 2/4/14 (1 June, 1689 A.D.) Matsuo Bashō (the Japanese poet, and expert on *tanka* verse) held a memorial service for the Takadachi dead. By tradition he wrote with his own *fude* a song called "Natsukusaya." It is now preserved at Kekōshiji. In this finest of verse it runs :—

"Life as merest dross,
"In Kanefusa's eyes,
"So answers age."*

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* "Unohana ni
"Kanefusa miyuru
"Shira ke kana"
卯の花に兼房見ゆる白毛哉

This is Hokku. I approach it with more than awe, and a knowledge that the above is *an* elucidation. *Unohana* is the refuse left after making bean paste.

"The grave's white bloom
"The long kept faith
"Both fruit of favoured musings."

[A native version gives me the following idea. It is to be noted that there is a difference. Here Unohana (水晶花) is defined by Brinkley's "Dictionary" as Deutzia thunbergii or Scabra. It seems arbitrary

Thus the tradition holds on at Hiraizumi; like the old ruins of the place, only of importance to children; But time was when Yoshitsune's followers died a soldier's death at the Koromogawakwan." So ends the temple scribe.

The reports of our own antiquarian societies rarely favour us with this touch of poetry at the end, but otherwise this long extract reads much like a page from the "Journal of the Cropshire Antiquarian Society." Rugged and solitary the Benkei-dō still stands amid its towering pines and cryptomeria, at the top of the irregular stone slabs which form half steps and half path for the feet which no longer approach its shrine—a fit emblem of the departed hero.

* * * * * * * * * *

The Japanese have never produced an epic poem. There is a reason for it. Not only must the epic deal with war and fighting. It must have woven through it some generous spirit of adventure that touches the life and thought of a whole people. The Japanese are familiar enough with mere blows and the census book, but it is not until the period of the Gempei wars that the Yamato-damashii is epitomised in these two men—Yoshitsune and Benkei. Here lies the material for their epic; if the epic is not dead in the world's history. Homer wrote the only real epic; and the Homeric song was written at a time not so different in thought from that which it described. His successors have come too late in the history of their peoples. They are mere imitators; moonlight, not the strong, powerful rays of the sun. But the Japanese are as yet much nearer their epic period, than we of the West.

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The illustrations of these two volumes are mainly based on the excellent wood-cuts of the Yoshitsune Kunko Zue,

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dealing with the ideograph. Experts on the subject of these tanka and hokku verses admit that they are often obscure and sometimes doubtful in interpretation. The reader has a right to his own exegesis and translation. As to the capabilities of the above let the unprejudiced judge. Most of the others cited are specific in application and meaning.]

the edition in the *hiragana* running script and printed in the ninth year of Bunsei (1826 A.D.). It can be pointed out that "The Kitanokata entertains Yamabushi" under a mask. At Ichi-no-tani it can be noted that Atsumori and Kumagai wear the *hōrō*.

MEMORANDA AND ERRATA.

Page 7—The plot is worth giving in more detail; from the Gempei Seisuiki and Ariga's Dai Nihon Rekishi. Saikō (西光) is the priestly name of Fujiwara Moromitsu (the Seikō of Klaproth and Shinkō 師光 of Papinot), the favourite of Go-Shirakawa and father of the Morotada and Morotsune who were in difficulties over a raid on the monks of Miidera (I. p. 164). This Shishi-ga-tani conspiracy had for its basis the discontent of the three active competitors for the office of Sadaishō—the Tokudaiji Dainagon Sanesada, Hana-yama-in Chūnagon Kanemasa, Shin-Dainagon Narichika (all Fujiwara). Narichika was not the least earnest of the three. He wearied the shrines with prayers, and put in a week's fast at Kamo, in order to secure the divine aid. In this last case the answer was plain enough:

"The cherry blossoms are scattered wide by the spiteful wind,
"To prevent their fall and fading is beyond the power of man."

Narichika did not take the hint, and his disappointment was all the greater to learn that Shigemori had bagged the appointment. Munemori took that of Udaishō, and the two brothers covered these militia plums very effectively. Then all the three candidates actively conspired, using the monk Shunkwan's house at Shishi-ga-tani on Higashiyama (Kyōto) as the meeting place. This "was behind Miidera, deep in the mountains and far from the haunts of men." It seems quite natural that Hōshōji Shugyō Shunkwan should have selected it. He was the grandson of Minamoto Masatoshi, and this latter is a good instance of twelfth century neurasthenia. As Dainagon he had more or less business to transact, and a bitter dislike to contact with any and everybody. As "too irritable" he was removed from office. Thereupon he took his stand at the Chūmon, liberally abusing all and every who came within his tongue's reach. His grandson Shunkwan favoured his forebear, "being high tempered and easily angered." With intense dislike to the Taira he enthusiastically engaged in Narichika's conspiracy, and his villa at Shishi-ga-tani was the appropriate meeting place. Attending these consultations Tada Kurando Yukitsuna, who as military man was made the general of the prospective war, quickly grasped the fact that he had to do mainly with prattlers. He was a man to be in every way on the right side of the fence. He ceased his attendance, continued to receive cloth and other materials from Narichika, and instead of devoting them to the use of the prospective army, used them for the comfort and maintenance of his own household. Kyōto was much upset over the descent of the monks on the palace (Cf. Vol. I. p. 165). When Jōkai Nyūdō had this well in hand Yukitsuna thought the moment propitious, and late at night entered the Rokuhara palace. Kiyomori had been banqueting, but on Yukitsuna's plea of urgency he agreed to see his visitor. The interview took place in the upper story of the Chūmon in the presence of Shumei Hangwan Moritoshi, the then captain of the guard. Kiyomori sat down, incredulous that Yukitsuna had any communication to make "of vital importance." To his astonishment he learned of the conspiracy going on under his very nose, with the Hōō as protagonist, for this latter was as deep in it as anyone. "Yes or No?" was the flat question proposed at dawn to the Hōō through Abe no Sukenari. The chamberlain, Nobunari, who carried it, returned to Sukenari with the information that he could get no reply but sighs, and regret and astonishment that an affair of such secrecy had reached the ears of Nyūdō Sōkoku (Kiyomori). What follows is suggestive of Kiyomori's admirable powers of family organization. It was an affair of over-night, and already Rokuhara was swarming with 7000 men at arms, and the forty-eight captains of the clan were in council. Shigemori alone was kept in ignorance of the affair. Kiyomori took direction in person. Detachments were sent out to bring by fair means or foul the men involved to his presence. Saikō when brought before him was the haughty noble, and reproached Kiyomori in scurvy tones for daring to aspire to positions far beyond his social rank. In a great rage Kiyomori kicked the bound and helpless prisoner in the face and maltreated him. Saikō was put to severe torture and is said to have confessed the whole affair.* Narichika when summoned in his turn denied the charge of conspiracy and was confronted with Saikō's confession. Kiyomori bitterly reproached this inveterate weaver of plots. Then he ordered Namba Rokurō and Seno-o Jūrō to torture him, and pressed his ear to the wall to hear the confession. The two retainers feared Shigemori, and apparently mauling Narichika severely, whispered to him to groan and cry out loudly. The louder he shrieked the more Kiyomori urged on his men, and the more they urged on Narichika. Just as the latter's lungs gave out Komatsu Shigemori entered the palace. He "pooh-poohed" the whole affair and earnestly besought a reprieve for Narichika—"once more." This was granted by Kiyomori and the Shin-Dainagon was exiled to Kojima in Bizen. Soon after he got there, safely in ward, his guards tried to poison his *saké*. The poison had no effect so binding him they threw him from the top of a high cliff into the valley below. Although involved in this affair, for his garments were hardly dry of the mud in which Namba and Seno-o had rolled him in revenge for the similar treatment of Sukemori, Motofusa the Kwambaku escaped further attentions from Kiyomori until he advised Go-Shirakawa, two year later, to confiscate the fiefs once belonging to Shigemori recently deceased. Then he secured a billet of exile. The one to come out best from this Shishi-ga-tani conspiracy was the Tokudaiji-Dainagon Sanesada, for by the beginning of 1178 A.D. he was Sadaishō, Shigemori being deprived of the office by Kiyomori who bestowed it on the late conspirator; and reading the lecturings, scoldings, and tears bestowed by the son on the father one is not much surprised. Well deserved were the former. This Komatsu Shigemori is one of the few fine characters portrayed in the literature of this twelfth century Japan; the Japanese Bayard. Sanesada, it can be added, secured his position through the wise advice of Tō-Hangwan Tayū Shigekane to bring the good offices of the Miyajima Naiji (women) into the affair. Sanesada did so and brought ten of them to Miyako on the bribe of sight-seeing, and then dumped them on Kiyomori. Their pleadings were successful.

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* The Gempei Seisuiki (pp. 144-146 Hakushindo Ed.) has Saikō die game, but on p. 147 Narichika is confronted with Saikō's written confession. The torture seems to have consisted in slicing him like a melon. His tightly closed lips and mouth were then torn in pieces. The head was struck off the dying man, and it was carried away for exposure at Kawachi. Saikō was 46 years old. Narichika, 40 years old, was Shigemori's brother-in-law.

Page 18—line 11 from the top read "kaze" for "kage."

,, 25—line 8 from the top, add Shōgun to the end of the line.

,, 105—line 14 from bottom read "thirty one" for "thirty two."

,, 127—line 2 read "Saikaido" for Nankaido."

,, 242—In the original the song reads:

"Ari no susami no nikuki da ni ariki no ato wa, koishiki ni arite hanareshi omokage wo itsu no yo ni ka wa wasurubeki. Wakare no koto ni kanashiki wa oya no wakare, ko no wakare; sugurete geni kanashiki wa fusai no wakare narikeri."

,, 253—line 3 from top, for "Yoritomo" read "Hatakeyama."

,, 266—line 3 from top. Add "it" to the end of the line.

ADDENDA (Volume I.)

Page 146—The text follows Klaproth (p. 193). "Le 26 du même mois, Go-Shirakawa, assisté par le Dainagon Fujiwara Tsunemune et par Fujiwara Ourekata, s'y rendit pendant le nuit; le Dairi regnant se retira secrètement au temple de Ninnaji, et tous les grands de la cour gagnerent egalement Rokuhara." The account taken from the other histories (p. 369) is generally accepted. Go-Shirakawa fled to Ninnaji and the Tennō was secretly removed to Rokuhara. In the above, however, Klaproth does not say that Go-Shirakawa fled to *Rokuhara*. Perhaps it is taking some license to describe this latter place as "a holy house" even in jest and using Tennyson's line. It certainly was not under Nyūdō Kiyomori. It would be equally rash to extol its morals, under the regime of Ōye, Miyoshi, and the Hōjō. Statesmanship has nothing to do with morals according to Machiavelli—and Bushidō. Ashikaga Takauji cleaned the place out in 1333 A.D. by burning it to the ground for the last time. He set up his own rival vaudeville elsewhere, with full chorus accompaniment.

Page 169—Namba Rokurō and Seno-o Jūrō were the *âmes damnées* of Taira Kiyomori. These two retainers were "capable and ready to carry out any atrocious order given by their lord."

Page 210—Note: *Tanka*; these are 31 syllable verse. This error (32) has slipped in also on p. 293 and in the Glossary. As a matter of addition the combination is 5 and 7 (syllables). The exceptions in the text are only apparent—viz: II

93 Kurō (Kurou); 96, Inoruran; 136 Heizō; 149 Ōgi (Afugi) and Jōzu; 283, Nakuran. These contain long vowels or ん (= む).

Pages 236—7. In Shinshinsai the recitative is given as follows as part of the dialogue. “Tōdo yori, higashi ni atari, Hōrai no Shima to iubeki tokoro ari. Koko wo izuku to tazuneru ni, waga Nihon nite sōrō zo ya. Gokoku wa mochiron no kin gin made nani fusoku naki. Mikuni nite kogane no hana no saki sōrō; kogane no hana no saki sōrō.” Later he continues:—“Rōshō fujō wa haru no yume, mujō no kaze no fuku, toki wa kogane no hana wa sono mama ni mitama mo chirinubeshi. Kakaru haka naki, uki yo nari, nani tote takara oshimu zo ya. Oroka no hito no kokoro ne ya; oroka no hito no kokoro ne ya.” The scene ends up with Genba in Benkei's clutches:—“neko ni torawareta nezumi no gotoku.”

Page 373—Note: for “61” read “31.”

„ 381—For “Hokka” read “Hokku.”

SOURCES OF THE CONTENTS

OF THE

SAITŌ MUSASHI-BŌ BENKEI.

(1154-1200 A.D.)

Gempei Seisuiki.
Heike Monogatari.
Benkei Monogatari. (Mitsushige).
Yoshitsune Chijun-ki.
Yoshitsune Ichidaiki. (Kisekite Juzan).
Yoshitsune Kunkō Zue. (Yamada Toshio).
Musashi-bō Benkei. (Kamio Tetsugorō—Shinshinsai Toyo).
Me-Enshū.
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Nihon Rekishi Jiten.
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Gen-Kai.
Shin-Gunshō-Ruishū.
Sompi Bunpa.
Adzuma Kagami.
Dai-Nihon-Shi-Ryō.
Ō-Dai-Ichiran.
Ōshū Takadachi Enganshi. (Terazaki Seiken).
Dai-Nihon-Rekishi. (Ariga Nagao).
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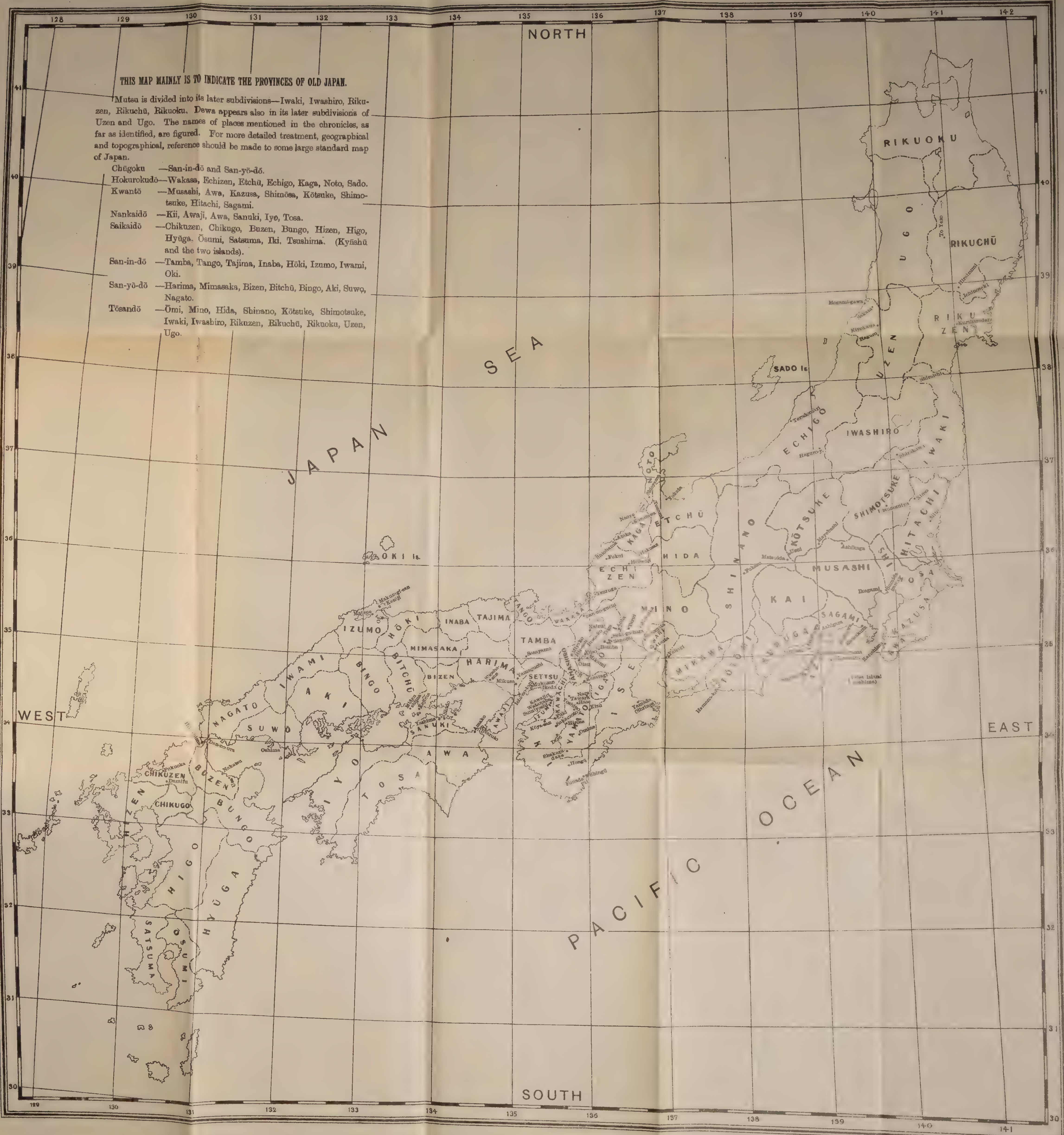

THIS MAP MAINLY IS TO INDICATE THE PROVINCES OF OLD JAPAN.

Mutsu is divided into its later subdivisions—Iwaki, Iwashiro, Rikuzen, Rikuchū, Rikuoku. Dewa appears also in its later subdivisions of Uzen and Ugo. The names of places mentioned in the chronicles, as far as identified, are figured. For more detailed treatment, geographical and topographical, reference should be made to some large standard map of Japan.

Chūgoku	—San-in-dō and San-yō-dō.
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